

BILIBID NOTEBOOK

July Book I 1942

by

Commander Thomas H. Hayes, MC USN

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Book I July 1943

by

Commander Thomas H. Hayes, MC USA

(formerly)

Chief of Surgery, U.S. Army Hospital, Cagayan, P.I. 1941

Regimental Surgeon, 17th Regiment, U.S. Marines, 1941-2

Chief of Surgery in Bilibid Prison Hospital, 1942-3

Senior Medical Officer, Bilibid Hospital for Military

Prison Camps on the Philippine Islands 1943-4

Killed in Action while a Prisoner of the Japanese at Tekoa,
Formosa, 9 January, 1945.

This document is a verbatim transcript of Book I of Dr. Hayes's
Personal Notebook, kept while a Prisoner of the Japanese in
Bilibid Prison, Manila, P.I., 2 July 1943 to 23 December 1944.

ARCHIVIST'S MEMORANDUM

Commander Thomas H. Hayes, MC USN, the author of these notes, was a prisoner of the Japanese in Bilibid Prison, Manila, P.I., from 2 July 1942 until 13 December 1944. During the first approximate half of this period he was Chief of Surgery in the Bilibid Hospital for Military Prison Camps of the Philippine Islands. During his last year he was Senior Medical Officer of the Hospital Unit. On 30 October 1944 he was relieved by Major Warren A. Wilson, an Army Medical Officer mentioned frequently in these notes. He was embarked on the Prison Ship ORYOKU MARU on 13 December, survived her sinking at Olongapo on 15 December, and was subsequently killed in the bombing of a second ship on which he was a passenger at Takao, Formosa, 9 January 1945.

During his imprisonment at Bilibid, Dr. Hayes was a prolific writer. In addition to this personal journal, he also maintained a "Medical Notebook". He made a scientific study of the prison ration and recorded critical analyses of the many aspects of prison diets and messing as they affect the health of imprisoned personnel. As Regimental Surgeon of the Fourth Regiment, USMC, from 23 December 1941 until the fall of Corregidor, he prepared a comprehensive report of the activities of the Medical Department in the entire campaign. He processed also a series of field biographies or narrative histories of all medical personnel of his regiment. According to Lt. J.V. Crews, MC USN, his administrative assistant, there were more than 140 of these narratives, each signed in original and duplicate.

Before they left Bilibid Dr. Hayes turned all this material over to Mr. Crews for burial. It was placed in hermetically sealed containers, and deposited in five separate caches beneath the commissary area. Some of it has been recovered and forwarded to the Bureau of Medicine and Surgery. Some of it has been recovered but has not been forwarded. Some of it has not been recovered.

The 14 narrative histories heretofore processed as the "Hayes Report on Medical Tactics" were transcripts of carbon copies of a very small portion of these papers. The carbon copies were otherwise disseminated by Dr. Hayes, prior to the burial of the original documents, and reached the Bureau through devious channels.

Besides the prolific personal and incidental comment in this notebook, Dr. Hayes has set down a great deal of valuable historical data pertaining to the prison administration; relations between American and Japanese officials; the conduct of the hospital; professional matters generally respecting medical officers and medical affairs; data concerning numerous other prison camps and details; studies of human behaviorism under the abnormal pressures of combat, imprisonment, starvation, torture, and hopelessness. He talks into his notebook as though it were his best and only friend. And in its pages he does not spare either friend or enemy when their conduct conflicts with his own ideals of service. A spade is a spade, in "Bilibid Notebook".

But four fragments of the Bilibid Notebook have reached BuMed to date: 3 via the War Department, and one from Dr. William Waterman of Manila, formerly interned in Bilibid Prison. (Book I --- July, 1942 --- 165 mss pages)

(Book II --- Aug. 1 to Nov. 13, 1942 --- 289 mss pages)

(Book III --- 12-16-42 to 3-1-43 --- 133 mss pages)

(Last Fragment) --- 8-4-44 to 10-28-44 --- 125 mss pages

BuMed: MMS: 12 July 1943

SEN F. DIXON, Archivist
Hospital Corps Archives

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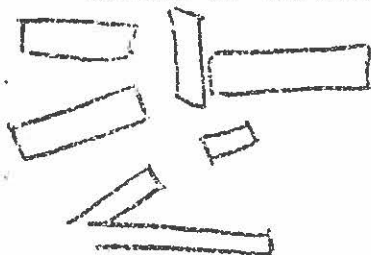
NOTE: The above is not a comprehensive index of this document, but only a guide to the chronology, and to the occasional topic headings which have been inserted editorially to indicate contents of leading paragraphs.

BILIBID NOTEBOOK: THOS. H. HAYES, COMDR MC USN
-----Book I, July, 1942-----

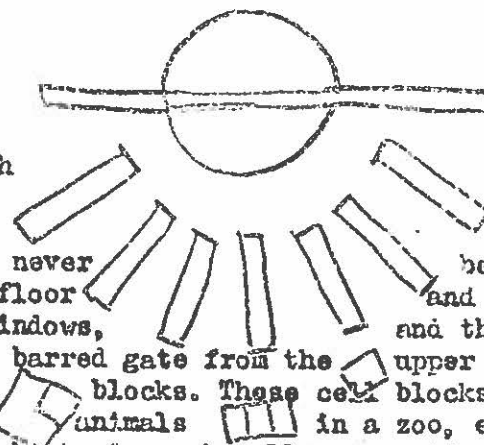
OLD BILIBID!

Begin - 1
July 2/42

Old Bilibid! Prison of History. Its high walled compound with prisoner runs and heavily barred cell blocks, long since given up as an Insular prison for the Philippines and declared unfit for incarceration of criminals, now serves as a Japanese Prison Camp for Americans & some Philipinos. In the years past I read of Old Bilibid, but little did I dream then that sometime in the future, or at the end of a long hot march under a boiling sun, I would be herded thru its massive iron gates along with hundreds of others of my comrades and in my small way contribute to the history of this old institution, just as thousands of others, as inmates have contributed to the traditions, infamous and otherwise, which have made Bilibid one of the better known prisons of all time.



Inside the high there is a lower high wall. In the building which has never hospital. The top floor there are /2/ no windows, unfinished. Thru a barred gate from the yard with two cell blocks. These cell blocks are made like cages in a row for housing larger animals in a zoo, each cell holding about 15 men, and each block having about six such cells on a side.



whitewashed stone walls, & upper compound divided by upper compound is a new central been completed and intended for a and roof is still incomplected and and the entire interior remains rough & upper compound one enters into a prison cell blocks are made like cages in a row for housing larger animals in a zoo, each cell holding about 15 men, and each block having about six such cells on a side.

The lower compound is divided by a central high wall. On the south side barracks buildings radiate like wheel spokes from a central round bldg labelled "Chapel", and this round building divided by the central wall. Just what is over the central wall at this time I do not know but daily we hear loud wails which we understand are Japanese prayers to the Sun God, going up from Japanese prisoners. In the rear of our barred barracks buildings are the cook shacks, /3/ baths and places to wash our clothes.

The guards occupy the round chapel building and the great circle about the building is holy land. Any person entering this circle of the guard must stop & bow if uncovered, or salute if covered. To overlook this, is just too bad.

The upper compound is designated as "an accommodating place for prisoners". As drafts arrive they are herded in up there in the cell blocks and the unfinished building. The lower compound is set aside ~~for~~ a hospital and is supposed to (be) the central hospital for prisoners on Luzon, into which all the prison camps on Luzon dump their sick.

We were^a sweaty, tired and squalid gang that filed thru the Prison Gates about 3 pm on that hot afternoon of July 2/42. As we straggled thru the lower compound I caught my first glimpses of the old Canacao staff who had remained in Manila and (were) taken by the Enemy on their entry into the city in January. I saw Comdr. Sartin, the two Welches, Danny Boone, Jack George, so I felt /4/ that all the others must be present also, but I was to learn a little later that El Capitans were not present, that they had already gone up to the "Retirement" camp for "Tai-sas" at Tariat. This sort of pleased me no end. Things were looking up already. I had long dreaded coming back to the Command under the old Regime. My force, both officers & men, who had been with me had often approached me on the subject of getting them back with our old Navy outfit but I had always shied off from that, believing it better that we stick where there was a job for us to do.

They marched us on into the upper compound and I managed to get all my officers into one cell. There was intense and after about an hour got my canteen filled and a few husky extra drinks down my throat. Unslung my pack and using my field bag for a pillow, stretched out on the concrete floor in my sweat drenched clothes & despite the milling about of the chaotic hundreds like misdirected animals which we were, I slept. I had no blanket or net or other gear than what I could carry in a musette bag. I knew /5/ I could not lug my bedding roll any distance so had packed it among my headquarters gear and took the chance of it reaching me. But the cool hard concrete felt good to my fatigued body and I rested well for about an hour in complete and welcome oblivion.

When Herthneck awakened me, it was raining. It had been raining for some time and the cell being wide open on two sides to the weather, the place was quite wet from rain blowing in and the roof leaking badly. There was another move to be made apparently. Bob had wakened me to let me know of it. We had no idea at this time as to what our ultimate status would be. It was quite evident we were no longer a hospital unit but a "batch of prisoners", "another draft". If this cell was our ultimate destination we could just make up our minds to a tough period of incarceration. We had already learned that rice (mostly lugao) three times a day was the daily ration, and that in itself is not a very promising outlook. But I had also noted as I passed the Navy group in the lower compound /6/ that while all of them had lost weight, all of them looked in dam sight better shape than we did, so I still had hopes of "ways & means" being present and certainly it wasn't pollyanna-ing to remark that if they could survive so well on the regime here, we certainly should.

I stepped out into the compound and found a warden and learned we were to don packs and move into the big unfinished hospital building. We were herded to the second floor where the dorm was laid off in big sections, apparently intended for large cell rooms but the ~~room~~ had not been installed. Our Navy group filled one side of the building in ~~the~~ of these stalls and unloaded. Those who had blankets spread (them) out on the deck, thus marking claim to the area and "moved in" so to speak. Several also had nets which were plainly to be a Godsend for already the dam mosquitoes had begun to be pestiferous.

We drew a ration of rice each from /7/ a gasoline tin and choked it down. I had eaten nothing since early morning on the ship when I breakfasted on the can of salmon they had issued us for rations before leaving Corregidor. I was not really hungry but one just must eat so I ate - Rice. One of the Filipinos had slipped me a mouldy biscuit and that helped out some. Comdr. Sartin & Jones came in about that time and welcomed us heartily & assured me he was working on the proposition of getting the Navy medical personnel attached to his Unit and then I learned the set up. Bilibid was "an accommodating place" for prisoners, a central clearing place from which drafts were sent out to the provinces on working details as needed. The lower compound was a central prison hospital, staffed by the Naval Med. Unit originally at Canacao and in captivity since the fall of Manila on Jan 2, and having had hospitals at Santa Scholastica and in Pasay up until they came here on May 30th. Sartin was in command of the hospital, Jones his exec. and the entire Canacao /8/ staff was here except Capt Davis, Capt Roberts and Capt Lowman, all of whom had gone north to Tarlac "into retirement" as the Japanese call it.

---REUNION---

Wanger, the Dental Officer I had had with me at Estado Mayor, came into us with a big tin of real coffee, and maybe we didn't go for that in a big way. Everybody took up heart considerably. We began to feel we were home again - at least we were again among our own. To me, it looked as tho I were about to unload. For over six months we had been brigaded with the Army. And while our relations had been apparently good, we were always "outsiders", and the greater part of the Army never could feel but what we were "poor relations" or refugees, working for our bed & board.

I had spent those six months doing my best to maintain good working relations between us, but I will forget never that I and my officers were denied quarters with Army officers and made to sleep in the toilet - then a passageway. Not that we minded it physically - but space was available /9/ to us if they had seen fit to let us have it. And altho we worked night & day in their hospital, I & my officers were not allowed for a long time, to eat with them, on their mess but had to go out to the USAFFE Mess. But as the need for us grew and we daily assumed places of undeniable importance in their set up, gradually we were accepted - never whole heartedly but nevertheless accepted. The finger of condemnation was ever ready to point in our direction. But wherever they needed help - they knew where to come - and did - and they got it - gracefully and competently rendered. Here, it seemed the shoe was on the other foot. Here, the Navy sat in the saddle. We had suddenly come into our own. To the utter surprise, chagrin, and dismay, we suddenly amounted to something. We weren't just refugees & poor relations after all. The Navy was being taken care of. They just couldn't understand it.

They may have understood it better had they known that the Navy Med. Unit was in charge at Bilibid now be- /10/ cause the Army had had their chance at it and failed. The stories rampant concerning the Army Regime at Bilibid exceeded everything in "snafu" and crookedness I had encountered during the War. Army Med Officers actually selling medicine to prisoners. One Vet. officer actually charging enormous amounts for "special attention" to the sick.

By nine o'clock that night, I had been assured that our Navy personnel would be attached to the staff of the hospital and remain at Bilibid. But early in the morning, all personnel except Medical personnel (Army & Navy) were to leave for the Concentration Camp at Kabanatuan. I sensed very readily that there was some fast politics at work in the meanwhile. The peculiar set up here was similar to other

set ups of the Japanese. While Sartin commanded the hospital and was a Commander in Rank, the Japs had appointed a Chief Mechanist Warrant named Gooding as Camp Warden - and in charge of the entire prison. /11/ Gooding was^{an} emotionally unstable chap, in a job entirely beyond his depth and capabilities. He had retained with him an Army Captain (Winship) who acted as Assistant Warden for him in the upper compound. There were several other Army files he had attached to him as "yes men", one of whom he kept planted right in the Med. Off. Quarters where he could eavesdrop on all that went on. It was apparent that what happened, the Navy move to annex their medical personnel was relayed to the Army and a stay for Army Med Personnel was also gotten across to the Japanese. In the meanwhile, I turned in on an old broken door I found on a porch and about 2 a.m. Carey Smith awakened me to tell me that Dental Officers were not to be interpreted as part of the medical personnel, altho I had received every assurance that they were, as late as 10 pm. Some of the Army personnel and awakened Col. Cooper and informed him of it, only to be told that he knew that was the idea but could do nothing about it. I knew the Navy was at work on /12/ our plans and had hopes they would catch it up in time. I had reason to believe that the Army was deliberately unloading their Dental Officers but thought our Dental group were safe. I was particularly interested as I had held on to Doc Herthneck all during the war and kept him close by me and he has been of great value to me in many ways.

---BILIBID POLITICS---

At 4 a.m. however, it was evident that all Dental Officers except two were to leave for Cabanatuan. The two remaining were the two politicians I have had with me, the two most worthless off. are. The only good personnel I had had with me during the war. They had worked a hell of a foot sure as hell and later I was to learn that they tied in very well with our friend the Camp Warden and when the smoke had cleared away, it was evident that Gooding and Winship had retained their friends and made up the required quota with Dental Officers, (the Army offering no objection) and the politicians remained. Both Gooding and Winship denied knowledge of it. That on the face of it was a lie. /13/

And so, in the still dark of early morning, I bid Bob and Al White goodbye and I thought I was past all sentiment by this time, but I felt a keen tug somewhere around the heart when I heard the tramp tramp tramp of the troops moving out and somehow I just didn't want any breakfast that morning - and I felt very much alone. Later in the day I heard the excuses. Gooding claims he made an error because the Dental Officers on his list were shown only by rank and not noted as Medical Dept. Personnel. Winship denied any knowledge of it at all. I know both were lying. And it seemed rather pointed to me that the two who remained were the very two who had always resented my keeping Herthneck as my Regimental Dental Officer. They had cracked at me thru him - and got away with it - for the present, anyhow.

Later in the morning of the 3rd of July, I received word from Sartin to move all my medical personnel into the hospital compound, and so on that day, I marched into the Navy, from which I had marched /14/ out nearly 7 m. before, and turned over to Commander Sartin my command, officers & men who had served under me during the hostilities from the field and after the surrender. The force was intact except for two corporals killed, one (Tompson) killed when a bomb crashed thru the Cenopus at the after battle dressing station and Bair killed in the night of the 5th, facing the enemy in the East of Corregidor when the 4th Reserve Battalion went into action, and left behind Corregidor, one med. officer, (Glussman) and 24 corporals. I was given back my job as Chief of Surgery and within a moment stepped down from a position of responsibility for the welfare of the men to one of being just one of the staff once more.

But I experienced no particular sense of relief. Officers and men of the calibre mine had proven to be constituted no problem. For several days they came to me as before with their problems but it wasn't hard to steer them in the right direction and they soon /15/ came to realize & understand the change of status. Many of them were retained on my surgical service so that in many instances our old relations existed for purposes of administration, but the old problems of their food, bedding, supplies and such - it was my pidgeon no more. They no longer were my stable. It was not awkward to fit into a subordinate staff job again and no longer be #1. And it did seem good to be back with the Navy again.

During the day, the Japs let us go out to the front gate and pick out what gear (personal) had been brought up by the working parties. I found my bedding roll, barracks bag and a foot locker. I also managed to snag onto Bob's bedding roll, just in case I could get it up to Cabanatuan to him at some early date. I had learned that trucks come in from there occasionally and the possibility of getting it to him was present. I brought it along with me. /16/ However, all the corned beef hash and canned tomatoes, soap, coffee, and canned milk which we had managed to steal and smuggle out of Corregidor, we lost. They searched every piece of baggage and we lost the entire lot.

That night, I slept on the concrete deck in a barracks building as they had not had time to make space for me as yet. But I had my roll & I was much more comfortable than the night before.

July 4, 1942

The following day, July 4th, I entered upon my new duties as Chief of Surgery and by night had built up an organization which was approved by Sartin and was basically as follows:

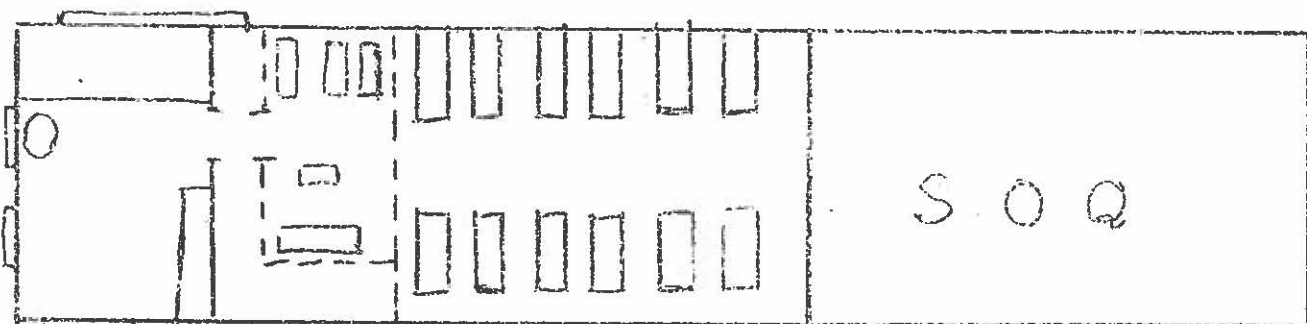
---SURGERY DEPARTMENT---

1. The Surgical Service to be divided into (a) Orthopedic, general surg., and amputation services. Ortho Service - Wade - Nelson - Ferguson. Gen Surg - Carey Smith - Boone - George. Amputations - LeCompte. I took over the SOQ surgery and consultations and Erickson remained in general charge. /17/
2. Wd 2 made orthopedic ward and splint & cast room planned for it in one end.
3. Wd 6 made general surgical and plans for OR establishment in one end submitted.
4. 8B for amputations.
5. George, on the G.S. staff, being a G.U. man was to have such cases.
6. Surgical cases which might be housed on the medical service, in the upper compound, or in the convalescent wards were all cared for by one of the three respective groups above, depending on the nature of the case.

There is a lot to do here if we can ever get going. Here are piled and crowded into dingy barred prison barracks all the wrecks and human flotsam and jetsam of Bataan & Corregidor. Filipino & American alike, side by side on the concrete deck, and if the mattresses on which they lie are filthy, stinking, and vermin ridden, it is the best to offer them at the moment and we /18/ are remedying it as fast as we can with the slow wheels of Jap permission grinding slower & slower. Emaciated carcasses stare up at you from staring eyeballs sunken in bony sockets. Crushed bodies, starved, bloated; some look moribund, some show anguish & apprehension, some are pleading, some even have hope, but so many of them are past manifesting anything, or even caring. A walk thru the length of the wards, each holding about

eighty cadaverous animals that once were men, is one of the most depressing, heart-rending sights conceivable. Offensive to the eye as the offal of war carnage, the mixed smells of dirty bodies, rotting tissue, old blood and excrement repulsive to every filament of esthetic sense, the conglomerate horror of it all beats upon one's sensibilities as an outrageous defy against all principles of a human civilization and dispels forever any delusion one may have had of human /19/ progress, and brutally & blatantly proclaims man's inhumanity to man.

Our job is to keep all this - ameliorate it - do all we can with the pitiful little we have to do with. To organize & be able to do the surgery so needed will not help. These starved, tissue dead, zombie-like creatures can't stand surgery. We must have more and different food, medicines, better nursing & supporting care. At best many must die. In this prison the war is not over.



By night of the 4th I had been moved into the Staff Officers Quarters in a long prison barracks, one end of which was separated off by a partition and served as Sick Officers Quarters. At one end of the barracks was a fenced in enclosure like the /20/ proverbial court room and in this area we bunked the seniors - Martin and Jones and our temporary guest, Col. Duckworth were against one wall, and I had a bunk made and placed against the outer rail. Cecil slept just outside the rail until Duckworth left. We were not allowed regular beds. Each officer had built a low board platform about a foot from the deck. This covered by mattress made a bed. During the day the mattress was rolled back against the head and the platform used as table, desk, chow bench etc. There wasn't enough lumber available to build me a bunk but I got a frame together and then found an old piece of heavy wire which I stretched across the frame & nailed it. Had no mattress but I spread my canvas bedding roll with blanket over it and after all, it wasn't any harder than concrete floors and steel decks and rocky mountain sides I've slept on since this war began. One can get used to a hard bed readily if one can learn to sleep on their stomach or flat on their back. Within the enclosure /21/ we have a table, a locker, and therein we have our "mess". At the extreme end is a partitioned off room - one end a head, the other an improvised kitchen where we have gathered together several hot plates.

The routine is this: Three times daily, at 7 am, 12 noon, and 6 pm, the Japs give us rice which is brought from a central outdoor galley in 5-gal. gasoline tins. This is supposed to hold 35 rations of rice. The officers line up and draw their ration and take it to their bunk. For us, we have an orderly who lays out our gear and brings six rations of rice to our table in a jar. Just as we have a mess, the other officers have paired and tripled off into small "messes" and gather around a common bunk. Occasionally - maybe once or twice a week there will be a thin soup, very watery, with some cut up native eggplant, a canote or two, and infrequently

a small piece of meat may appear. When meat does come in, it amounts to about 2 oz. per person in soup but as it works out one rarely /22/ ever sees it. The Japs figure on a pound of rice per day for us but even if one could stoke away that much, it would not be sustaining.

---THE STORE---

There has been developed here what is called "the store". Legally and technically it does not exist because the Japs do not want us to buy extra food, feeling that they lose face thereby by not feeding their prisoners adequately. However, on the grounds of providing "luxuries" and supplementary articles for the sick, the guards and the Prison Captain, Kusumoto, just do not take notice of occasional trucks coming in bringing in to our "store" such items as tobacco, cigarettes, peanuts, coffee & sugar. This "store" is run by our Pay Clerk and each deposits some money with him and the mess draws against this deposit. A small profit is allowed and that profit goes to a fund to provide extras for the sick and really broke. Little by little they have sneaked other items on the list such (as) mungo beans, canned salmon, sardines and occasionally some bananas and cocoa. /23/ It sounds ideal. The only trouble is, nobody has much money and the prices are beyond all possible reason. Coffee at P 1.85 per half kilo for example. A ten cent tin of salmon costs 85 centavos. Everything else in proportion. Bananas, tiny ones, at 25 centavos each. It just means that for a little while we can supplement our rice with a pinch of extras as noted above, but even as I write this there are very few of us who can be in the market very long and our extras at each meal are in very skimpy amounts. The big problem is to devise ways of disguising rice or making it palatable (palatable?) day by day.

---MONGO BEAN---

The one real help and standby is the lowly mungo bean. They are reasonably cheap, and can be used in many ways and can be put into rice and make it more palatable as well as supply a great food demand. It is of interest that it was in this very prison years ago that experiments were carried out in Beri Beri in which it /24/ was shown that mungo beans added to a plain rice diet prevented the disease. Here at Old Bilibid, many such experiments in Tropical Medicine were carried out, using the prisoners as guinea pigs. These beans are a tiny green bean about the size of a BB shot. They can be stewed up as such and have a lentil taste. The more common way here is to soak them in a wet towel and let them sprout. They are then stewed up and poured over the rice. They can be washed and eaten raw (salad). They are rich in B1, in which so many of us are deficient. All the messes have bean sprouts under way in various stages and they appear in buckets, tin cans, jars, or any receptacle as regular as the rice, each mess cooking up its own. This mungo bean is a life saver to us and as long as we can get them we can stomach the rice and eat a sustaining quantity as well as acquire a vitamin intake of which we are so much in need. We buy these beans at 45 /25/ centavos a cup (canteen), about one centavo's worth under normal conditions. But they go a long ways and as long as I live I will always attribute my survival to this lowly bean.

The high prices are, of course, "C'est la guerre" stuff, the merchants knowing the demand, secondly, all food stuff grows scarcer & scarcer in the Islands and becomes less & less available. Then, of course, the guard has to get a cut in, and the small profit added for "the fund" so when we "the consumers" get it - well, I figure I have enough pesos to eke out another three weeks with supplementary rations if I am careful and ration myself severely. Tobacco, of course, is only of the crudest native crop, more like hay & tinder and at P 1.00 a pkg. American tobacco costs P 5.00 a tin, so of course, nobody buys it. Nobody can. P 5.00 represents too much food. Cigarettes are all black charoot type - of the commonest bitter

weed, once worth 5 & 10 centavos, now 30 & 40 centavos a pkg. American cigarettes are rarely seen - P 1.50 a package.

So, having drawn our rice we gather /26/ round our "messes" and add our mongo beans or sardines, and share the brown unrefined sugar we have, and thus go thru the formality, at least, of a meal. Much of our time is spent in providing this bare existence. Everybody has mongo bean cultivation under way. Someone can always be seen washing the beans, putting to sprout, or harvesting or cooking them up in the improvised galley. Our coffee mess is a help. Everybody donates a kilo of coffee and we start out with the old standard of one tablespoon per cup and one for the pot. For the first run we have fair coffee. Then for days we boil & boil the grounds adding more & more water. It gets a little thin & pale and one has to use the old imagination a little to detect the modia & java but even so it is better than the cracked wheat "coffee" we made on Corregidor, and the "no coffee" periods we have known. Unless we can get a printing press & some paper and a model of this "Bayonet Money" to go on, coffee is but a transient traveller in our midst. Kusunoto is in favor of /27/ legalizing "the store", but that will never be done unless the Japs decide to recognize that part of the Geneva Treaty relative to pay of prisoners. There have been hints in this direction but nothing to date has ever come of it. According to the treaty an officer is to be paid commensurate with his rank in the conquering army. That wouldn't amount to a hell of a lot but it would help and it would be more assured. I am afraid if it ever happens it is still a long way off.

---EGERY---

By July 9, my service had been working along and under great difficulties gradually getting the more urgent cases attended to, insofar as our limited facilities will let us. The Japs released the Corregidor supplies for our use and we have distributed gear to wards and such O.R. equipment as we can use I have placed in one end of wd 6 where I have decided to make an O.R. The plans, specifications, worksheet & material estimates have all been submitted for the Japs' approval. If they will only send us in the /28/ meagre material we can get going. If I could just get a few lengths of pipe & some couplings so I could hook up my sterilizers, the rest I could throw together after a fashion anyhow. In the meantime, two cases just had to be operated so we used the dispensary about 5: an one morning and went to it. Surgery as we must practice it here is very offensive to the trained sensibilities of many of our highly specialized help. Years of experience in the tropics and Insular hospitals & in the field have long since taught me that a Mayo Clinic is not necessary for excellent results, and much can be done without the O.R. ritual which is so over played by so many of our larger institutions and alleged experts at the expense of good common sense.

---BILIBID SETUP---

During the week I learned more & more of the general set up and tone of the place, the attitude of the Jap group under whom we were administered and learned what I could of the back history of this Navy group who remained in Manila and were taken into custody so early in the war.

I have mentioned the set up wherein /29/ Sartin commanded the hospital & a Chief Warrant is warden of the fire prison. The Japs have been notorious for such set ups and nothing can do about it. Of course, there is constant conflict as the warden and his associates try to invade the hospital administration and the situation is far from pleasant for in the ultimate layout we are prisoners and the warrant is the boss. However, Sartin has carried things along very well and a great tribute must be paid to this officer, who was considered unworthy of selection to Capt. just before the war and yet when the pressure came, shouldered the responsibilities and took the tough going while the "selected ones" folded up completely,

and have done nothing to claim honorable mention at any stage of the game. It is another sad commentary on our selection system.

I find here among this Navy group a general lack of respect for the "Tai-sas", all /30/ three. The general feeling is that they were concerned at all times with only their own safety and comfort. There was apparently never any leadership or effort on the part of the "Tai-sas" to benefit the Command in general, nor any effort before capture to get the group into action. Some manifest a bitterness toward them, to others they were just a washout. I have not heard one voice of respect or defense in their behalf. Everywhere I hear 100% praise of Sartin from the lowliest corpsman to the highest ranking member of the staff. There isn't one officer or man who are not with him 100%. As I have remarked, however, this is partly due to his fatherly easy going manner and his reluctance to order anybody to do anything unpleasant or not in accord with their own wishes. So far it has worked well here but it would never do in the field or in action. Nevertheless, as long as it works, as much as I abhor the looseness of the organization, I presume it is /31/ best. But frankly, I still see this group, not as primarily serving the patients but themselves. They can do more for patients. They are still too intent on their own care & comfort as a whole. They should be working more. In a few days, my men will be doing more and more. We will put punch into this thing as a hospital, and make it less and less a lazaretto.

According to Sartin, these Japs are against singing and church services in General. The Catholics have been able to get mass said but the Protestant services have not been allowed. This is quite different from our experiences in Corregidor where such services were encouraged. I am inclined to believe that this is the fault of a very low type of degenerate Jap who is acting as interpreter here. He is mean & malicious and is apparently a feature in every unpleasantness that occurs.

---KUSAMOTO---

Capt. Kusamoto is in charge. He is difficult to analyze. There are certain acts & policies of his which are just and tempered with mercy & kindness. On the other hand there are paradoxical streaks in him /32/ which make you stop & wonder. Pfeifer & others who have had close dealings with him have not found him difficult to deal with. It is rumored that the Japs have asked him at times whose side he is on, theirs or the Americans. From all I can gather to date, according to his own lights he is doing the right thing by everybody. But he is an Oriental. He is the Conqueror - the Boss. We could have a worse boss - and I have seen better. He has been an athlete and has participated in Olympics in the past. His top sgt. is a pleasant sort of a guy. Comes to visit regularly. Brings his brother to see us at times, seems very affable and everybody here likes him.

There can be no doubt however that the basic policy of the regime here is to consider us as prisoners of war, to be held strictly incommunicado, draw our pound of rice a day and like it. Anything else we may get is special favor and beyond our rights and should be greatly appreciated as an act of great kindness.

While I have been impressed by less of the "dog eat dog" spirit here than other places I have been during the war, it /33/ is also evident to me that wheels within wheels work here also to some extent to prevent the equitable distribution of available food and necessities. For instance, while the bulk of the confiscated food we brought in from Corregidor did find its way to patients, I note certain special groups appearing with cans of it here & there. Working parties coming in from

the outside bring in fruit & coffee and sugar and profiteer upon the needy to the extent of P 1.00 for a canteen cup of brown sugar - 5 little bananas for P 1.00. And this profiteering is OK'd by the wardens - American Officers - Honest, sympathetic Sartin, the soul of kindness & fair play can do nothing about it. The deplorable state of the needy hurts him keenly. Sartin does have one good card to play if he can ever get it on the table. He has a letter of authority to obligate the U.S. for the care of his patients and personnel. If he can establish contact with neutral consular agents, there are any number of merchants who will gamble on the U.S. being /34/ able to pay, and will grant us credit & supply us with food. Of course, Jap authority is needed also.

--- COL. OLYMPIA ---

/35/ I have brought Col. Olympia into contact with Sartin for I am sure Olympia will be discharged soon and he has close connection with Vargas et al and can, if he will, make the connection for us when he gets out. Since the sick Filipinos seem to be getting out first, have put Olympia on the sick list. He seems interested and willing to help. Olympia still remains, however, a question mark in my mind. He came to Corregidor as a Lt.-Col., the Senior Flight Surgeon of the Philippine Army. The Air Corps completely devoid of planes had taken to the ground. Olympia and his medical force, M.O.'s and Corpsmen, evacuated to Corregidor and were assigned to me for duty with the 4th Regiment. I assigned his personnel, and in deference to him, allowed him to continue more or less as a functioning officer. He was a courteous gentleman and I treated him as such. The Army ignored him, practically denied him living space and made him feel very much outside the pale. I felt sorry for the old gent. After all, I had experienced the same cold blooded attitude of the Army. Our relations remained pleasant and we have developed a comrade feeling thru the months. He has often remarked to me that he would never forget that I alone was a friend to him and his people when he arrived on Corregidor. He has shared wine & food with me on occasions and frequently reiterated his friendship. In the meanwhile his background is as follows: He studied med. in Tokyo and has been knighted in the Order of the Rising Sun by the Jap Emperor; he has had big lumber & hemp interests in Davao where he has employed Japanese labor. The Philippine law prevents Japs holding land & conducting such enterprises. It is known that Filipinos nominally hold land & such enterprises for Japanese investors in the Islands. Davao is a hot bed for such practice. It is something to think about. On the other hand, he has spent the greater part of his life in the organization and training of the Med. Dept. of the Philippine Army, is a graduate of the Army Field School at Carlisle & also took flight surgeon's training /36/ at Randolph Field. He has been at one time, Surgeon General of the Insular Constabulary. In April, when Gen. Luna was killed, Olympia, who meanwhile had been made a full Col. (and incidentally then outranked me) was named Surgeon Gen. of the Philippine Army. When Corregidor fell, the Army changed its tune and attitude toward Olympia. Olympia speaks Jap very well and knows them. They suddenly found out they needed him and the Colonel suddenly found the place practically turned over to him. The Army became most ingratiating. They couldn't move or do a dam thing without him. He was the man of the hour. I certainly got a kick out of the stuffed shirt high & mighty Army Boys who had accorded the Col. the attention less than one would ordinarily pay to a house boy. Olympia got a kick out of it, too - and even mentioned it to me on one occasion after we had moved to Top Side. Olympia has not been blind to the treatment accorded his countrymen by American factions and anyone who denies that there has been distinction made, lies /37/ or else is ignorant of the facts.

So this is Olympia. He is an enigma to me. I still have not categorized him. Since the surrender he has been of more service to the Americans than any other

one person I know. In looking back over my association with him, there has never been one instance in which he has manifested anything but the greatest loyalty to our side. However, I have never known him to be demonstrative nor express himself as of strong American sentiment. My belief is that he is Filipino - 100%. Wherein the Filipino can benefit, be it Jap or American policy, I believe he is for it. He is not necessarily American. I can forgive him for I know the calumny and the disrespect the arrogant American Army group dealt out to him, and I don't believe he will forget it. His native pride and feeling of self respect has been deeply offended. Our American smugness and provincial self satisfied attitude & arrogance lost Dividends in this case - and in so many others. I have seen this obtuse attitude among our Americans abroad until I have been repeatedly ashamed of them, /38/ In our West Indies we have had horrible examples of it and as a result have always been poor colonizers. We just can't help but look down on people, and patronize them. We have neither the understanding nor the desire to understand a people or a custom other than our own. We just tolerate. So just how Olympia will jump when free, I still hesitate to say. He & Sartin should get along well. He has often told me what a great difference he has observed between our Army and Navy. I still have hopes that he will help.

Olympia is the one counter-espionage problem I have never mentioned to St.M. I have shied off it, and she has never brought up the idea to me. She knows my relations with him and Gomez, and I have given her opportunities to open up but she apparently has kept away from it as I have. If circumstances arose where I had to, I would /39/ approach her on the subject, but it has never seemed necessary to me, and somehow I believe had there ever been reason to get hot in that direction, St.M. would not remain quiet. Some day, when it seems propitious, for my own academic interest I will ask her about Olympia. I expect her answer to be just as my analysis of him has been stated here. It would be natural for her to believe that he is on my list and has probably interpreted much of my relations with him as a part of a plan, which, in part, is quite true, of course. This is a world of intrigue and even one's own brother may be false. Reminds me of the lines in "Julius Caesar" - Brutus comes from plotting & counter plotting and relaxes in his garden to get away from an all too treacherous world - his boy, Lucius, falls asleep at the harp, and strikes a disturbing discord, jumps from his sleep and cries out "The strings, My Lord, are false!" But to Brutus, this could only mean "Even the strings are false - nothing in the world is true." After what I have seen and experienced in this seven months of war, and the last 10 years of "Peace", I can well choose these lines of Julius Caesar as the most poignant lines of the Avon Bard.

---SIKIGUCHI---

About July 11th, we had a visit from Sikiguchi. I did not see him but when Jones, Sartin and others came in and reported his "act", I immediately recognized the character who had visited us in Corregidor soon after the surrender and gave us the same song and dance. "Siki" is a bullet headed, ugly, brutal looking Jap officer, thick set, heavy jawed, and is a Lieut. Col. (Med) and /41/ as near as we could figure him out, he is #1 Assistant to the Chief of the Jap med. department in the Philippines. His duties are apparently roving and take him about to all the prison areas and other hospital activities. This was apparently his first visit here, which is strange to me. Sikiguchi lets it be known in his stock "act" that he is 100% anti American, that he was taught as a child how merciful and pleasant the Americans were, only to come to manhood & realize how heartless, cruel, mean and mercenary we are. He insisted on telling Sartin that he, "Siki", was "infamous" in Manila as the cause of so many beatings, and when Sartin asked him his name, he laughed and replied

and "Just call me General Wickedness". He has a way of blaspheming Americans, accusing us of sinking hospital ships deliberately and committing other atrocities, and then he laughs - loud & long. He has one speech about us not knowing one word of Japanese even after all this time, we /42/ have learned nothing of the language. He derides us for having no interpreters of our own - throws back our claim of caring medically for the enemy & our own troops alike by asking how we could expect to do justice to the care of the sick people if we could not talk to them and we had made no provision for such! Also he adds: "No! No! You Americans never thought you would have to talk to us. You do not deal in words, but in the sword, with the fist, with the bootheel - guns & cannon!" Further he grandiloquently brags: "Not so, Japan! We have all kinds of interpreters - English, Malay, Dutch, German, Chinese, Tag-a-log. We like to and expect to talk with people." Then when he feels he has scored another point - more sadistic laughter.

He has another stick-in-trade act. While talking with you he will contrive in some way to get his sword in such a position that one is bound to strike it or brush against it. Whereupon he flares back and shrieks out how in Japan, to touch /43/ one's sword thusly means death - cut off one's head & but of course, ignorant Americans, not knowing, excused this time. I can still hear him as he ranted that day at Malinta, "Yes! Oh Yes! Now you want interpreters! Now, you realize what a help they would be - to you! Now, you realize how much it would mean to you to be able to talk and understand us! You think we should supply interpreters! We should know English! Ha! Ha! You should have thought of all this before! You were high & mighty! But ah! What do you think of your future now?" And this same speech was lavished on Sartin today. He had given it to Duckworth in Bataan.

But on the other hand, immediately after such a tirade, or during, or before, he may ask information as to food - amount & kind, supplies, condition of the sick and may surprise you on his inspection by some very constructive criticism and offer to help. And pooling the experiences of several officers who have had dealings with him one is inclined to think he is as reliable in help as any one we have met. Duckworth had experience with him at #1 in Bataan and seems to have gotten good cooperation from him in spite of the above act. In /44/ fact he seems quite fond of Duckworth.

---"DUCKY" and "SIKI"---

Duckworth is here at our mess "as a guest of the Japanese", Sikiuchi, as a matter of fact, and the day "Siki" was here he had a long talk with Duckworth and tried to get him to go to Tarlac with the other Tai sa's, telling him "Tarlac OK - O'Donnell not so good." "Siki" also brought Duckworth fruit and Duckworth is permitted to make purchases in town and has many privileges not accorded to the rest of us. "Ducky" and "Siki" are "like that". "Ducky" is a smooth number, and when I found him here "as guest of the Japs", at our mess, with his personal orderly & valet, his administrative assistant, and about 20 pieces of baggage, including his own bed equipped with inner spring mattress and Gatch Frame, knowing "Ducky", I couldn't help but smell something that wasn't all roses. I learned that he was here ostensibly to get a belt made - he having been operated for an appendix since I last saw him last March. He had lost much weight since then, /45/ but is still a stupendous bulk & herniation thru scar sounded very reasonable but I had an opportunity of examining his abdomen cursorily and I could find no urgent demand for any belt. I was convinced from the beginning that "Ducky" was "hosing" for a good billet and he had his eye on this place. Sikiuchi & Duckworth is a bad combination. We will hear more of them later.

Getting back to Sikiuchi, there are certain elements of basic truth in some of his talk which we must admit. I particularly refer to this matter of interpreters and language interests. I have long contended that our Service in general, and our Corps in particular should be much more proficient in languages as a requirement than we are. For years I have heard our smug narrow non constructive brothers in Service & out, in referring to other races with /46/ whom they are thrown in the course of duty and business "Why in the hell don't these bastards speak English!" etc. Anyone who doesn't speak English or make an effort to do so is a dam heathen. The other guy must head to us and make the bridge for understanding. In such ignorance, we have placed other races in the advantageous position over us in that they grasp our psychology and racial concepts by learning our language while we stay ignorant of theirs - they have the language superiority in having learned both. All of this is beside the point that we, in justice, should, in our own international relations, offer something in the bridge making for understanding.

The Japanese are conversing and entering into the every day life of every people they conquer, immediately after entry. It is astonishing how fast they acquire a conversant vocabulary. In addition to their interpreters and colonizing group who come /47/ right along with the invading troops as a part of the Army of Occupation, every soldier & sailor digs in to acquire workable knowledge of the language. Every member of the Naval Service has with him in this theatre of war, a small pocket sized book with every day needed phrases, expressions, and words, in Tag-a-log, Japanese and English. They carry them with them at all times and take every opportunity to enlarge upon them. They are unique little books and given space & time I am sure I could show what an important part they play in a war machine and we would do well to take a lesson from our Enemy. Nor has our Navy (nor Army) seen fit to require corallary reading on history & international questions, foreign political & social economy, customs & religions of probable enemies etc. The essential /48/ importance of such things has been ever present in my mind for many years, and the proof of their need in our Service has been evident to me in this war, just as it has been evident to me in our Island possessions and our relations with foreign peoples thruout Peace. We must get over this dam smugness. To use an expression we have directed toward our present enemy so much, we are committing national Hari Kari - but on the sword of smugness & unbecoming provincialism.

There is one thing, however, which could be said to Mr. Sikiuchi (if it were propitious for one who is a prisoner of war in Japanese hands to make any reply), and that is, that any interest in the Japanese Language by our Service has always been looked upon by the Japanese as based on ulterior motives of the most sinister nature, and our language students have been looked upon with askance and for one to manifest any interest in their life and customs and order of things /49/ made himself a marked person and almost expected to offer profuse explanation or even apology. All of which, to my mind, should not have been a deterrent to our continuing to pursue our studies but rather should have inspired us to dig in even deeper to get under the surface of these people - and others.

Had we followed such a policy, perhaps the popular fallacies so flagrantly repeated in our country as to their racial near sightedness which made them such washouts at gunnery, aviation and bombing might not have had to be disproven in such a calamitous carnage as we have seen out here since Dec. 8/41. The idea of a race of poor physical specimens shot thru with starvation and fed on soy beans alone

would have been long exploded and the tough wiry troops that love the fighting would not have come as a revelation to so many of our troops. And we would have known and accepted fully and without any "ifs" "ands" or "buts" that they are a people of /50/ low standard of living, a race whose outstanding characteristic is their inferiority complex, and a people with whom we can never see eye to eye honestly, and by nature are our eternal, natural, and inevitable enemy and there can never be room enough on this globe for both of us to endure in harmony.

I, like thousands of others, entered this war with no malice personally felt against the Japanese as a people. I was led to believe they had been cruelly maligned by Hiram Johnson and his exclusion phrase when he referred to them as an "inferior people". I was led to believe that it was "just the Army war lords who were the sword rattlers" in Japan. Many of us know better now. We should have known better long ago. One cannot deny that they are enterprising, conniving, clever in some respects, ambitious, but they are also treacherous, cruel, sadistic and by our standards unprincipled, low minded, and culturally reverted to the stone age, and a people I wouldn't /51/ want my boy raised with, or under.

There are still those who will rise up and quote me the age old culture of the Orient, the "indisputable" claim to an honorable and worthy civilization, and to that I will say "Phooey!" and "Bunk!" - for the beauty and lacquered front of the Oriental cultures is cradled in the filth of the Whang Poo and the wretched human wrecks that live upon it, and even today as always it has been nourished on the stench of rotting, starving bodies that from birth have never really lived. It should not have been necessary, but it was, to have a war to teach us the best and the worst of these people, and those of us fortunate enough to survive will not have done their duty until they have done their utmost to convince our people, that only the maxim of Stephen Decatur will be adequate in our dealing and attitude toward Nippon - "Our Country, right or wrong - but in any event - Our country". Our safety, and to my mind the safety of the world depends on never allowing /52/ one item of Nipponese influence to survive or flourish on this earth. They have such emotional attributes as local patriotism, no fear of death, strong concepts of personal honor (according to their own deluded philosophy), they have a keen & progressive commercialism and tricks of trade to offer, but not one element of decency can they contribute to the human family. /Cont'd on page 65/

---TYNABAS---

About dusk of July 12th trucks arrived from Tyabas, dumping in upon us thirty more dysentery derelicts, more dead than alive. We scurried around to get them bedded down while the guards yelled for working parties to scrub down the trucks with cresol. That Tyabas camp is a hell hole. More like the /66/ German reprisal camps of the last war. They are supposed to be building a road down there but practically everybody is sick with dysentery, malaria & malnutrition and there can't be a lot of pick & shovel labor available in the group. Many of these admitted on this date will die. They are long past all help, some already moribund, some have horrible decubitus ulcers, all are deathly sick. A pitiful situation.

The rainy season is getting under way now in earnest. Much rain the last several days, off and on, frequent showers, heavy downpours with thunder & lightning & rain practically every night. In the meanwhile, prison life goes on - Bongo night & morning, lugao, dry rice, & watery soup, rumors good and bad, wishful thinking, periods of alternating hopes and depths of despair; days of scratching for existence, groups gathered about open fires with improvised utensils fashioned from

tin cans, gasoline tins, pieces of wire, parts of galvanized roofing, cooking up odd concoctions of /67/ all possible edible combinations of anything edible and available; some men may be seen hammering out frying pans, some making wooden shoes, building shelves or bunks, tailoring clothes, doing laundry, carrying wood, soaking mongo beans, making crude soap; some read, some write, some just sit - and sit. Others break the monotony by dying; Days & nights, hot suns and rains, sol y sombre-sunshine & shadow. And at night one lies courting sleep and looks at the reflection on the stony floors of the cold black bars that stand between us and the moon. /68/

July 14/42:

A clear dawn over Bilibid and no rain all day until about dark tonight when a heavy electrical storm with wind & rain cut loose and the lightening played hell around the compound for a while. Was up early and had weak cooked-over coffee (we call it coffee) and a black cheroot as day broke. Much discussion about the compound as the scuttlebutt began to flow about hearing bombings about midnight last night. The wishful thinkers are working overtime these days. If they keep on as they have been going in the past few days they will have McArthur calling up from the Manila Hotel and inviting us to lunch in about a week. But one can't blame them. After all, what else could they do. There are several here, in fact too many, who have nothing to do but worry & scurry over their next meal, lie on their board bunks and beat their gums and dwell on the great question of "how long?" "when?" "By what means?" and yes - they often wonder - "Will liberty ever come?" One never hears them speak in such terms, but back in their mental cogitations, at the base of their wonderings, they do have those fears and doubts /69/ at times.

---LA VICOIRE---

The dread of violence, disease, starvation, ever present hazards, become great obsessions to them at times. LaVicoire keeps himself sick with choking down great gobs of rice for fear he will have some nutritional disturbance. Food denial has become an obsession with him. He has had previous flights from reality in a "neuritis" and a limp which seems to come and go. He lies about his board bunk most of his time, just smoking, doing nothing, just lying - "conserving himself", almost cataleptic. Of all the Canacao crowd, he seems to have adjusted less effectively to the war than anyone else now present. I understand from the rest of the gang he has been worse than at present. As an MP man he should have some insight into himself. But alas - such is the nature of the hysterias - no insight - Painfully authentic is every complaint.

Dusy this morning sorting out surgical instruments for setting up our O.R. The Japs have instructed us to pick out what we need from the equipment we brought over from Corregidor and the rest is to be taken "to the Provinces" "where there are many sick Americans to be cared for". /70/ They probably mean Kanabatuan, Tayabas, & O'Donnel, where prison camps have been established. I was liberal with myself but still had a goodly array of gear for "the Provinces". I figure the Japs will reach over in my pile any how for some. This being the Central Prison Hospital I figure most of the surgery will come into us anyhow. In addition to the Corregidor gear we have here also our best Canacao instruments and we should get along very well on that score.

---THE FILIPINO WOMEN---

Also managed to struggle in some plaster and crinoline to the Filipino women today and they made up 6 dozen plaster rolls for us. Rumor has it that they may be freed tomorrow and sent home. I hope so. This incarceration at Bilibid is harder on them than anyone else, shut up as they are at all times in their building. They are

eating well, however. The Filipino boys coming in from working parties, get things into them - fruits, milk, candies etc. The Jap guards buy a few things for some of them too. They have done a swell job in this war and they are all anxious to get back to their homes & people. They deserve it and I will be glad to see them /71/ go. There is no more work for them to do here and they can be very useful in the provinces and in Manila and among their people outside who really need them.

The Tai-sa's (Senior Commanders & Col's) no longer have to parade for "Bango". That places me as senior staff officer at Bango from now on. Sartin was inclined not to take advantage of the Jap concession to him as C.O. etc. but Duckworth, Jones and I talked him into it. The Japs go in "big" for rank. The fact that one is favored or looked upon as "high", gives one a valuable prestige. The secret of "drawing water" with Japs is to really "be somebody". So we convinced Sartin he must "be somebody" and play the "high & mighty rank with privilege" game.

---DYSENTERY WARD---

Saw a case in consultation today in the upper compound in our dysentery isolation ward. The emaciated lad now suffering from dysentery, formerly had an abdominal wound in Bataan, was operated, and today developed what looks like an acute epigastric hernia. Have watched him all day. He has not developed any obstructive signs as yet but may do so at any time. He is a horrible surgical risk under any circumstances, but in our present state of /72/ limited armamentarium, even less chance can be offered him.

God! But that Isolation is terrible! Human wrecks piled into a long dobe building, on dirty mattresses on the concrete deck, most of them too prostrate to give a dam or care about their surroundings however. Brokenshire is doing a good job standing by them up there, doing all he can with what little medicine and equipment he has to offer. They still die on him up there daily, but he is saving many.

Our good Jap quartermaster sgt. leaves us tonight and we are sorry to see him go. He has only been with us about a week and in that time we have fared much better than before. At least he has done his best by us. There has been soup a little oftener, with a few more vegetables in it, and occasionally a piece of meat for seasoning. Fire wood has come in more plentifully. He has been pleasant. He is a great rumor artist. He insists that American planes bombed Cavite, that soon he will leave to go home and American occupation troops will come. Experience has taught me that /73/ the Japanese soldier, even the officers, know very little more than we do how things are going outside. Also, when rumors are highly favorable for us for several days running, particularly when disseminated by the Japanese, one must remember the German method of propaganda which is based on building up the hopes and then with a crash of truth, setting you down. The effect is really demoralizing as I have seen it worked.

However, one of our warrants was in town today under guard and a Chinese merchant managed to slip a word to him for Stuart that "Much good news - all news good".

I made contact with Santa Maria today and believing she will be getting out of here tomorrow or soon, gave her credentials for Leach. She will probably be able to contact him at San Tomas to some advantage.

Four of us tossed the baseball this afternoon for a while. We need a certain amount of exercise to keep in shape and while our low diet doesn't permit us to perform any strenuous stunts we can do that much in hopes of gradually building up our strength to where /74/ we can really "put out" on this low ration. Then, when the day comes, (if it does) we will be fit to jump in and do our stuff. Keeping well and fit must be our next consideration after the care of our patients. Tonight we are all sitting inside our barracks, strategically located so as to dodge the steady drip of rain thru our leaky roof. Some are reading, a few cribbage games are in evidence, a couple of bull sessions are in progress, Jim Pfeiffer diligently works over his Japanese note book (he has done remarkably well with his language attempts) several have already turned in under the nets for the mosquitoes are bad tonight. It nears "Lights out" time any how (9:30 pm). Will turn in.

July 15/42:

Another rainy night after a clear hot day. Have been busy all day gathering material for wards and spent much of the afternoon with Capt Gomez sorting out Filipino cases for transfer to Philippine General. The idea is, that if we can get permission to send them there they can get more and better food and so many of them are in marked stages of /75/ malnutrition. I have never seen such examples of extreme inanition - skin over bones - cadaverous looking, haggard creatures. One wonders that they live at all. We are doing everything we can for them but on rice, rice, rice, one can't do much. They will never develop a resistance sufficient to overcome their toxic wounds nor heal their broken bones.

In the meanwhile our deaths continue daily. The Tyabas victims recently received one by one drop off and we bury them in the upper compound near the great wall. We keep a Chief busy chiseling out crosses to head the graves and marking them by name, age, rank or rate and organization. His work is piled up ahead for many months to come. He just can't keep pace with the old grim reaper. Dysentery and nutritional deficiencies continue to decimate our prisoners and there is little evidence of our being able to offer them any more than at present.

---MEDICAL REORGANIZATION---

Sartin had a long conference with the Japs today. Kusumoto told him Duckworth was to leave for O'Donnell on the 18th. Duckworth & Sartin are to divide the /76/ Medical forces as they see fit. Duckworth doesn't want any of the Army M.O.'s in the upper compound. Does want, and is taking about 125 Army Corpsmen with him. We are supposed to do something with the Army M.O.'s. Sartin has told Kusumoto we have no need for them but Kusumoto insists we use them so that will have to be worked out. I talked with Sartin today. I know every one of that Army crowd and I have a plan to absorb them and yet keep them out of the organization where several of them could do nothing but throw sand and monkey wrenches. Also we can keep them under surveillance. Duckworth suggested sending them all down to Cabanatuan but Sartin is too kind hearted and considerate to do that. He is still the kind hearted old fellow he has always been, not an ounce of malice in him and amidst all this intrigue and cut throat tactics which has gone on among the Army since the surrender, he stands out as a wholesome nobleman among thieves, and so innocent of intrigue that he cannot believe it exists in others. His naivete /77/ is refreshing and renews one's faith in Adam's breed.

Among other remarks by Kusumoto was his statement that "when & if the World Powers reach the conclusion of their negotiations, then we will know whether or not you are considered in the status of Prisoners of War, and then we will know if you are to be paid". From this we gather that there is some negotiation under way.

probably involving the status of captives of all warring nations in the present conflict and the treatment thereof. Kurosoto had an encouraging note in his remark when he said, "Then, conditions may be better for you."

Frankly I expect very little to come of such negotiations. Certainly at no early date. In the meanwhile, however, we got another delivery of meat & vegetables today which wasn't expected, and that will mean soup again tomorrow. Never do get enough meat or vegetables for eating purposes but the thin soup poured over the rice certainly helps a lot to choke down the rice. Yesterday we were given one camote each. Our mess therefore got six. Cecil mixed our /78/ camotes with a can of corned meat we bought from "the store" and two duck eggs from the same place (at 10 centavos a piece) and made a gob of hash which gave us two table spoonfuls each to eat with our rice tonight. To us it was a feast.

Hegan turned in on the sick list last night. Warren Wilson brought him down and I went in to see him this morning. Temp 103, diarrhea & belly cramps all night. Looks pretty sick. Probably a gastro-enteritis & not a dysentery altho I recall he was laid up over in Corregidor for a long siege with a similar attack.

Have been a little miserable myself today. For some dam reason I developed a hemorrhoidal attack and I'm having a hard time sitting and I don't feel good standing. The dam things are most annoying - even painful. I laid off my baseball today but did take my usual bango calisthenics. I refuse to get on the Dinnacle of sick list. Two strikes are on you, it seems, when you get that low around here. /79/

--- CLYDE WELCH ---

I looked over the medical wards today with Clyde Welch, who is acting as Chief of Medicine. He has been crying about the surgical cases he has. I found four, all of them benign propositions and in no great need of surgical attention of any kind at present. Same old Clyde. Always has a while and a gripe - always wants to heal the world and correct an "all-wrong world". Like all such helpful souls, when you turn him loose with the world's difficulties he just continues to sit and gripe. Has quite a defeatist attitude at this time. Have had to jack him up several times on that score. He has always had a Reserve Officer's complex, too. "The Poor Reserve Officer" has always been his theme. As I look down the line at chow time I can see him sitting by his low board bunk over his can of rice, fanning himself with a huge fan (where he got it, Lord only knows) and naked to the waist and wearing glasses, he looks for all the world like some forlorn Buddha.

They sent in a batch of newspapers today (Manila). The usual propaganda /80/ sheet - all about Egypt being evacuated by British & Americans as Rommel's Italo-German Army pushes thru the British lines. One cartoon shows Stalin holding back a German, Churchill holding another (in Egypt) Stalin yelling "Where's that other front?" Churchill replying - "Don't ask me, ask K. M. U." F.D.R. is shown jumping up and down across the sea throwing papers in the air marked "Promises", "Plans".

Brokenshire just came in from the upper compound. Reports that the Dysentery case we have been watching for obstruction is better tonight. Today up there we gave 500 cc of Plasma to a bloated nutritional deficiency and he is much improved tonight. If we only had the stuff to give these boys we could save many of them. It becomes a problem to determine which cases are to have the benefit of our meagre supply of specific drugs.

Thus has passed another day in Bilibid. One day nearer ----- home!

/81/ July 16/42:

Rainy all day. I have been right here on my bunk all day after putting in a miserable night on this screen door bed with biting burning hemorrhoids. To me it has been a long day. Most of my time here in Bilibid I have managed to keep busy but today, just lying here has given me entirely too much time to think. Clinical reports from my staff have all been favorable as brought to my bedside. They moved out a number of Filipinos today and prospects of more to go. Got much of our O.R. gear moved into location today. If we could only get pipe to connect up our sterilizing unit I would feel better for as long as we can get sterile goods we can set up and actually work anywhere in an emergency. Flies alone would be our bother, but my experience has ceased to let me worry about them as a deterrent to surgery.

---TAYABAS---

The Japs brought in thirty some odd more prisoners tonight from Tayabas. That camp continues to be a killer-diller. Thirty two half-dead and one dead - a Marine, incidentally. The Japs tell us to expect 125 more in the next few days. Out of the entire camp only 14 men are /82/ in any shape to do any work. What a hell of a road that must be which they are building. The deaths and hardships at that camp equal anything ever reported from the German reprisal camps of the last war, and stands a fair chance of surpassing them in mortality. Reports still come in that much of the suffering results from the inaptitude and selfish interests of their own American Camp Commander, a Reserve Army Officer. The cooks reportedly cook very little for the men but spend most of their time cooking for themselves. There are reports that there is more food per person at times there than here. It is just a question of getting it. However, the facts still remain that they live in a river bottom without shelter in the rainy season, cook what little they can over a wheel barrow, practically no sanitation. They bathe and drink from the stream, with the Japs bathing and watering their horses higher up. No latrine facilities. Dysentery, malaria and pneumonia continue to lay them low. This camp at Tayabas, incidentally, is mainly composed /83/ of volunteer prisoners who volunteered to go down there to escape the mud & deplorable conditions at O'Donnell. Like swapping a devil for a witch.

Our friendly Q.H.Sgt. (Jap) who tearfully left us recently, came back today as he promised to visit us on his first liberty. He seems to have taken quite a fancy to Sweizer & Pfeiffer. He remarked on one occasion: "I have been taught to hate the Americans, but I find nothing wrong with them."

---SCUTTLEBUTT---

The "scuttlebutt" tonight comes from a man whose wife got a note into him over the wall, telling him of a naval battle under way south of Mindinao but no details. Also that more Americans had landed in New Guinea as reinforcements. This news from outside, if true, came via some hidden radio (HACK) many of which are still scattered over Manila. We have no way of evaluating such news. We have noticed that on days we are favored by lots of Jap visitors, we generally hear of some war activity in our favor. Today we have had quite a number of Jap soldiery dropping in all day. We have expected news - /84/ and it came. Coincidental? Probably. Quien sabe? I have come to listen to it, hear it, forget it, and hope. I'll never lose hope, but I refuse to build my hopes on my wishful thinking and pollyanna myself into expecting an early liberation with nothing more convincing than scuttle butt rumors which seven months experience has taught me to be just about 99.5% the figmentation of childlike, uninformed minds. To date, the facts of the past are brutally against us, the present uncertain, the future obscure. The real demands upon our fortitude and courage are yet to come. As to faith in our administration, belief in our people, trust in our capabilities - we who have been "on the bull's eye", we who have felt that we were

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"sold down the river" - we could stand a good hypo of some worth while accomplishment to sustain us. There are those of us who know we have been sacrificed. If it has helped, if it has been for the common good, if it has served for ultimate victory we do not mind. But at this time, we have seen, experienced, and know so much, that we are to /85/ be pardoned if we have doubts and find need of assuring evidence that we have not been needlessly pawed, and our plight one of necessity not of neglect, ignorance, and gross lack of military and diplomatic foresight and quality. If we lack faith, we have reason, but even one of us, I am sure, still hopes for a faith restored. Not because it means our success and relief, not that it means victory and Peace and preservation of our country, but because every man needs for his happiness in life and for peace in dying, a faith in his own breed and kind.

More talk today from Kusumoto. Now says "Soon you will be paid". That means only to us that we will be able to continue to supplement our rice with a few mongo beans, some brown sugar and occasionally some native coffee. Pesos are just about all gone. American money contraband. Unless some of this Jap "bayonet money" they are rolling off the printing presses is forthcoming we are /86/ going to find ourselves too much the total "guests" of his Imperial Majesty, the Son of Heaven, with a Tokyo address. And now - to bed.

July 17/ 42:

"The rains came." A1 last night it has rained and blown and all today great sheets of water had fallen torrentially on us and strong winds have driven the water in gusts against the buildings. We have battened down our barred windows as best we could. Our leaks still drip and the walls are damp. The bedding and clothing is soggy. However, we must be much better off than the prisoners in the open cell blocks in the upper compound where we were first put on arrival here. They are now occupied by Filipinos mostly, and Col. Olympia with his Filipino Med. Staff.

---THIEVERY---

Did not sleep worth a dam last night. I guess my all day in the bunk yesterday was responsible. All night long there was a constant passing in & out thru the barracks. Seemed as /87/ though everybody and his brother was up & about at some time or another during the night. This morning Col. Duckworth missed his cigarette lighter & cigarettes which had been in his shirt pocket, hanging on the bed T Bar, hardly 3 ft. away from me. Soon after, Silliphant reported his wallet gone from his shirt pocket, hanging on his T Bar further down in the Barracks. Lemire reported his trousers rifled but nothing missing. Two officers from S.O.Q. came in to report losses from their end of the barracks. It is difficult to understand how any whole-same thievery could have taken place last night with so many up all night unless everybody was thieving. It is difficult to believe that any officer in here would do that, but it is plainly an inside job and as far as we can learn, no Japs were in the place during the night. I haven't missed anything. For the past two weeks things have been missing. George lost a wrist watch, clothes have disappeared, Greenman lost his wallet his first night here. Last night's ravages were widespread, /88/ covering this building, S.O.Q. and "L" building. Army officers were the greatest victims but not all. Sitting here reflecting over the possibilities, one individual is of proven loose morals and dishonest. He is broke and in debt to most of the crew. He has used his position to keep his hand in the "store". There has been some question as to his manner of handling money he has had entrusted to him for changing outside. (He gets access to the outside at times). He is in a position that he should be concerned over last night's reports but ignores them entirely. I saw him & his "cronie" go in & out of here during the night several times. They were up & about most of the night. One would never give it but forewarned is forearmed. From now on I am satisfied as to the direction I will watch.

Feeling better this morning. Stopped up to Isolation and did an abdominal paracentesis on a dysentery case who has had a residual trauma to the abdomen. Began moving all patients down from the upper compound this morning. As Filipinos are moved out of our /39/ wards we are able to gather more of our Americans down here where we have better control over them.

Conditions are improving for our patients. We now have every patient in wd 2 in a bed and up from the concrete deck. More corpsmen are provided to care for them. On wd 6 most of them are now in beds. The wards are cleaner and better policed. Let it be remembered forever that the food taken from us on our arrival from Corregidor, Cornbeef hash, tomatoes, canned milk, salmon, has been turned in for the feeding of the sick. Dr. Smith, a Dental officer, has been specially assigned to see that certain needy extreme cases does get what little special additions we can add to their diet. This special food means their soup extra between rice meals, canned tomatoes while they last. The corned beef hash is mixed with the rice and served on the general mess. There is enough for a few such meals only but it helps. The profits from "the store" allow Smith to buy a few range Hens, /90/ duck eggs, camotes, from which he can make his soup for the patients. It is a pitifully little bit but it does help and it is a good start. It is our "best" anyhow.

The orthopedic group have gotten under way and long neglected cases are now being actively cared for. Several emergency operations have been done under crude field conditions but to good end. Evacuating the Filipinos to Philippine General gives us more food and supplies to care for those remaining and relieves over crowding. The patients going out to the General are assured of better food and supportive care than we can give them. Many of them are chronic discharging purulent cases that are eating up our gauze supply with no possibility of ultimately helping them without better food. Things are looking up and shaping up better for them. Far from ideal but in our extreme destitution and /91/ deplorable state, any improvement is a Godsend.

---DUCKWORTH & LEMIRE---

Col. Duckworth & Lemire were notified today that they are to leave for O'Donnell in the morning. That will give us more room here and reduce our private mess to just five. I will feel much better satisfied with the Colonel on his way to O'Donnell. He is a very competent old fellow in many respects but he has a well known reputation for looking out for Duckworth. That he has had his eye on this command is beyond any doubt. Here, ostensibly as "guest of the Japanese", to obtain a surgical belt for himself in Manila, he remains here for a month, gets no belt, and has several goodwill visits with the Japs etc. Lemire, his administrative officer, almost let the cat out of the bag in his efforts to get Martin to introduce Duckworth to Kusunoto, at which time, Duckworth was to approach the proposition of being made a liaison officer between prison camps and Japanese. It would have put Martin in the light of approving it. It nearly worked. Yes, I will be glad to see him on his way. The less Army contacts we have, the less intrigue we have.

---MORE THIEVERY---

As the day progressed more reports of thievery came in. One officer in S.O.G. leaves his bunk to go to the head - returns. Money - had checked him from a tin box. In one encounter, tin box could be reached thru bars. Martin called a conference with Jones, myself & Devil setting in. This is a very serious matter. It is a very serious matter. Action by one or more of our own people. It must be the end of our first class treatment by the Japanese. Following measures taken (1) every compartment will have a continuous inside watch of its own from 10 pm till 1 am; (2) a light will be kept burning in living compartments at all times; /92/ (3) all quarters for all patients-

10 pm curfew for everybody except those on authorized business. (4) No one allowed in & out of living spaces except on business and at discretion of the watch. (5) Outside police detail all night under Capt. Rye. (6) All personnel warned to safeguard their valuables.

My original suspicions still hold. And these measures will help but I do not believe they are far reaching enough to protect. There are some people who can go anywhere any time. However, these measures will alibi everyone except a limited few.

--- INTERVIEW ---

Made a momentary contact with St. M. again today. The Japs are expected to free them any day, in fact I expected them to be gone today. She has a plan for using my information and I am satisfied she will be able to make it work. I do not trust Lopez. St. M. has had ample opportunity to watch her during their confinement here and in spite of Lopez' bro. being Gy and her father a Scout, I am about convinced that that Jap interview on /94/ Corregidor, with Lopez being roughly handled was an act. St. M. feels sure of contacting Leach. That alone will be an accomplishment. She has laid good groundwork for making contact with me when she gets out but as I see it now, there will be no use of it and can serve no useful purpose except to keep me informed, which amounts to nothing but satisfying my natural curiosity as to what really goes on and is not worth the risk. Again I come to a point where my usefulness ends, but she should be able to carry on and continue to do a great service with Leach (if he is, as I believe, still active). I would have had her contact Trujillo if Leach was no longer hot, but I was not sure of Trujillo the last time I talked to him. The night he got on Corregidor last April and saw me, there were flaws in his story. He didn't ring true. He was too much in defense of Aguinaldo to suit me, and his closest friends, Sanchez & Natividad I knew then, were 100% Jap. As fond as I am of Trujillo, I could not keep but feel that night that he /95/ had been worked on, and for that reason did not discuss many things with him which I would have liked to approach. I may be wrong about him, and truly I hope I am, but I couldn't open him up to St. M. with such a doubt in my mind. St. M. is bold, cold as ice, and naturally disarming. I have no fear whatsoever of her taking good care of herself and handling herself well even if I made a bad guess and opened up Trujillo to her -- but it might end her usefulness and after all, just now that is the important thing with so many of us out of the running.

Rain, damp and cold. Will crawl under my blankets tonight. I look back now to the hot dry dusty days when the high Command talked in big tones about maintenance of supply lines and the fighting fronts "when the rains come". There were high trails selected thru Batzan over which supplies were to be hauled on sledges thru the knee deep sludgy mud, drawn by caribao. The only drawback to that plan was, all the caribao would be killed and eaten by the time the rains came and our starving troops /96/ being too weak to swim would probably have drowned in their fox holes where the unopposed enemy air force could keep them from sun up to sun down. I never worried about the rainy season in those days, for even then the signs were too well blazoned so that all who ran might read. There was no doubt in my mind even then that there would be no lines nor forces in the field when the Rains Came. Many wondered at my cold indifference and with ostrich like propensities refused to believe it. But the outcome was inevitable. Hell, it was elementary!

July 18/42:

Rain being the normal state of affairs at this time of year, it hardly seems worth while remarking that it still rains. It will probably still be raining a month from now. The correct time to remark about the weather will be when it is

clear & dry again. (Or if it should snow). Rainy Season! Rain in the tropics! To one who has never experienced it I guess it is very depressing /97/ and to some extent would alter the daily routine. The proper attitude and the one the old timer develops is to just slop about the daily routine, go where you are going, do what there is to do, and just forget that the world is completely involved in a torrential downpour, that one looks out upon a wet dripping /flowing/ floaty world. Since night before last it has poured incessantly. So far our drainage system here has met the issue very well but by tomorrow, water will begin to lay and the whole compound will take on the appearance of a public anchorage and our barracks series of moored arks

---COL. DUCKWORTH---

Slopped around on rounds this morning and then began work on closing 4th Marine Records for turnover to Comdr. Sartin. Col. Duckworth and 55 corps left this morning at 1300 for their hospital at the Prison Camp at O'Donnell. His reports from there are not good. Most of the prisoners are Filipinos, there is no sanitation whatsoever, food is supposed to be not even as good as here, and the Prison Death Rate high. Sikiguchi /98/ has talked to Duckworth about it and at one time recently (according to Duckworth) advised Duckworth to go to Tarlac with the rest of the Staff instead. The way I size it up, Duckworth has played up to old Sikiguchi and convinced him that he can straighten out the camp and of course Sikiguchi is anxious to have a good record and welcomes the help. After about 2 mo or less I fully expect Duckworth to be out of O'Donnell and having some comfortable soft liaison job as #1 medical man among the Americans in the Philippines. He's a great schemer - for Ducky.

---CARABATUAN---

Japs in from Carabatuan today report "Camp there bad - very bad - this place #1". In that case it ~~must~~ be bad. Understand they have very little or no water up there. Two canteens a day and a bath maybe once a week. One report tells of a death rate of 35 per day. Naturally my concern increased for Bob & Al White. Tough break, dumbit. And unnecessary.

---CORREGIDOR---

Merckle arrived from Corregidor this morning escorting two cases. Reports /99/ to us that our group left on Corregidor is doing O.K. Eating very well and being cared for satisfactorily. They are certainly a lot better off than we are. Hewlett & Glassman have gained 10 lbs. and Merckle himself looking good. He has been hearing KGEI, but his news is no more than we had heard when we left over there. The Pacific is quiet & all this offensive down south is hokey of course. Very little news even for Merckle, and when he can't hand out news, there isn't any.

---CANACAO REGIME---

Having my first difficulties adjusting to this non war minded regime here. Sartin has made a go of this place because he is a fine old man and everybody has been pitching for him. Even the Japs O.K. as long as they tell Sartin what to do and Sartin doesn't tell them what to do. With the exception of Cecil, Wanger and a few of the warrants, this outfit is all just what it was when I left it last December, a bunch of griping argumentative, unmilitary like group of "sitter downers" who are doing little or nothing but looking after their own hides and haven't done /100/ a darn thing since the war began. They neither know how to take orders or give them.

In comparison with my officers who have been with me, these people appear not as service personnel, loyal, taking orders as given and carrying them out, when assigned a task, get busy & do it. They whine, the sit, they haggle and complain. They are weak sisters and haven't an ounce of military sense. They need indoctrination, training and a good disciplinary regime to snap them into something of service. Today, after our short arrival here, my officers who came with me have already

assumed the active places on the staff. Recently, a representative of one of the International News Agencies asked me if I thought that it could have helped if the S.M.O. & Fleet Surgeon had gotten this group into Bataan instead of staying in Manila & being taken. I don't think he understood my answer, but after thinking over this group as a whole and trying to picture them in the field, I truthfully answered him as I felt - "No". There really wasn't any place there for them. The Cream /101/ of the Crop was there. I can conceive of this personnel there being more of a hindrance. I will never be able to stomach gracefully the laissez-faire, communistic unmilitary regime as it is carried out here. As far as my surgical service is concerned, they are going to click like a clock as long as I'm boss, but in the future I hope to keep aloof from any part of the general administration. I am not in tune with it and never will be.

---THE PADRE---

Just received information from O'Donnell which cannot be anything but the facts. Thru a priest in town, just back from O'Donnell, I learn that 20,000 prisoners (Filipinos) have died there since the surrender. Nearly one third of the total force of the Philippine Army! The death rate of 35 daily at Cabanatuan was confirmed. This Priest is a German, but anti Hitler. He has ^{an} organization of rich women in town who are anxious to do war work and call themselves "Chaplain's Aides". He has gotten word in to us to submit a list of what our sick need most & they can help us. They are rich and the Priest says "make the list long". The bad feature is, we need food /102/ most of all and that is the hardest thing to get into us. Medicines and medical supplies they believe they can get in to us. The Padre has gotten permission to come in tomorrow and hold service. We will be able to talk to him then, perhaps. St. M. will have the dope on him for me by tomorrow morning. St. M. is a very convenient catholic.

--- SANTA MARIA ---

Also learned today that radio broadcasts in the States are now reporting the hellish state of American prisoners in the Philippines and how necessary it is to do something about us if we are to be rescued at all. St. M. checked the source and it seems bona fide news. St. M. has inveigled the guards into allowing her the use of the phone to the outside. I couldn't understand how she got away with talking over phone in Tagalog as most of the Japs & certainly the operators know Tagalog pretty well. She uses Visayan. (She speaks Ch., Jap., Tag., Vis., Eng., Span) Of course it will only be good for several controls but it has located most of our Americans for us, given us good data on them, and has placed that data where it may do good.

/103/

It is now about 9 pm. Have just come in/from the rounds. Raining like hell. Have dried off, shifted shoes and clothes and have on my Byrd jacket which I have managed to keep with me after losing it several times. I got a mango today. Quite a treat. Mangoes are one tropical fruit I have always abhorred. I now find them very luscious & welcome. Anything in the way of fresh stuff I could almost eat gross.

Whitney came over to sit for a while tonight and we played chess. Back in 1932 when I went to the USS SAMPLO, Whitney was Navigating Officer. One night off the Maine Coast in January, with the ship in the grip of a norwester, I dragged out a chess board and taught Whitney the moves. In three days he was too much for me. Tonight we recalled our seagoing days under old Bull Taffinder (now Admiral) the finest Officer in the Navy - bar none. We split even tonight - game for game. Time for lights out. Prison curfew. To bed.

July 19/42:

---RAINY SUNDAY---

Today is Sunday. One loses all track of days of the week. Happened to know it was Sunday today because the Manila Padre came in to hold mass. Had a pass from the "big boys". More of him later. Cloudbursts /104/ with much thunder and lightening all night. Today we are completely flooded. The sewer lines are closed and all our sewage from our dysentery cases floods over the compound at knee depth. And it is still raining - hard. Made my rounds over the prison yard in knee deep sewage water, dysentery laden, and nothing much we can do about it. The outside fires over which many groups boil a little coffee or cook up their mango beans are impossible. Only two fires going and those with difficulty, the galley and incinerator. Water stands knee deep in the galley. The rice tins set in the water with the water level almost to the top of the tins. Contamination of the rice with the infected water is inevitable. Have had a conference with Cecil and we have decided we will draw our cooked rice and then fry it. That should help some to kill the bugs. Water is now getting up into the ward buildings, some of which are still without beds, and the decks awash. Already this morning we have three bodies for burial and our burial ground along the upper wall is under 3 ft. of water. Our barracks is now leaking like /105/ a sieve. Decks are kept free of water by almost constantly pushing it out with a squillie. We are so cramped for space in here there is no such thing as moving a bunk to dodge water. I have my canvas bedding roll covered by a shelter half which helps to keep my bed (blankets) grossly dry, but the dampness and the quick growing tropical molds cannot be prevented.

One look out of our barred windows or our doors and the flooded roadways between our closely lined stone & dobe barracks look like Venetian canals, (they are really sewers too) but alas, in Bilibid we have neither a gondola nor gondoliers. Gondoliers would not help us because we have no guitars - and no moonlight. Getting back to earth, a couple of good native banquas would come in dam handy right now, and if this keeps up long at this rate of downfall we can use a Moro vinta or prau.

---ROUGH STUFF---

Several of the Corpsmen detail were slow reporting down at the front gate to carry in provisions & came in for a severe cuffing about by the guards. Nobody seriously hurt. This is the first show of physical violence since the night of our /106/ arrival here when Goodings took a hell of a shellacking. In today's instance, as in Goodings, our Jap interpreter was responsible. He is a vindictive low class type of Jap who speaks very poor Eng. and very poor Jap & Tagalog. Vocabulary is so limited in any language that he keeps things all bawled up and then protects himself by shifting the responsibility to the prisoners. Just one of those tough spots and we can't do much about it.

Our chow worked out very well. The breaks do come. I got hold of a hunk of pork for grease - Cec' fried the rice in it & we even coralled a piece of garlic and seasoned up a mess of mongo beans. Regular Sunday dinner on the farm.

---THE PADRE---

The Manila Priest held mass. About 10:30 A.M., St. M. got the word to me about him. Had arranged that she send me a simple impersonal message by the rice boy who totes rice to their quarters. If it was in ink I was to lay off, if in pencil, O.K. It was in pencil. As a result, by this time I have made contact with Santo Tomas and a States side "feeler" message has started on its way. The Padre reports the anti Jap feeling among the /107/ Filipinos is increasing daily - that every Filipino man woman and child has a hidden bolo. The Japs are quite aware of it and at all gatherings like churches, theatres etc., the people are always searched for weapons.

He is quite sure of getting urgently needed medical supplies into us but the food will have to be smuggled. ST M is quite familiar with the "Chaplains' Aides" and considers it benign as far as our interest in it is concerned. I watched well to see if there was any recognition or relation between the Padre & Olympia. I am sure there was none and there was not one moment the Padre was not under constant surveillance. He did not hear Confession and no one talked with him alone at any time. According to St.M., his contact with Santo Tomas is thru Sister Clara. That alone almost guarantees him to me.

Kentner was just in. It is impossible to bury our dead inside the prison. The Japs are trying to arrange for some place outside. We are writing identification slips for them and sealing them in a bottle, and placing the bottle inside the crude box. Later we would /108/ like to reclaim them for our own.

July 20/42:

---THE UNDERGROUND---

Monday I believe. The water has fallen considerably. Getting about is much easier. Have made rounds and gotten the routine squared away. By accident rather than plan, had a chance to talk with St.M. at length today & the whole layout of the Manila Priest made known. Taking advantage of the guard's letting her use the phone, St.M. called Sister Clara at Santo Tomas & in Visayan said only a few words. "Father Cummings is at Bilibid". Sister Clara immediately got this Priest of Cummings's same order to get busy and thus his getting in and making contact. He is a German citizen but anti-hitler & at present, anti-Jap. Not so, however, before the war. The change came, apparently when he saw the first prisoners being taken north - the guards lashing them when they fell the first time, and bayoneting them when they fell the second. His present plan is already under way. This rich social elite Filipino women he has lined up, (about 100 of them) are out to work. Last night, /109/ Lala Rey, the leading Filipina debutante, had a dinner for a Jap Marquise in Manila. She is a mild, naive little thing, with great big eyes and knows how to turn on the heat. Last night was her time to work on him in behalf of our hospital. The ramifications of this system is becoming far reaching. There is some reason to believe we will be able to reach the Apostolic Delegate in Manila - the direct representative of the Pope. He enjoys diplomatic immunity and could be of great help. However, he is an Italian. One must go slow. Some day there should be an appropriate award to one Mestiza. Grateful Governments should not ignore not let drop into oblivion the memory of the resourcefulness, loyalty and courage of a China-Filipina-Hispano who has always been ready to give her all for Filo-American victory.

A poor day for chow but we made out. The lugao this morning was mighty thin and watery. At noon just doughy rice like paper hanger's paste. Tonight the rice was sour and stunk. Just couldn't go it. There was some thin soup however which helped some but I drew the old belt in tonight a little. /110/ Pfeiffer could have talked the Japs into some good dry rice but again it was our nemesis, the low degenerate interpreter that fouled us up and made us take it and like it. In my postwar book he heads the list, to date.

A couple of medical officers arrived here today from Kabanatuan seeking medical supplies. They confirm the death rate up there as 30-35 daily. We will talk more with them tomorrow. I may be able to get Bob's gear up to him.

Our coffee ran out today. It will be missed of course. However, this last run we have had has been little more than peanut hulls ground up. There has been neither coffee odor nor coffee taste. Just a hot thick drink. (And not very black).

Raw, wet, and inhospitable tonight. The rains stay with us. An occasional pneumonia has begun to spring up among our patients. Just another dangerous menace to buck. In the run down disease ridden state of most of them it will be an uneven battle with Pneumonia. Not a chance in the world.

/111/

My own physical condition at the moment is good. My beri beri has mended to a point where I have full control of my left foot again. I have gained a little wt. and I feel physically stronger. I have been in better trim than now but on the whole I am O.K. For this I am thankful. Keeping up the old resistance, conserving the vitality, that is the big important job now. One can hardly expect to get thru this Bilibid Incarceration without some bug getting into you, but if the old resistance can be kept up, there's always a good chance.

No rumors for several days. I think the let down the boys got after having all their dope about McArthur moving north into Java, Borneo etc. sort of soured them on outside rumors. As a matter of fact, all bona fide reports from the war theatre shows every thing quiet in the South Pacific. The status quo against us remains. There are still left a few of the "home by Christmas" club among us. I am glad for them and their hopes now. They live upon them. But I will be sorry for them when Christmas comes.

July 21/42:

---MEDICAL STORES---

Then usual slop-slop about day - constant rain. Everything is pretty /112/ soggy by now. Have made my usual rounds about the compound and at present (about 10:30 am) am waiting to learn just how much of our medical supplies we are to lose to Cabanatuan. This robbing Peter to pay Paul with supplies has been a great Jap game from the very first. The Japs have brought nothing into the Islands whatsoever. They have drawn heavily on our meagre supplies from the beginning. The remainder finds its way around all over Luzon. For example, O'Donnell asks for supplies and Corregidor is drawn upon. We need - O'Donnell is robbed for us - Cabanatuan needs - we lose to them - etc etc etc. In the meanwhile our essentials and needed supplies such as quinine, carbosone, emetin, bismuth, Paregoric, etc - practically none of the most - absolutely none of the others. The International Red Cross hasn't been able to function at all. The American Red Cross was dispensed with as soon as Manila was taken and the so-called Philippine Red Cross established (Jap dominated of course). The whole situation looks hopeless. The word now reaches us that this new change in regime is to better things. The /113/ charge of prisoners is to be turned over to a civilian group, part of the Army of Occupation, and they are supposed to be especially trained in the care of prisoners, and familiar with the workings of Geneva, etc. Sounds promising, but one just naturally is leery of such things after our experience with the Orientals.

Night - after another useless day. Choked down the rice today with the aid of a watery soup with some grass in it. It would have helped to have a little salt in it but we have had to cut down our salt. All of us were developing too much ankle edem. Our metabolism is so shot to hell it only takes some little factor like that to throw us off balance.

Our son of a bitch Herri - Interpreter - slapped Sweitzer across the face tonight. He was in a nasty mood - drunk. Rumors coming thru tonight. As usual they are quite groundless. In general they are to the effect that: 1. We have taken over the French Fleet at Alexandria; 2. British & American Navy have shelled the Germans & aided our allied forces /114/ in pushing the Germans 90 - 100 miles from Alexandria; 3. Russians, by falling back, trapped & destroyed sizeable German Army on the Don River; 4. Medical Officer from Tyabas tells of a drainage project the Japs wanted to begin but when told they couldn't complete it under 2 mo. gave up the idea, saying we would be on our way to Ecuador by that time. All swell rumors - but just rumors.

Much hell raising tonight as the Japs went thru getting all cups, tins and tin cans. They apparently make a count on these things ever so often. Some think this count is incident to the turnover of command tomorrow or soon. The tin pails were handed back tonight. Cups we can get tomorrow. So they say.

The Japs brought in some medic^{al} supplies today, apparently another robbing of Peter to Pay Paul. 50,000 quinine tablets, a large box of charcoal, some sheep dip (unasked for). jug of Tikitiki; formaldehyde (no good).

We didn't lose any great amount to the Cabanatuan group today. They /115/ are picking up their supplies from a store house at San Fernando on their way back tomorrow. The rain slacked up tonight. For the moment there are a few stars out and a pale moon is trying to break thru the clouds. Mosquitoes are unusually bad. I will crawl under the net.

Ecuador should be pleasant in the higher parts - the lowlands very hot. Guayaquil (Guayquilla) is hellish. But on the whole better than Portuguese East Africa. I guess I needn't get worked up over it. Even so, I can't help but think about it.

July 22/42. Wednesday

Overcast, hot and sultry, but the rain has let up today. Usual routine rounds and then had the Filipino boy work out a 2x4 and cut me out a pair of wooden shoes. They are more practical for wear here than regular shoes - it's a case of being barefooted with your shoes on. Wooden chaucletas, "shorts", (khaki or white) and a khaki tunic, cut down from an army shirt, and a khaki helmet, constitutes the uniform of the day. The tunic serves to let us carry our rank & insignia in evidence which is very important to the /116/ Japanese. Every time I meet a new guard he never fails to examine my silver leaf closely and say "cho-sa". Much of the time the tunic is discarded and one wears helmet, shorts and chaucletas. It makes laundry less, too. Which reminds me that if the sun lingers thru today, tomorrow I must turn out an accumulated wash of two towels, a suit of shirt and shorts, and a sheet which I have acquired.

---LAST SQUARE MEAL---

Two sardines and a pan of rice today. It wasn't a banquet but it will sustain me. This food business is interesting. I can remember back to where my last good meal was at 3 pm on Christmas day in Bataan. The regiment was bivouacked at the headwaters of the Mariveles and Cabalog rivers. We had spent most of the day in fox holes with the enemy almost constantly over head. At this time, however, the enemy were still basing on Formosa and after 3 pm we could expect a let up as the planes headed for their base, about 3 hrs. away. Therefore we fed after 3 pm. On that day we crawled out of our /117/ holes to eat delicious ham, sweet potatoes and lima beans. There was good bread too. We didn't realize it at the time but it was our last good meal for

many moons. When food is denied, hunger sensation of course comes. But this passes off very soon. One adjusts to reduced quantity very readily. But where certain elements are denied, no matter how much else one has, a certain gustatory sense demands satisfaction and when not satisfied, yearning & craving of the most painful kind will persist and will often be interpreted as "hunger", but one can have it intensely even with the belly full. This stage lasts a long time & some people never overcome it. Sometimes it is for some particular food like steak, ham, or eggs. Most often it is a craving for sweets - sugar is hard to do without. I have been thru long sugar denials which were hellish, not only because of a taste that was demanding it, but physiologically the old human engine was "missing". Our blood sugar would get so low /118/ we would go sound to sleep even at the table, at work, or anywhere, right amid a heavy shelling or air bombardment. It is during this phase of food denial that one becomes conscious of physical inefficiency, mental dullness, inability to concentrate or work up interest.

HUNGER ---

My memory was so bad at times I couldn't recall my own comrades' names. I could not read a page from a book and hold the continuity. It is during this phase of food deprivation that men talk constantly about food. Huddled in fox holes, grouped about in hill side hohays (NOTE: Chirography not clear: "Padays" "haboys" or "batays"), gathered together in the tunnels - anywhere you found them - the sole prolonged conversation was food - things they liked, feasts they have attended, how things are cooked at home, whole menus of what they will order when they "get back", the intricate details of preparation of choice dishes - the shells, the war's outcome, the news, the orders of the day, the immediate plight & problems, women, children, religion, home, /none of these are heard - always the theme is food. It was most masochistic at times. Sometimes sadistic, for I have seen many leave the circle, unable to take it any longer, and yet, 10 min. later they will be back, just as much a part of the confab as ever.

As nutritional disturbances appear, and after weeks of steady diet of mouldy cracked wheat and weevil ridden rice, and sour dough, there comes the total absence of desire for any food. One must just dutifully stoke and stoke in order to keep going. That is the cruelist punishment of all. Hunger is to be preferred. After several months, and having gone thru the various phases, I am now in what I think is the most comfortable phase I can expect. I have lost all yearning for any particular food. I have forgotten toothsome viands to a point that I no longer crave them. I can fill up my emptiness with rice, and my blunted gustatory sense is easily satisfied by the small bits of supplementary items that get to us occasionally. We are, at least /120/ for the present getting enough sugar to keep us going for we have adjusted by now to a lower blood sugar. Of course there are bad days when we are a little hungry, but all in all, while I do not relish the diet, I believe I am in as comfortable a place as I can expect. How long it can continue - well, the future has worried too many people to death to think about that. Some develop starvation phobias and at each meal gorge & gorge, doubtful of their next. They keep themselves so dam clogged up with rice they are sick all the time. Some worry & fret over their fear of hunger to come. It becomes an obsession with them.

The Japs had a hard time understanding why our forces were in such a state of starvation and nutritional deficiency and yet so much food stored on Corregidor. That is something we would all like to have explained and someday many of us hope to hear what a snafu, bogged down, crooked quarter master regime will have to say in reply. There was no need of the stinted rations on Corregidor, nor was there any /121/ reason why theataan troops should not have had food up to the very last.

There were field rations by the thousands. There was caribao & mule meat until the last few weeks. There was bulk canned stuff in the tunnels that could have been used as well as ammunition. The Japs had a right to wonder - even as we wondered.

The Filipinos moved out today. Free. St M went with them. Made a last contact with her. She intends to continue her work. Assured me she could contact Leach et al. Also has arranged for further contact with me here. Did not have time to explain to me the plan, but I expect it to work thru B. The Lopez affair is closed as far as I am concerned. St M has Garcia & Lee with her and can reach Leach, and play B without implicating the whole. It is a good enough set up. Her last words as she left were: "While you Americans sacrifice as you are for my country, I will never let you down." I think there is some element of patriotic fervor /122/ which does inspire her, but I also suspect the innate love of intrigue and adventure so common to her Hispano-Chino blood has something to do with it too. If her plans work aright she will be in Cavite tonight.

---PORT AREA---

Lt. Davis was in from the Port Area today where he is in charge of working parties, loading and unloading ships. Tells me that troops are moving out. None moving in. Much rice coming in from Saigon. No planes coming in or going out but a truck load of bombs arrived recently on one of the ships. The ships are 10,000 tons and more. Very good ships. Much scrap iron and junk being hauled out. Making up a convoy now. 12 ships in the harbor. Recently a 60 ship convoy sailed. I saw that one pass Corregidor. The Japs are using all piers except #1. Davis has very little contact out of the Port Area. No "outside" news at all.

Jerry Stuart was permitted to visit his wife at San Tomas today. Brought back a basket of stuff /123/ to Cecil from "Reds".

I instituted the Disciplinary procedure for internal administration here today. Sartin requested it and I explained to him the details of the "Disciplinary Board" as I had instituted (it) for the Army on Corregidor. It met ^{with} his approval and I have been assigned to head the Board. I have selected Cecil & Wade as members and Condon as Recorder.

---KUSAMOTO---

Sartin talking to Kusamoto today - was told that Herri will also go with the change in regime about to take place here. That is naturally greeted with good acclaim - provided he doesn't get too far away. There are scores to be settled if some 3 - 600 of us are to return home with a satisfied mind. Sartin asked him if he was going back to Japan. He replied "No - to Australia". That's what he thinks - maybe. He has bemoaned the fact that in China he won many medals for bravery but here they put him in charge of a prison and won't let him fight. The general report about him is that he is really a Quartermaster. /124/ And the more one sees of him, the more he presents as a big bag of wind. The Japs have wind bags, just as we do. However, his remarks bring back to me the Jap Major's remarks over in Corregidor. He had received a letter from his family. They were much worried and put out with him. The family at home could not yet boast of any one of the family having been killed yet. They were mortified. They were losing cast. Something must be done about it! He must get south where the fighting was and see about getting killed. I do not recall whether he went or not. My recollection is no.

Medical Officers from Cabanatuan today report that they feel they have reached their limit in any thing they can do to lessen the dysentery deaths there. The present death rate is 30 - 35 daily. They see nothing but complete decimation of the camp from amoebic dysentery. They have no emetin, no carbozone, and are powerless to

lessen or remove the source of infestation. /125/ The great numbers of Japanese lost in combat on Batuan have already been exceeded by our deaths in prison camps since the surrender. Already there has sprung up the feeling that it is not incidental, but according to plan.

Ration truck arrived today with pork and vegetables. Most of the latter had to be thrown away. We had pork soup tonight and we zinned out the fat to cook up in war sponge beans for tomorrow.

---BULADOR---

This Bulador rumor certainly has assumed proportions. It has become the one great topic thruout the prison. Today, however, the working party coming in from the outside is reporting that in the Manila papers they had read that the civilians in Santo Tomas would embark for Bulador on Aug. 25. That can't be believed. Civilian elements have already been exchanged to Portuguese East Africa and further removal of civilians can be expected. But military & Naval Personnel I believe, have yet a long time to wait a for such a thing.

---MATTRESSES---

Well, today I acquired a mattress /126/ for my bunk. And tonight, for the first time in a long while I'll sleep on something but maintaining that a mattress bunk or a screen door. St H. had tipped me off that in the prison dormitory where the Filipinos had been confined there were several mattresses. When they moved out today, I went in and got me a fairly respectable looking one that didn't look as tho it were too much infested with vermin, leprosy and allied bugs. I'll probably not sleep a wink all night - just lie awake and enjoy it with pain and relief.

July 23/42: Thursday.

Very little rain today and we stood Hango outside again. I asked to be returned to the hospital for I like cleanliness. The morning went fast for I was kept busy. Saw several cases in consultation on the service and finished up the rest of the morning getting the C.M. set up and arranged. I can't wait any longer for pipe, lumber etc. There are cases that just have to be /127/ done. Pig camp for noon now. - "Bury". Wrote most of the afternoon. Made a brig today out of cell block #1. A jail within a jail. The first inmate was a prisoner, not in patient status, hence did not appear before our Disciplinary Board, but was jailed by the Camp Warden. Charged with obtaining money under false pretences. Our thievery epidemic has let up, but at present, the outside patrol and the curfew regulation are the only agencies of control in effect.

128/ Tonight we had Col. Olympia down to our mess for evening chow. Of course, we did not have to apologize for our lack of phosent - after all, he's a prisoner here, too, but we did manage to cook up a mess of Hango Beans, which with our rice issue and some pig soup we had saved, we had a filling if not elaborate meal. The Piece de Resistance was the desert - Rice jumbles (really hunk of rice dough) smeared with a jam made from a native plum. This desert was sent in to Cecil from San Tomas yesterday. At least it was a desert - of a sort. The Colonel appreciated the thought and enjoyed himself.

Our deaths continue. More dysenteries from the Provinces died today. I can hear the bang-bang, knock-knock of the box-maker, making crude coffins for the already waiting dead, and as he works away, the watch comes in to report another death. We have to box the dead we send out for burial. In our own prison yard, a canvas sack suffices. By tomorrow it should be dry enough to begin interment in our own prison yard again.

At Evening bango Sweitzer came to me in Ranks to tell me that the working party just in from town is reporting that the Japs hurriedly cleared the harbor of ships today, that they are entrenching along Dewey Bvd., and anti-aircraft guns are being set up, and tonight for the first time, the Japs have asked for a night working party. Riviera brings back the news that Vargas himself officially states /129/ that negotiations are under way and we will all be out of here by September. Ecuador still seems to be the spot. Kusimoto's office still insists negotiations in our behalf are under way. My own belief - just more of the Hun type of propaganda - build up for a hell of a let down.

---SWEITZER---

This chap Sweitzer - he is a warrant, a Radio electrician, and is #2 so to speak for "The Field Marshall" (Gooding), but this Sweitzer is a real man and an officer. His father before him was a warrant and he has another brother in the Navy. This chap is a competent mechanic, handles men well, and is a valuable factor in this prison set up. He manages this bastard office of high rank to the Japs, and low rank to the Navy with a very fine above board, no fooling, manner which I think is commendable. In the meanwhile he is working daily on construction and repairs, and has contrived several ingenious machinations such as a self flushing latrine. If this man were in Gooding's place, it certainly would help. /130/

The moon, a pale high moon is out tonight. It is a relief from the torrential rains. Have walked & walked about the compound tonight. I am restless and bored tonight. I have steeled myself for months against thoughts of back home and the sweeter better things of life. But there are times that memories and the wish of our hearts which in self defense one crushes and crowds from the mind, insist on being recognized and felt. One could just let go and think - and be "stir wacky" in a week. One mustn't do that. One must either get busy - or go to sleep - or go nuts.

July 24: Page 52. Error in place of Entry.

July 24/42. Friday -

Another busy morning as my O.R. crew swung into action and Sweitzer put in my overhead light & began the alterations which will eventually give me an O.R. - of a kind. The boys have really done well today. Much air stuff overhead today, planes of all types - heavy & light bombers - fighters, V.O.'s; several looked like some of our own P 40's. One model is a good copy of our B-17 - and fast.

Early rumors tell of the Japs being scared and scattered in the port area last night when a plane came over - not Jap - they say. More of "that stuff".

/53/

Did not sleep at all well last night. Wakeful, fitful catnaps - up several times, tossed, dreamed - and such dreams - for example, I was elected Mayor of Medford, N.J. and was instructed by the citizenry that my first duty was to put the drug store on a paying basis. Freud or anybody else would have a hard time explaining that one.

About 2:45 a.m. I heard a shot - sounded like a Jap .25 rifle and in the upper compound. Followed by the repeated blasts of the guard's whistle. I couldn't see that far from the barred windows but I listened for a while, and our guards across the way snoozed on, so I don't guess there was too much amiss.

--- CORREGIDOR MEMORIES ---

Annexed Maj. Wilson (Warren) to my staff today. He has moved down into the hospital compound and I asked for him. I haven't forgotten how he & Hagen were kind to me when the rest of the Army were still considering me as a case of smallpox.

Warren is an alright guy. Hagen is too - but he bores me. I am still continuing Hagen on the sick list where he will do best for a while. He really doesn't look well and he takes illness & his present dilemma badly. I can look back to Malinta Days when /54/ we were under fire continually, and how he would always keep asking me - & himself - "What is to become of us?" I tried to prepare him then for the surrender and matter-of-factly used to tell him "You will be captured eventually, but only after they have softened us up, and it won't necessarily be as bad as you might picture it." I was quite sure of the first part of that statement, but I couldn't convince even myself that the last part had to be true. Capitulation could have been delayed to a point where the slant eyed snipers could have broken thru with hand grenades and come in like a lion. As it was, it worked out with a minimal loss. Snipers had already infiltrated to Malinta barricades, and tanks had been landed, and we had no guns left effective against tanks and flame throwers were already forging ahead into the other sectors. Anyhow, capitulation saved much of the carnage Hagen had pictured as our last stand ere the Rock fell. /55/

He did good work at Ft. Mills and is a good fellow - but he is a punster - a living constant attempt at cleverness in words - and it is boring. We use to play chess together thru the long nights underground when things were quiet. It is when things are quiet that one needs mental diversion. When action comes, one is well provided with it. It is those hours or minutes of quiet, waiting for the crash and bang to come, waiting for the batteries to open up, knowing the planes are overhead and waiting for the eggs to be drop(ped). After the first stick is laid down, the tension eases.

--- AL SMITH ---

Al Smith continues unwell. He never has recovered from his initial illness just after the surrender. He joined me after the Gunboats were evacuated and served with the Beach Defense on Hughes. After the surrender he was brought in from Concentration /56/ Camp and admitted to the sick list as malnutrition. He has at times had dysentery, and malaria. Since arriving here he has seemed to go to pieces again. Hasn't kept anything down for several days. Vomited most of last night. Gave him some blood plasma today. Mrs. Smith teaches school in Alexandria. Al is one of the unfortunate fellows (Ferguson is another) who had served a full tour out here & had their orders all signed for them to take the next ship home. Before the orders could be delivered or they could get away, the war broke.

An Army corpsman, long suspected of being a dope addict, now a patient in the hospital, was caught today with a complete hypo set and a goodly supply of morphine.

We acquired some coffee, today. A native product, and while not exactly a coffee, it's something. Cost us P 1.80 per $\frac{1}{2}$ kilo! Zowie! We will boil hell out of those /57/ grounds.

Tomorrow morning, a group of prisoners leave here for Cabanatuan. Tonight, therefore, the evening sick call was heavy - everybody was sick again. It places the medical dept in a difficult position. None of us like to see the boys go out to the camps in the provinces. But as long as the Japs permit us to decide which of our own people are fit for work, to keep that prerogative, and thus save our sick from being derogatorily sent out by Jap judgement, we must play ball and be honest in our decisions. All of which reminds me that in making rounds today I could not help but notice that the general appearance of our sick is much better. Most of the surgical service now have beds and more beds have been added to the medical service. The food deficiency cases look better. Some of our dysentery cases are clearing up. Of course we

have a long way to go to reach the desired state, but /58/ there is definite improvement in the conditions, and our patients are being better cared for and they look better in general. Any improvement is an encouragement in our present straits.

We have about 12 medical officers as patients here at this time. Among them is Col. Vanderbogen who was a bomb victim at #1 the same day Gen. Luna & another med. off. was killed. Talked with Fox today. He is doing dam well. Doc Fox was blown up with Battery Geary during our last week of hostilities on Corregidor. He has permanent disabilities but he looks on the up & up now. There was a time when we first got him that I wasn't so sure.

It is quite late. Wilson came in to see me as I was writing the above. We sat and talked over Corregidor days and had a pleasant confab until lights out and then I walked as far as his barracks with him. I wanted to stretch a little and I enjoyed the walk under the high pale moon. /59/

MEMORIES

It was cool and damp and very still. Two years ago - two years ago - I could have reveled and suffered in the longings into which my memories could have plunged me this night. I am afraid I am beginning to become a little introverted, losing control of my power to suppress the thoughts that could be maddening. To date I have been taciturn or singing in turn. I have been able to be the blasé matter-of-fact type of the world. But also to date I have been busy or occupied or overwhelmed by the momentary demands. That has changed now. I am allowed no much more time which I must fill artificially, and while I have had much experience in mastering loneliness and am well schooled in it - at one time loved it - I no longer accept life as something to live mostly alone as I once did. Two years ago - (I cannot keep away from that 2 yrs. ago tonight) two years ago when I went to sea, I knew then I was never again to find happiness and complete adjustment in loneliness again. /60/ At sea, in the Milwaukee I never did adjust. And never, not even before the war out here could I find satisfaction and fullness of life in my work and my avocations.

I left Tidewater Virginia 2 yrs. ago a different man. My whole aspect of life had changed. I had known happiness - real happiness! I had found the life I had always wanted, and I knew when I left it for this cruise I was thru - washed up - as a happy wanderer. And I knew when I left for the Asiatics just one year ago that this present plight, or death or both was in my immediate future. My remarks about eating fish heads & rice for "the duration" were not made in jest. And I knew that never again would my hobbies of painting, writing, geology, ethnology, archeology, hunting, fishing, swimming, tennis et al, never again would they suffice to answer for everything in my life. And I knew that people as individuals and as a whole, had been pushed further out of my life than ever before.

Times like these tend to produce comradeships of strong ties & deep feeling. It has not done so for me. The nearest /61/ thing to it has been Bob & I. I admired & liked him from the first day we flung ourselves under the sandbag barricade at Canacao - and came out together to play our part in the maelstrom that came to be known as the bombing of Cavite. Until our arrival here I have kept him with me. We have shared our blanket, food, tobacco & water. His loyalty, faithfulness, and camaraderie has endeared him to me. His courage, his willingness, his decisive competency I will always remember and admire. And the greatest blow of the war to me - in fact the first real heart tug or emotional moment I have experienced, came to me when he left for Cebu. But withal, there has never been the completeness of spirit that would have taken us along the same lines in life had we been the

captains of our own destiny. He has a life and I have a life which we keep as en-
/62/ tirely our own, and to which neither of us can contribute to the other.

There are, I have learned, some things in life so real that they defy substitution, and the need & demand for them not softened by sublimation. If this means loneliness - so be it, for that is what it must be. There are some things you feel and experience and cannot turn them on & off like a spigot. And such a loneliness born of a true & sincere emotion, born of a real need which is denied, is to be preferred & endured - but one must survive, and under some circumstances such as ours at present, there can be something very cruel in the picture of "a man & his dreams". Unless more work can come into my routine, or the local situation grow more acute I must get more physical exercise. To think - to dream - to will - and to remember - it could be disastrous. I do not mean to let it.

--- CABANATUAN DRAFT ---

Tonight I was saved from a masochistic reverie by the heavy tramp of heavy trudging feet, /63/ at the end of the long adobe barracks buildings, by the light of the pale moon I could see marching men, filing in past the guard house, blue barracks bags on their shoulders, or their entire belongings swinging from their belts. They halted in the great sacred circle and I edged up to where I could talk with the rear rank and look them over. There were 370 of them, marine & navy prisoners, from Camp #3 at Cabanatuan. They understood they were here for over night and then moving out but did not know where. These men looked in pretty good shape & from them I learned that they were doing pretty well. Apparently they have been eating better than we are. They have been doing no labor except their own working parties for their own upkeep. According to these boys, at #3 they have only had about 30 deaths out of 6000 which is a good record. At #1 in Cabanatuan the conditions are much /64/ worse as we have mentioned before. They also report that there is a move on foot to move out 3500 men & officers from Cabanatuan. Just where they are going or whose idea it is, nobody seems to know. Nardini is at #3. Langdon is unreported but we believe him to be at #1. Bob must be at #1 also for these boys do not know of him. There were no medical personnel in the gang this time. A Marine Corps Capt. - Pelouse - from the 3rd Battalion is with them and Lieut. Jensen & Ensign Russel. Jensen is a fine chap. His wife was caught out here and was finally gotten to Corregidor as a refugee. She got away on a submarine just before the fall and made her way to Australia. I believe I got some last minute mail out entrusted to her care. She was a courageous little woman. She was at Baguio when the Japs bombed the area, and long after the enemy had invaded Luzon, made her way south from the Mountain Province to Bataan and Corregidor. While on the rock she performed many useful /65/ services and maintained a quiet dignity and cheerful morale to the end.

They finally marched the prisoners into the upper compound. Crowded & unfitted for caring for such a mob it is certainly a rat race up there tonight. Except for a kind & wise provision of nature, endowing so many humans with a ready amnesia and a reasonable degree of adaptability, the permanent results of this period of incarceration & servitude could not fail to permanently relegate us all to the pig sty.

/130/ (Continued from page 65; pp 52 - 65, erroneously paged in original MSS)

July 25/42: Saturday -

Up before it was fully light. I got awake about 2:am and laid there on the bunk just looking out thru the door into the night. I guess I must have lain there like that for an hour. Thought several times I could half hear and half feel the far/131/

off wham of a bomb detonation. However - just me - no bombs. Have kept busy all day. Stood Bango with the formation - had my calisthenics, then some lugao and native coffee. Made rounds all over the prison compound with Wilson, getting his service lined up. Then came down to the O.R. and stood by while the boys ran thru an amputation case with blood transfusion and plasma. It was the first job in the new O.R. and everything went off swell. Sweitzer had put in a neon light for us yesterday and made some alterations which helped. He was there this morning and I think from now on he will give us all the help he can. If we could only get pipe for sterilizers - and some lumber and screening! It will come eventually. But in the meanwhile, we will continue to work.

From then on until noon I worked over my laundry, and turned out a real wash - towels, shirts, shorts, sheet, and a pair of socks. At noon - had some rice. Didn't have anything to go with it today and just rice is hard to take. We did fry it, /132/ however. It crisps it up and conclusively kills the worms & bugs that seem to thrive in (it). Have been a little hungry the last two days. Food not so plentiful nor good. But there must be bad days with the good. We can't afford to have extras every meal.

Talked with Jensen today. The Japs have kept the prisoners who came in yesterday, waiting around all day expecting to move at any time. About 100 went out this morning. Late this afternoon the remainder passed out the gate but returned tonight. Nobody knows yet their destination. Heard from him just about what the boys told me last night. It seems that the conditions at #3 have been getting worse gradually. Not as good as at first. Most of the men glad to take a chance on going somewhere else. It is generally reported that the great number of sick & dying at #1 Cabanatuan is due to the vast number of sick arriving there from O'Donnell - the original pest hole. There are reports from the group of persistent guerrilla warfare still going on thruout Luzon with /133/ frequent attacks on Jap trucks.

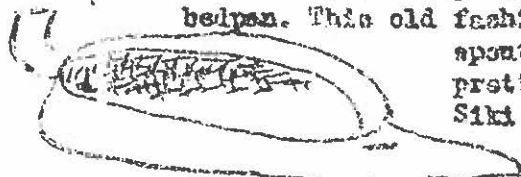
This afternoon I gathered together some wood and a meat saw, a bone chisel, a pen knife and an O.R. mallet, & began my model house building. Didn't pan out so well. My tools could probably serve but my wood is so poor it is hardly worth while. I will look around for something better. Got a bath about 4 o'clock and then took in my wash from the line, stood Bango, took my calisthenics and sat down to rice. We managed a Mongo Bean hash tonight and I needed it. Food has been skimpy of late. Saw Whitney after chow and we played two games of chess, splitting the score as usual.

--- BEDPANS ---

Sikiguchi is getting to be too frequent a visitor for comfort. He came in yesterday and sent for Sartin, was in good humor, laughingly asked Sartin if he could speak Jap yet (He always gets that crack in) then asked for a 3 view drawing of an American Bed Pan - wanted to send it back to Japan to have some made. Gave Sartin a pack of cigarettes and opined we /134/ should have some books - novels etc. Johnson knocked out a mechanical drawing of a bed pan - 3 perspectives with specifications as to measurements and material. Siki returned today - drawings submitted - answered that he was surprised and couldn't understand why he should have been misunderstood - he wanted drawings of 3 kinds of bedpans! Sartin explained we only used one type in the Navy but that there was an old fashioned type around here, he would try to find one & have a sketch made for him. Offered to give him the real articles, but ah no! wanted the drawings.

Looks like just another way of Siki putting over the idea that since we can't speak Jap - misunderstandings must be expected. As a result, as I write this,

Johnson is working away doing a technical drawing of another kind of bedpan. This old fashion type is one of those monstrosities with a spout, sort of a combination bed pan & sither. I've a pretty strong feeling all this bed pan stuff /135/ is Siki's idea of a hell of a good joke - nice humor.



I'd feel better if Siki had urgent business elsewhere - in hell for example. This bedpan

sketching reminds me of one officer's remark. It seems that the Japs established a bordy house near one of the broop concentrations and brought down from Japan what they called 300 wonderful Geisha Girls but those who saw them reported them as slats. One of the first jobs of labor this officer drew as a prisoner was digging a latrine for the bordy house. So he says when his youngster asks him how he fought this war he can sum it up in the few words of "I dug a shit house for a whore house".

Did another paracentesis today on that Beri Beri & Dyxentery case in Isolation. It makes him more comfortable but I doubt if it permanently helps him.

---THE "TAI SA'S"---

Word filtered into us today that "the Tai sa's" were getting along swell up there at Tarlac. Talking Jap lessons 'n' everything. Those bastards would. /The Japs will treat the Colonels well up there as a demonstration, and the Colonels will go back and tell how good the enemy had treated them. Japs are wise as hell in this respect & every civilized act resembling decency handed out to prisoners has been a demonstration with a point in view. "The Tai sa's" I know up there will fall for that stuff. They will forget or will not know or remember the thousands who have died, the hunger & disease endured, the beatings, bayonettings, sadistic mockery & insults suffered, the useless suffering and injuries noted out. They who went to Tarlac will have a different story. The Japs themselves have little respect for those who go there. To them they are useless personages, "in retirement" they call it. Regardless of whatever may be Duckworth's shortcomings, let it always be remembered of him, that as Col. he rated Tarlac, the Japs offered it to him, but he insisted on staying with his command, in the field, where there was a job to be done. And there are /137/ Tai sa's up there today who should be still with their command - in our camps, where there is plenty of work to be done. They have contributed nothing to our Corps, will never be respected by the command they left, but being as they are, the best ends have been served by their self shelving "in retirement". They did not have to go to Tarlac. The Japs admired Duckworth's attitude and have respect for those Americans who still carry on even tho they hate us. Every "Tai sa" up there could still be rendering service - if they had service in them and the will to do it.

July 26/ 42: Sunday

Rain abated during the night and today broke clear and the morning cooler & fresher. Climate and weather when good are our greatest boon & luxury. At Bango this morning it was proclaimed by the "Field Marshall" that besides Catholic Mass this morning, Protestant services would be permitted in the upper compound at 10:00a. Ensimoto has also asked that the word be passed that our hot plates and "other luxuries" which we enjoy but do not rate, be kept out of sight for the lat mo. after

the new regime comes in on Tuesday, and let them gradually get used to our having them or else we would lose them. I don't know whether this is a play on Kinsimoto's part to impress us he has been very considerate toward us, more so than he should, or whether he is really sincere about it. The best plan is to play everything close until we know.

PEANUTS

We got hold of some raw peanuts last night and Cecil and I cooked them until late last night. Peanuts were once a "goodie", something to eat gobs of for taste, and crunch during the ball game, but they are real food to us here and are valuable when we can get them. We mix them in our lugao, boil them as a vegetable, cook them in sugar, put them in the soup. When they are more plentiful and we feel "nigger rich" we even eat a few "a la peace times". We do not salt them any more. We have had to reduce our salt intake to keep down our nutritional edema.

THE PADRE

I am expecting B to come in today. If so, I may hear something from StM. I am watching closely. Am wearing my cross prominently and am all set to attend mass. Chaplain Wilcox alone will /139/ note my religious shift but I can take care of that very well. LATER. I have talked with B. It would seem that the propaganda plans are working very well. By Sat. of the coming week we should know if we are to be allowed free supply of medical stores B has arranged for. The prospects seem favorable. B's organization of women is working well. Meetings are held at different locations to prevent Jap attention; and supplies are being collected at many locations. B has been to all the camps in the past week. Conditions continue bad. Atrocities as well as the expected concomitant vicissitudes of captivity mark the daily life. B is truly German, but he is Anti-anti-God, and hence Anti-Hitler and Anti-Jap. His fear of the loss of Christian culture in the Philippines overshadows all other sentiments he may have. He sees the Jap hate as a racial hate of the whites, and believes therefore in an eventual union of Eng., U.S. & Germany against the yellow race. He had very little of any value to report as to the world news. He reiterates the local Jap fear of /140/ a native uprising. Since he was here last Sunday, fifty of the leading and prominent citizens have been taken into custody and held incommunicado in old Fort Santiago. The anti-Jap sentiment continues to run high among the native population. The Japs have tried to enforce a harsh physical regime on the people with much face slapping and bow-towing by laws and persons & ladies not respected or excepted - the Filipino pride isn't taking this well. The Japs are making a great mistake in their belittling attitude and in not respecting the native self-respect and ego among these people. I am convinced they could swing them readily by the very simple tactics of feeding their self felt pride.

B cites the episode of 6 Filipinos made to dig a great hole - lean over it - heads severed by a big Samurai sword - heads & trunks fell into hole - 6 more men cover them up. B took out message today and is to get a microscope into us in a few days. That will help us a lot with our dysenteries & blood work. B reports the nestinas as most loyal and dependable. More than the lower /141/ strata of full blooded Filipinos. No word from St.M. However, she has only had four days on the outside so I am not surprised. Some news during the week I will hear.

Operated again this morning and have cases lined up for tomorrow. The service must be kept active. There is much to do and we can do it. Saw several cases with Warren today and that "suburban service" is getting well under way.

Echoes of the old Regimental Days. Ritter filed with me today a commendatory letter as a field memorandum in the case of a Filipino Air Corps Hospital Corpman who served with Ed and whom Ed claims was his very best. I have endorsed it and am forwarding it to Col. Olympia this date.

--- DISCIPLINARY BOARD ---

Sat on the Disciplinary Board this afternoon in the case of a young 21-yr-old Marine who solicited money from the patients saying he had outside connections and could get it in over the wall. He had already signed a confession to the fact that he had used /142/ the money for his own use, and never had had any other intention. The boy is 21, a typical inadequate personality with other evidence of criminal intent & maladjustment but well knowing right from wrong. His background and early life is a contributing factor. Guilty. Recommendations made to the Senior M.O. This Board is more of an investigating Board with recommendation prerogatives. It is not a court. It is fair to a busy session. Just now there is a decided problem in reference to the illicit use of narcotics & other drugs. This is under investigation now. My Board will no doubt have plenty to occupy it during our stay here.

It seems there is some mistake about Sikiyuchi's name. We now learn it is Saka-moto. I think we can compromise on Son of a Bitch and everybody agrees & be happy - except General Wickedness.

The soup had a watery sewage smell tonight. But I couldn't eat just dry rice so I poured it over the stuff. Later we managed to make up some batter from ground rice in a meat grinder. The batter was /143/ cooked like we would cook flapjacks or hot cakes. The result wasn't exactly a flap jack or a hot cake but it was hot fill dough or something upon which one could pour our solution of raw sugar in water (syrup) and it answered the purpose of the moment very well.

The 370 from Cabanatuan finally got away this afternoon. Tonight, 18 returned and we have heard their story. They were marched to the Port Area and loaded aboard a ship. Everybody was warned that their work was to be hard, and anybody with any illness or disability should speak up at once before going aboard. These 18 complained of diarrhea and other minor disabilities and were returned here. They had been told that they would be told their destination after the ship sailed. Some thought, from the appearance of the cargo, they were going somewhere to build air fields. Others report a miscellaneous hodge podge of stuff aboard - axes, picks, cables, junk, sacking, clothing - just a conglomeration of loot. It leaves much to the /144/ speculation and imagination.

Tonight I worked on my historical biographies and report. Mr. Crews is back with us and we have found a place where we can lie off at night and knock out some copy.

It is clear tonight - and a moon. I would love to sit outside in the cool night and smoke, and enjoy it. I couldn't trust myself to do it. "Oh Memories that bless and burn - Oh Barran hopes and bitter loss!" To bed.

July 27/42: Monday

Up before dawn. A black cheroot as day broke thru the East. At that hour the air was cool and sweet. Bango - lugao, - xandu - a few minor details ironed out and the day was well on its way.

Quar has it that the American Red Cross is reporting being satisfied with the Jap method & manner of handling prisoners. /145/ The American Red Cross knows nothing whatsoever about how the prisoners are being handled. We have heard that the A.R.C. is being allowed to operate at San Tomas, but San Tomas is not a prison camp, but a concentration center, and there is a lot of difference. We know that at San Tomas they eat well, are treated well, have entertainments and there are some people who prefer staying there to going outside to live under present conditions. But they are civilians, they are not prisoners, and as usual the Japs are creating their propaganda and making lace at Santo Tomas while the prisoners are catching ruthless hell. I hope the A.R.C. has been quoted wrongly, that they have not made this statement accredited to them. If they have, the A.R.C. has become a malicious agent & should be wiped out with one fell swoop.

--- FILIPINO PATIENTS ---

I continue to be on the opposite side of the fence to the Administration here. I am still the Apostle of Command and Order in a military organization and believe firm & explicit directives are necessary to expect efficient execution. /146/ And I am against the policy of appearing to these Japs that we are unable to do things. The Japs ordered an immediate list of those Filipino patients who could be benefited by immediate removal to hospitals in Manila - patients who could be benefited by treatment we are unable to give. When I received my notice of this, the list made the other day would suffice and I so instructed my wards. Within 20 minutes I am informed by the C.O. that he thinks we should include all Filipino patients that all of them wanted to go, and better include all. I objected. I feel that for us to throw up our hands and say we are so damn helpless is the worst thing we could do. For in spite of our conditions here, we have surgical cases which are not being endangered by malnutrition, and cases we can offer more skill and experience than anything they have in Manila, and have enough facilities to work them over. To send out all our Filipinos wholesale under the guise of our inability to care for them /147/ is the most undiplomatic move we can make at this time. It is an admission that we really don't have a hospital. It is going to reduce our supplies in two ways - less will be given us, and much that we have will be taken away. This idea of unloading, and passing the buck, and crawling out from under is not the thing to do. Our salvation lies in asserting and showing that we can handle these people. It is on this attitude that supplies & food are given, not on the defeatist attitude, half hearted attempts to help which has so characterized our Americans in this area since the surrender. Of course, I lost. Couldn't help but think of Wild Bill Cabbins, the Orthoped at Northwestern when he use to stand up before his classes and shout: "We know we're Crazy! But We get Results! We are a voice crying in the wilderness!" In this case, it was a sure enough wilderness.

--- I Y KNEW I I ---

Late last night about 50 civilians came in from Corregidor. This morn- /148/ ing they were assailed early by the news hungry boys for it is well known that on Corregidor one still has access to radio news. As a result, the compound seethes today with enough good stuff to keep the gang going at least another week unless something suddenly comes along and pricks the pretty bubble as always happens. First of all, it seems that the President has made another speech in which he claims the U.S. now holds Borneo, Sumatra, New Guinea & Java and Mindanao; that the Philippines will be free of enemy troops by Aug 15; from the general news comes word that American troops are in South China, that 500 planes daily are bombing Japan - it all has a very familiar ring - seems like old times to be hearing these life-giving thrillers as reported by our radio listeners and secondary broadcasters on the Rock. All of it erroneous, but it listens good.

If the enemy go out of here by Aug. 15, I fully expect to be lugged along with them. I don't know whether I like that or not.

---SPECULUM EPISODE---

Made rounds again today with Wilson. /149/ He has kept his sense of humor and I enjoy talking to him. We were recalling the "Speculum episode" as it occurred on Corregidor. When the Japs had taken over, they established a whore house up on Middleside and stocked it. Immediately after, the Jap doctor came down to us and wanted a vaginal speculum. He was charged with the examining of the women and needed such an instrument naturally. Well, we didn't have a vaginal speculum, but when the Japs say they want something, one either produces it or else. The situation was serious. It was solved by opening up the Veterinary Case and giving him a nasal speculum for a horse - the Jap was delighted - perfectly satisfied - thrilled with his toy.

Have hopes of getting our galley back in the lower compound today. During the flood period we had to move the galley to keep our cooking above water. However, of all the dam places into which to move, they placed it within 25 yds of the Dysentery Isolation ward, with /150/ sewage floating all over the place and flies by the billions. Moving back down here today and I'll feel much better when the moving has been accomplished.

A copy of a Manila Daily Paper got in today. It gives a long list of Filipinos who are to be released from here on Aug 2nd. If we can believe Kasimoto, /151/ all of the Filipinos here are to be set free. The Japs have been turning the Filipino army and civilians loose at intervals but they are not letting go any of the Filipino Scouts. The Japs know that the Scouts would never stay on parole. Moreover, when the Filipinos are released, they are made to sign an allegiance to the Emperor and technically that makes them eligible for military service in the Jap Army. The Scouts aren't going to sign any such thing as that. And the Japs know it. The newspaper sort of counteracts a lot of that Corregidor report and one can pay their money and take their choice, but according to this paper, the American Air Force in Australia has been wiped out and leaves that Island entirely undefended by air. It all boils down to what the Jap Commander on the Rock told Capt Hoefel, the day they were discussing the Coral Sea reports: "I think both our Gov't's. are lying."

Played some deck tennis this afternoon with Morgan, Nelson & Ferguson. Just must get some physical exercise - more than I have been able to get since arriving here. It is essential, we managed a net and made our playing gadgets from hemp line which we wrapped with tar tape. /152/ It works O.K.

---ERICKSON---

Tonight I worked again on my Bibliographical report. Have just finished and came back here to my bunk. As I sit here, making these last notes I look across the barracks to where Erickson sits reading. He is so much like Hitler in appearance! It is striking as hell! But Erickson is not a Hitler by any means. I could like him more, I believe, if he had a little more of the Hitler in him and less of the purring pussy cat & effeminate lavender & Old Lace complex.

July 29/42:

No entry for yesterday. I laid off and on all day, I was in a violent mood lacking this "something" at all. I have but again, at the end of the day I took a solemn oath to drop the bricks and just follow. Others can. I hope I can.

Yesterday was the day we were to get a new regime but the change has been postponed until Aug. 2. However at 2:pm yesterday, a Brigadier General came thru on an inspection tour and with him was a little medico whom I am sure is the little guy we had with us at the /153/ end of our Corregidor stay. I, myself, did not have any contact with the Inspection party but I understand they were cooperative in spirit and the much promising ^{stand} stood like our erstwhile Corregidor mentor. However, if he is to be the big boy around here I believe we will be better off than at present.

The Japs were in here with trucks early yesterday morning and off went our two big power generators we have had stowed away over in the Supply House with the medical supplies. An idling about Jap saw them two days ago and after close questioning elicited the fact they were not medical supplies. He grinned widely and dashed off. The next morning he was back with his truck.

With the truck was a Filipino who is reputed to be a Scout but living incognito in the city and working for the Japs. He passed the word along to several that "Japs catching hell on all sides". Such news would be most welcome if we only knew he knew what he was talking about.

---TIGHT SHIP---

Hagen came off the sick list yesterday and is now employed by Jones in getting the upper compound sick properly organized and accounted for. Sooner or later they are coming around to the realization that if we are to be responsible for all sick here, then we must firmly control them /154/ and be the sole source of directives for them. None of this wacky wacky halfway administration will work. I have contended this ever since my arrival here but was unable to sell the "tight ship" idea. However as difficulties and jams arise from the lack of it, little by little they are seeing the necessity for a closer and tighter organization. But in the meanwhile, for the sake of being a good fellow, or because of some lack of military concept, we continue to make more trouble for ourselves than the Japs can think up for us daily.

--- ARMY SICK ---

Except for Hagen & Wilson, the rest of the Army continues to reside up there in the upper compound, unattached, doing nothing, completely out of the picture. Col. Cooper has, of course, gone to Tarlac. Old Craig (Col), Adams, (LtCol), and the little yellow bastard Manning, and the imaginative champagne field-up, Cogey, continue as invalids on our sick list on S.O.Q., stuffing their guts well, contributing nothing, not even a good morale. Adams is to be excepted. To some extent I must even grant Craig his right to Invalidism. The rest - horse manure.

--- TAYABAS ---

About 5 pm yesterday we were notified of 110 arriving from Tayabas - "heavy sick". Eight big truck loads arrived about 6:30 pm. It was the last of the camp and the M.O. came with them. Two had died just before they left. One /155/ was already dead as we unloaded them. Two lasted long enough for us to lay them out on stretchers under a mango tree where they immediately expired. Another dozen in extremis we laid out on the ground until the Japs would release them to us for bedding down. The rest - horrible walking creatures - like Haitian Zombies, the living dead - dirty, be-whiskered, hollow cheeked, sunken eyes, some too weak to stand. Others still up on their pins, fighting to the last ditch to carry their few remaining articles in a barracks bag or canvas bundle. Pitiful broken human bulks - I stood in that prison yard and just looked. All the bitterness and the hate that has kindled and built up in me in these past two months of captivity seemed to well up within me at that moment. At no one other moment in my life have I ever hated with the intensity of that moment. And then again I swore and vowed that I would never be satisfied nor content on earth until every vestige of Hippon was destroyed - until I have

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personally know the feel of ramming a bayonet into their guts, starving them, looting them of all they hold dear. Mine is not the feel of a civilized nation. But the difference between my desire to punish, to torture, to kill, is to meet them with their own Oriental philosophy of "an /155/ eye for an eye" etc., and let them die by that philosophy under which they live. This feeling of mine is abnormal to my race and people, and it can be satiated in me. To them it is normal - and can never be satiated. That is the difference. That is why my race & my people must live and they & their race must die. That is why my race and my people are civilized, and they and their people are uncivilized. And if my hunger for their blood is abnormal, they have made me so. Until I die, every one of them is my avowed eternal enemy, Goddam 'em.

Worked again on my Biographies tonight and finished up another one. Of course, the Curfew catches me at about 9 o'clock and we can't work during the day very well, so it means to just keep plugging every night in that back end of a dormitory where Mr. Crooks and I can be out of the way and unobserved and work along little by little unnoticed.

---DEFERENTIALISM---

The day could not end without another instance of defeatism and "let George do it" policy cropping up. The medical service reported to me a case which had come in from Corregidor and which they believed had an acute appendix and began to tell me that they /157/ believed the Japs would sanction sending him out to a Manila hospital for operation. I was so Goddam mad I could chewed nails and proceeded to eat the behind out of Clyde W. I offered to see the case and if he needed operation would say so and do it right here where it ought to be done. And I couldn't stop there. I was too fed up with this "we can't do anything" whine & proceeded to lay down the law that as far as our surgical service was concerned this hospital was going to be a hospital - not a lazaretto, and every officer & man on our service would do any & everything to be done. Jesus! But I was sore! Just fed up! In fact I am so dam fed up with the chronic schizophrenia of the place that I have been thinking seriously of asking to be sent to Kabanatuan or O'Donnell or to some of the camps. It may be a foolish move on my part but at least I will keep my self-respect. I saw the case, and I believed the boy needed surgery and operated him this morning. It was not a difficult /158/ case. Everything went well. Kusimoto and several Jap medical officers came in while we were operating. I learned later that Kusimoto expressed himself as very glad to see we were able to do such things, and he and the medical officers have promised to get our sterilizers hooked up at once for us and give us assistance in our efforts.

---SURGERY---

I was very pleased with this. I still contend that if we act as a hospital we will be a hospital in the eyes of the Japanese, and we will get more and be able to do more as a result. I am pushing my services to line up their surgery and keep the work going. Wado, Nelson & Ferguson are right with me on that business but I am having a hard time getting the Smith - Boone - George group to snap in. Gary has been sick and is isn't the same Gary by any means but he'll crack thru O.K. I am sure.

Rain pretty much all day. Couldn't do any laundry. Read "Ogilby's Practice of Medicine" for about 2 hours this afternoon and then a brief 1 1/2 hour's nap. I stay a little hungry most of the time now. /159/ The chow hasn't been as edible and plentiful of late, and our "extras" have been at a minimum. We were able to get some raw sugar today but no mungo beans are appearing and that is cause for alarm. In the last analysis, it is the mungo beans which we get our additional that are keeping us

going and if they are denied us we are going to find ourselves in dire straits.

"B" did not come in today. Was expecting him. No word from St.M. If this "B" - St.M hookup is going to help me any it will have to materialize soon. As soon as I hear from St.M - thru "B" I'll know the track & route is all laid. I have now in my possession papers which I can't afford to keep close to me very much longer and I must get rid of them. They are to go to St.M. via "B" after she establishes the contact. If "B" comes again and no evidence of a hookup is manifested I'll have to assume it couldn't be done and make some other disposal of these papers so as not to implicate me.

--- TRUJILLO ---

In the meanwhile it seems that my desire to find Trujillo O.K. is to be fulfilled. He has gotten away safely to the South - at least to Mindinao I now learn. As contact men between the Guerrillas and our own organized armed forces he performed /160/ excellent service. The Japs had a price of \$5000 pesos on his head - still have. I understand that his family got away also. His wife is a native of Davao or somewhere in southern Mindinao, and Trujillo is familiar with the Moro country where he has served many years with the Constabulary. I imagine he has many friends among them for I have heard him tell many times how he enjoyed his duty down there, how well he got along with the Moros and insisted they were swell allies if you understood them and know how to treat them. In the meanwhile, Guerrilla activity is continuing thruout Luzon, but whether it progresses as an organized force or just operates under local chiefs for loot as undirected banditry I do not know. If there is still some organized guerrilla activity I am inclined to think Trujillo will not remain in Mindinao just because of a price on his head, Trujillo is fearless. He is crafty, and loves intrigue & fighting. He can be cruel as hell. As an ally he is valuable to any cause. As an antagonist - an enemy - I wouldn't like that - he can be very bad medicine. /161/

During these days and nights when I have had my fears of his unshaken loyalty, I have recalled often that late afternoon just a week before the war that I rode into the Constabulary stockade at Imus after several days in the Jungle and Trujillo, in command there, met me. I bathed and got rid of the dust for it was in the dry hot season and I had ridden far. We sat on his veranda in the light of a flaming filipino sunset. There was brandy, scotch and beer, but we both drank coca cola, and smoked. We talked seriously of what we knew was to come. We both knew then that our interests, our activities, our duties were to periodically draw us together. Trujillo grew emotional as he cried out against the invasion of his homeland by the Japanese. He fervently reviewed the blessings and aid America had bestowed upon his land and people. His patriotism seemed even more that day than the Provincial blind enthusiasm for homeland so commonly expressed with tears and great heart by the Filipino, with much chest beating and tremulo. I remember him now as I saw him then, silhouetted against the /162/ now low red light in the west in the early short dusk of the tropics. He was taller than most Filipinos, and heavier, finely muscled, broad chested and slim of waist. His features were finely chiseled, a sensitive mouth, quivering nostrils, high forehead, his firm chin carried high. His eyes were large and very black and they had high capabilities for love, laughter or hate.

The moon was already up as he walked with me across the age old flagstone parade ground where a trooper held my horse. I turned in a saddle as I rode thru the high Spanish gate and waved to him. "Buenos noches, amigo Americano. - Basta luego, Comandante mio" came to me thru the deadened quiet of the night, and no matter what doubts I may have entertained in the days that followed, I have never

Book I, July, 1943

/163/

doubted that that night, Trujillo was ready, even anxious to give his all for liberty, and in defense of his homeland and people. And unlike Olympia - he was not just Filipino - he was Filo-American 100%. And when I doubted him, it was my duty to doubt him. In my business I must doubt first, and believe afterwards. I excuse myself on the ground that the safety of many, even the safety of the one I suspect, depends upon my doubting.

Facts, action, episodes, instances - not motives nor reasons nor causes of them - come to me. I must take them as they occur. Their meaning, their value, their indications I must learn, determine & evaluate. If experience has taught me to assume the worst, to have absolute faith in no human kind, then experience has well fitted me for the humble place I seem destined to play behind the scenes in "this other life" of mine. And as long as I can doubt men like Trujillo, I have not gone soft, and I am still fit for a service I have never really liked.

StM. is the female counterpart of Trujillo. But they couldn't team for long. They are both, in their fashion, very human and have heart. They are equally sensual. They would clash - then love. StM. would fall like a ton of brick for him. Trujillo would - for a while - be her slave. I know them both. And with our thin red line out here, our Royals growing thinner day by day, it would be a waste to pair them. They are lone wolves when at their best. Both know their way around. Both are by /164/ nature pursuers & pursued. Both hold a natural key to human behavior.

Tonight, worked as usual with Mr. Crewes until 9. Little by little our data takes shape. I would hate like hell to lose this stuff after all the work I have put in on it. Of course I have taken every precaution possible to preserve the record and I still have hopes of getting it out of here intact.

July 20/42: Thursday.

Rain! Rain! Rain! Started off the day by making a pair of shorts before breakfast. No accent on "breakfast". Red Rice Jaggoo and very watery. Looked, felt, and tasted like it had rained in the bucket considerably.

Usual rounds and routine, and this afternoon worked on my Biographies for a while. Finished up two more. Rain! Rain! Rain! all day rain! Raw damp & cold.

---CPT. MC CLELLAN---

Tonight at about dark, Capt McClellan died. Dysentery. Nice little guy - curly haired youngster - grandson of Gen. McClellan. And he was of the same physique and manner of the Old General. I recall the historical legend of how the General was affectionately termed "Little Bill" by his men. I can readily imagine this "Bill" being so termed - a nice little curly headed guy, mild of manner, /165/ always secured keep in his own counsel. I knew him in Corregidor.

--- FOOD SITUATION ---

Held a council of wags & men tonight - Sartin, Jones, Cecil, Jim Connell and myself. Things look a little desperate. Information from the outside plainly indicates food becoming almost unobtainable. What little extras which can be gotten are at a price beyond any money available here. The Filipinos will not farm and food cannot be gotten into Manila from the provinces. The Manila markets have collapsed entirely. There is practically no meat nor fowl in the Island. The military has control of all rice flour and a family allowed a sack a week. Rice is being brought in from Saigon but there isn't much prospects for anything else in the very near future but rice.

Mongo beans we not come in. We are not. Our best bet is to do our best to get a stock of mongo beans and put our last few pesos into them entirely. If we can procure them it will at least sustain us a while. When they are gone - well, rice is not going to sustain us. We know that from experience.

There isn't a chance in a million of any Red Cross relief ship or any thing of that kind. It is hard to conceive of Tokyo permitting such a thing and there is every reason to believe that as far as we are concerned, 1946/ our country has scratched us off the list and charged us up to loss. Certainly if they would not or could not make any effort to aid us when we were still battling, God knows they certainly won't consider it worth while now.

--- ? ESCAPE ? ---

I have always felt that soon or later the time would come when the idea of a break and run for it would come up for consideration. Tonight, that idea presents itself. I have found myself thinking about it several times tonight, mulling it over vaguely like in my mind. I have known for several days where the wall at the west corner of the compound runs directly between the prison yard and the outside. In its greater length it runs only between this yard and another. A ladder and a long rope is available. I know a good hour to try it on a rainy night. I must wait for outside contact. I can get out. Staying out I must figure on. It won't hurt to figure it all out any how. If worse comes to worst it might be better to try it even without outside contact. We shall see.

(Last entry for July, and last entry in Book I of the manuscript of)
(Dr. Hayes's Milibid Notebook. 150 was pages of the foregoing were)
(written longhand in the blank pages of a small 5x3 ledger. 16 addi-)
(tional pages were added on plain paper. No entry is signed, and)
(the identification of authorship is made by study of the internal)
(evidence and by comparison with Dr. Hayes's known handwriting.)
(Identification is verified by Lt. Jeremiah Y. Cross, who is men-)
(tioned several times in the foregoing notes as "Mr. Cross".)

The notes transcribed verbatim from original was for Hospital
Copy Archives of Prisoner of War Information. 7/12/46.

Ben F. Dixon
BEN F. DIXON, Archivist
Hospital Corps Archives

B I L I B I D N O T E B O O K

Book II- -August-November - -1942

by

Commander Thomas H. Hayes, MC USN

BUNCE: MH5: BFD
(A12-1/ EN)
12 September 1946

HC ARCHIVES MEMO Page 1
268-45 15-N(2)

B I L I B I D N O T E B O O K

Book II- August-November - 1942

by

Commander Thomas H. Hayes, MC USN

(formerly)

Chief of Surgery, U.S. Naval Hospital, Canacao, P.I.	1941
Regimental Surgeon, Fourth Regiment, U.S. Marines	1941-2
Chief of Surgery in Bilibid Prison Hospital,	1942-3
Senior Medical Officer, Bilibid Hospital for Military Prison Camps of the Philippine Islands	1943-4

Killed in Action, while a Prisoner of the Japanese, at Takao, Formosa, 9 January, 1945	

About the Original

This document is a verbatim transcript of Book II of Dr. Hayes's Personal Notebook, kept while a Prisoner of the Japanese in Bilibid Prison, Manila P.I., 2 July 1942 to 13 December 1944.

This section of the notebook was kept on letter size plain paper or forms, (8x10 $\frac{1}{2}$) folded so as to make four pages of small ledger-size book. The entries are principally in ink, but pages 73 to 82 inclusive were done on a typewriter. The pages were numbered serially, 1a to 289a, and the entire section was accounted for. This paging is shown throughout the transcript. There were a few pencilled entries. The form 55L Med. Dept., U.S. Army, Rev. May 31, 1939 (Laboratory Reports) carried most of the original entries. Toward the end of October, as he notes in his entries, paper shortage began to be noticeable and prevented more frequent entries.

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(*) Identified as Father Buddenbruch, a German missionary.

This subject index is by no means exhaustive, but merely indicates the location of paragraph titles which have been inserted as a general guide to subject matter.

ARCHIVIST'S MEMORANDUM

This transcript will show a great many typographic errors. While a few such are bound to creep into a copy job of this size, most of them are direct transcripts from Dr. Hayes's original manuscript. While he was assiduous at note-taking and note-making, entering a great mass of memorabilia and comment, he apparently set things down so hurriedly as to be careless of spelling, grammar, punctuation, and other little niceties of recording.

This transcript is an endeavor to be true to the original manuscript and the spirit in which Commander Hayes processed his notebook. Here are some of his little peculiarities of style which will be noticed throughout:

Quotes and parentheses (" " ()) - he frequently uses only a beginning or an ending character.

Broken words: He breaks up many words of two or more syllables at any convenient place, and seldom uses the hyphen. For instance "some what" "some one" "any body" "prison er" etc.

T and K: His initial K is almost invariably a capital; and his initial T is about 50% so. The preposition "to" is nearly always written "To".

He abbreviates frequently, and uses the & sign more often than "and".

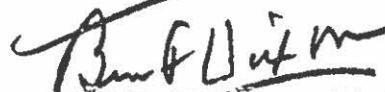
His apostrophe (') is frequently misplaced or missing entirely. Won't, can't and don't are nearly always spelled "wont, cant and dont" - and "it's" is frequently "its" or vice versa.

He has many peculiarities of spelling which he adheres to almost religiously, such as "perogatives" "personel" "caribao" "occassion" and "Tokyo". Propaganda is almost invariably "propoganda"

The only attempt made to "edit" the manuscript has been to show paging throughout, and on rare occasions to insert a missing word which one feels has been dropped out carelessly in making the hurried entries. Dr. Hayes himself edited much of the original document. He apparently made it a habit to go back over each previous entry and make corrections before entering new material. At times, however, he did not do this, as shown by a series of October dates which he had entered for the wrong month. Otherwise this transcript shows the results of his own hurried edit.

Since the first part of this manuscript was processed (July 12 1946) the Surgeon General has requested the Commander, Naval Forces, Philippines, to instigate a search of the Bilibid plant, in the effort to recover additional record material from Dr. Hayes's prolific pen. While much of his diary material and all of his commissary reports, and 13 of his war biographies have been recovered, there is still missing his notebook material from 8-1-43 to 8-4-44; his clinical notebook, the rumor book, his personal memoirs, and his official reports for the Bataan-Batangas campaign with the Fourth Marines. Copies of this correspondence are included with the prefatory material for this book.

HUMED: MH5: 12 Sept., 1946


BEN F. DIXON, Archivist
Hospital Corps Archives

BUMED: MHS: BFD

(A12-1/ EN)

(C O P Y)

25 July, 1946

From: The Chief of the Bureau of Medicine and Surgery.
To: Commander, Naval Forces, Philippines.

Subj: Medical Department Records; Salvage of.

Enc: 1- Chart I, Storeroom and Galley of Bilibid Prison (Lt. J. V. Crews, MC USN)
2- Chart II, Inner Wall Section of Bilibid Prison (do)
3- Statement and Inventory: Canacao Records (Capt. R. G. Davis, MC USN)

1. The enclosures are forwarded for your information, with the request that an official search be instituted in cooperation with proper Philippine authorities, in an attempt to recover any available records of the old Canacao Naval Hospital and Medical Department records buried in Bilibid Prison.

2. Enc-1 (Chart I by Lt. Crews) indicates the location of four separate and distinct caches of records which Crews buried in 1944. A small amount of this material was recovered by Army authorities or by individual searchers and has been received in BuMed Archives. It is apparent however, from Lt. Crews's interviews and correspondence with other repatriates, that some of the material recovered never reached the Bureau of Medicine and Surgery. It is apparent, also, that a considerable quantity of this matter has never been located by searchers. If the area concerned was excavated for documents, the excavations were either not deep enough or did not cover a wide enough area to find the hidden caches.

3. The material not yet recovered is of especial value to the historical files of the Bureau in that it contains --

- (1) Installments of the personal journal of Comdr. Thomas H. Hayes, MC USN, covering the period from October 1943 to July 1944 when he was the Senior Medical Officer of the Bilibid Prison Hospital.
- (2) An official report on the medical aspects of the Bataan-Corregidor Campaign, and of prisoner personnel on Corregidor after the fall of the Fortified Islands.
- (3) The originals and duplicate copies (all signed by Dr. Hayes) of over 140 official narrative histories covering personnel assigned to the Fourth Regiment medical organization while Comdr. Hayes was serving as Regimental Surgeon of the Fourth Regiment, USMC, on Bataan and Corregidor.
- (4) Clinical Notebook kept by Dr. Hayes while on Corregidor and in Bilibid Prison.
- (5) Personal and miscellaneous papers of Comdr. Hayes.

4. Enc-2 (Chart II by Lt. Crews) indicates the approximate location of several caches of buried material containing medical department records and personal papers of Lt.-Comdr. Ernest M. Wade, MC USN.

BUMED: MH5: RFD (A12-1/EN) 7-25-46 Page 2 of two pages - to ComNavPhil

(C O P Y)

5. Both Comdr. Hayes and Lt.-Comdr. Wade, who were instrumental in processing these buried records, and in having them cached, lost their lives as members of the POW draft which left Manila for Japan, 13 December 1944, aboard the ill-fated Prison Ship SS ORYOKU MARU.

6. Enc-3, Statement and Inventory of Canacao Hospital Records by the former Medical Officer in Command, Capt. R.G. Davis, MC USN, described the official Canacao records which were commandeered by the Japanese Naval Authorities on 9 May 1942, and indicates their possible location at the time of the American invasion of the Philippines. According to available information, none of the records here described have ever been recovered.

7. It is requested that a search be instituted in cooperation with local Philippine authorities, to recover any of the missing material that may be available either from its buried location or from any temporary custody if already recovered by other agencies or parties.

8. The following local Manila residents may be in a position to give advice or to aid in this search, if still living and in the Manila area:

(1) DR. WILLIAM WATEROUS. Dr. Waterous was the owner of the Manila Optical Company, was an Army Reserve Medical Officer, was a prisoner in Bilibid Prison, was a member of the staff of the Bilibid Hospital, and was a close personal friend of Commanders L.B. Sartin and Thos. H. Hayes, MC USN, both of whom functioned as naval Senior Medical Officers of the Bilibid Hospital.

(2) COL. MANUEL OLYMPIA. Col. Olympia was Chief of the Medical Service of the Philippine Army during the defense of Corregidor and his organization formed a part of Comdr. Hayes's Fourth Regiment medical organization. He was a close friend of Dr. Hayes and as a prisoner was transferred with him from Corregidor to Bilibid. When subsequently released by the Japanese, he secreted some record material which Comdr. Hayes entrusted to him, and this material formed the nucleus of the "Hayes Papers" thus far recovered.

9. It is requested that any material recovered, either personal papers or official records, be forwarded to the Bureau of Medicine and Surgery, and that a report on the progress of the search be made at the earliest practicable date.

CC: (3) w/encl. 2, 3.

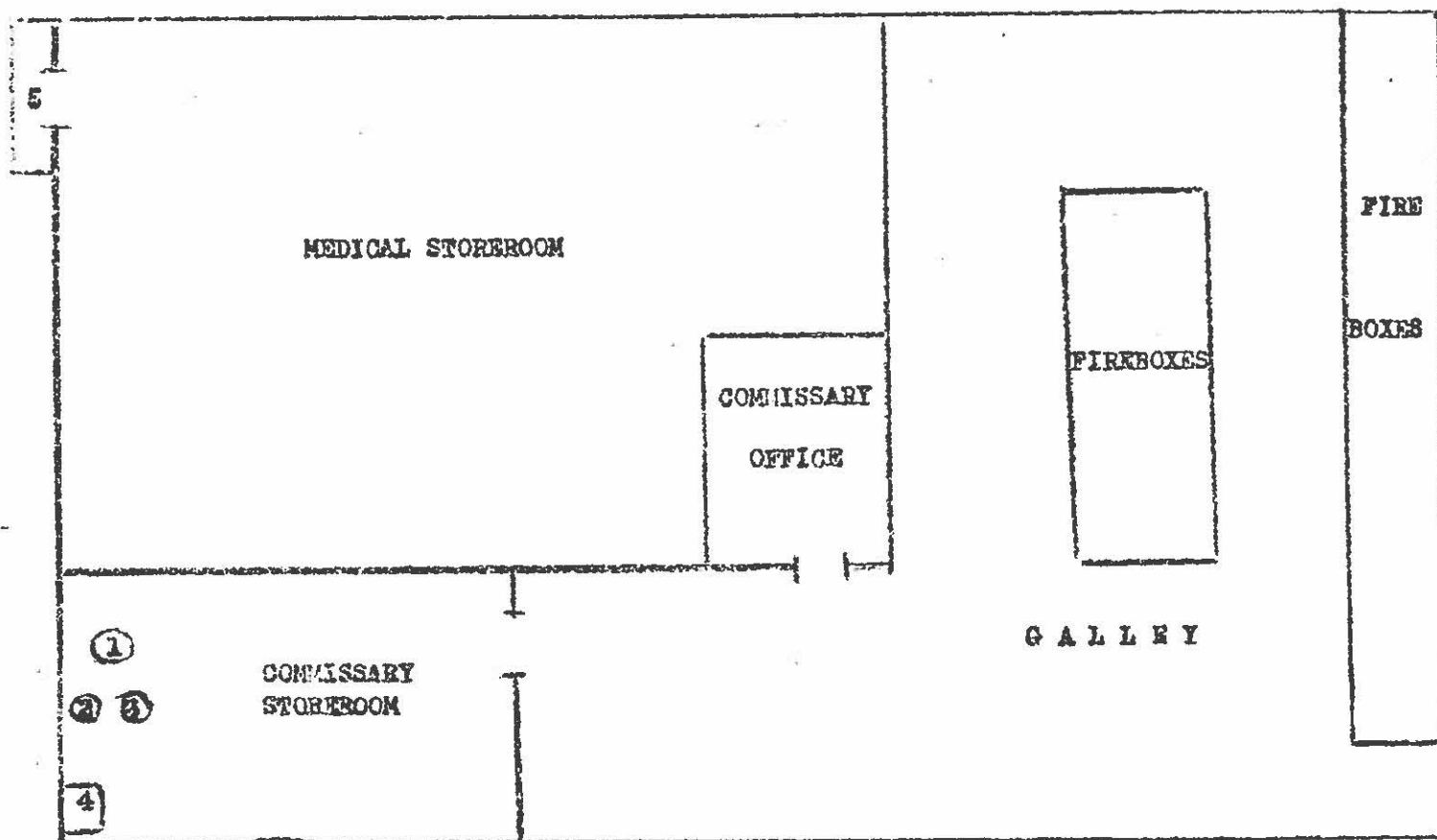
/S/

ROSS T. McINTIRE
Vice Admiral, MC USN

NUMED: NH5: RFD
(A12-1/EN)
15 July, 1946

MEDICAL DEPARTMENT RECORD
BURIED AT BILIBID PRISON,
MANILA, P.I., 1944

CHART I



ITEM: At the circle marked "1" which is about six feet from the partition wall and about 3 feet from the outside wall (Commissary Storeroom) there are five (5) cylinders, 4 of galvanized iron and 1 copper pipette tube holder, all containing important papers.

ITEM: On the East Side of the old Galley Bldg there is a small (commissary) storeroom which had at one time been used as a head. The toilet fixtures have been long since removed. At the spot marked "2" there is a vertical sewer vent with a sloping pipe extending to point "3". Four galvanized containers holding records and important papers are buried here.

ITEM: At spot marked "4", which is an old sump about 10" x 20", and which has been cemented over there are two large galvanized cans wrapped with burlap and tarred. These cans contain the remainder of the commissary records which apparently have never been recovered.

ITEM: At point marked "5", immediately in front of the door of the old medical storeroom in the gallery building there are several items buried in a 5-gal glass jug. Buried at a depth of about two feet.

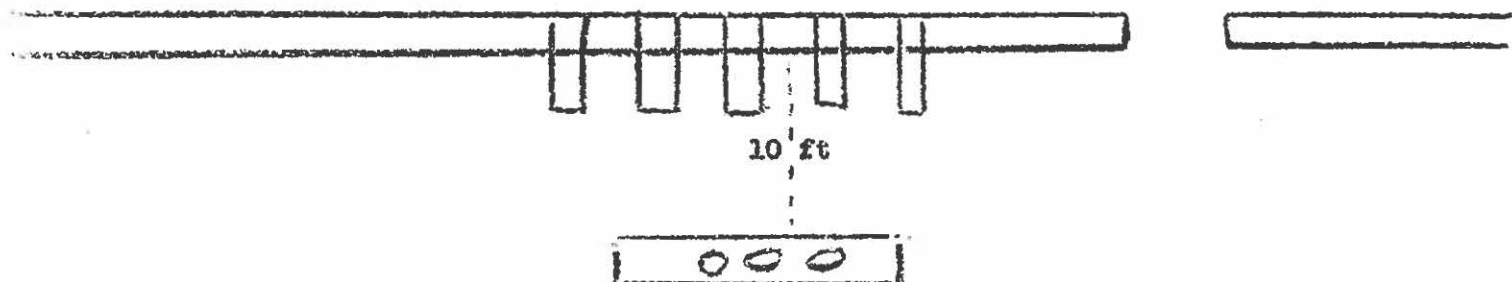
CHART AND KEY PREPARED AND SUBMITTED BY:

JEREMIAH V. CREWS, LT HC USN
Former Commissary Officer,
Bilibid Prison.

DUMED: MRS: RFD
(A12-1/EN)
15 July, 1946

MEDICAL DEPARTMENT RECORDS
BURIED AT BILIBID PRISON,
MANILA, P.I., 1944

CHART II



ITEM: This chart shows the wall inside Bilibid Prison, going from the compound where the circular chapel is located to the outer compound.

As you pass through the stone wall entering the outer compound to the right of the gate and down the wall about 50' there are five masonry braces that hold the wall up.

At a distance (at right angles to the wall) of about ten (10) feet, between the 2nd and 3rd braces there are buried several containers of records and the personal papers of Dr. E.M. Wade.

CHART AND KEY PREPARED AND SUBMITTED BY:

JEREMIAH V. CREWS, LT HC USM
Former Commissary Officer,
Bilibid Prison.

BUREAU: 1015 BMD
(A12-1/ EN)
19 November 1945

ANNEXED DOCUMENT "B"

HC ARCHIVES MEMO 268-45 136
CANACAO JOURNAL: 15-J

ENC.

(3)

STATEMENT AND INVENTORY

of

Captain R.G. Davis, MC, USN, terminal Medical Officer in Command,
U.S. NAVAL HOSPITAL, CANACAO, P.I.,
and Medical Aide to the District Commanding, 16th Naval District,

RE:

RECORDS OF U.S. NAVAL HOSPITAL, CANACAO, P.I.
Confiscated by Japanese Naval Authorities at Manila, P.I. 5-9-42

Following the outbreak of war in the Philippines, December 1941, the administrative and personnel records of the U.S. Naval Hospital, Canacao, P.I., were edited, sorted, and consigned to a standard 4-drawer locked filing cabinet, and were transferred with the other from Canacao to Manila, where this hospital was interned by Japanese authorities on 2 January 1942.

The records were retained in the Unit throughout its stay at Santa Scholastica College in Manila, and were transferred at Paoay on 4 May 1943. On the latter date when the records were taken to Japan for custody, including the undersigned, was transferred to Japan. The Japanese records were confiscated by Japanese Naval Forces, and were all being held in custody at the Japanese Naval Hospital, Manila Station. Japanese officials holding these records stated that they would be held in custody until the termination of hostilities, after which they would be returned to American jurisdiction.

It is assumed that these records were retained by Japanese authorities and, if not lost in the Philippines, were transferred to Japan for custody. If not destroyed in the bombing of Japanese military objectives, they may have been recovered by Occupation Forces.

INVENTORY

Following is a general (approximate) description of the records confiscated:

- ITEM 1: About 150 service records of staff enlisted personnel and patients.
- " 2: About 150 health records of staff personnel and patients.
- " 3: About 200 reports of death (MMS Form "N") including deaths from the bombing of Cavite Navy Yard, 12-10-41.
- " 4: About 50 folders, Administration and Personnel Files.
- " 5: 1 Series (13 to 20) Registers of Patients, Deaths and Burials, 1899-1942.
- " 6: 1 Series of reports and statistical data relating to Medical Department activities subsequent to 7 December 1941.

CERTIFICATE:

11-19-45

I certify that to the best of my knowledge and belief the foregoing is a correct statement and inventory.

R.G. DAVIS, CAPT MC USN

Former Medical Officer in Command,
U.S. Naval Hospital, Canacao, P.I.



BILIBID NOTEBOOK: THOS. H. HAYES, COMDR MC USN

Book II: 8-1-42 to 11-13-42

Begin - 1
Aug 1/ 42 Saturday:

No entry yesterday. It could be summed up in the word "rain". A very routine prison day ended the month of July. At some time in the afternoon I recall a 2 starred Jap General going thru a visit - I worked most of the morning and in the evening hours writing my biography. Read some during the afternoon. I have been reading a little from "Cecil" daily. It is ^{the} professional volume hereabouts. Occasionally, I get hold of some general reading matter, but I really haven't had much time for reading, which sounds ridiculous but nevertheless true.

This morning broke raw rainy and cold. This has been a hungry day for me. The last several days have been hungry days. Haven't been able to stomach the stuff. I revolt like this ever so often. But I'll swing back into line and swallow the dam stuff sometime. If my aesthetic sense or whatever it is that keeps me from gorging the dam rice and stinking soupy water doesn't break down soon I'll take myself in hand as I have done before and start force feeding myself.

--- DYSENTERY ---

Our dysentery deaths are increasing. Diphtheria is making its appearance among us now. The dysentery menace looms ominously as a dreaded threat. We are out of drugs which can combat it and we have repeatedly /2/ asked the Japanese for more. I am sure they do not have any either. Carbasone, Emetin - there just isn't any. In the meanwhile, flies are with us by the billions, and the rainy season naturally has taken away our sun.

Have noticed a general let down in morale in the last few days. In spite of all the plain and fancy rumors about our forces making it hot for the Japs and all that hokey, and all the wanting to believe that this is but a short episode to be experienced and then forgotten - well, there are times when even these poor deluded souls have lucid intervals and see reality in its cold hard rugged truth. The rain and overcast weather is depressing too, and helps bludgeon one down into terrible depths.

Couldn't work tonight. The lights went out. Just like the old blackout. Which reminds me that from here in the prison we should be able to see the lights of Manila against the sky, but I never have. Apparently they do not have the bright lights as in other days. I do not think this is a blackout procedure but rather a conservation of power and also - there just isn't any Manila night life any more. Certainly there was no day life noticeable the day we were marched /3/ thru the city on the way up here from the Port Area. A big deserted village - hardly a person on the street - no traffic - no business (quite dead) - everything. Tonight

with the lights out, small calibre search lights were playing about in the sky. Hardly an anti aircraft procedure tho, for the lights have hardly any altitude whatsoever.

Tonight the rumors are again rife - the Russians are reported turning over their 200 subs to us; the Japs are repeatedly having reverses in Mindinao and Mindoro; much heavy tank & motorized stuff of ours now in Java; Kasimoto reportedly saying, "If Japs don't watch out they will lose Singapore". (We are supposed to already have Singapore according to Mr. Roosevelt). And so goes the stuff on which the boys will go to bed tonight. And they will sleep better because of it. I understand that way back yonder when rumor had it that "Doug" would enter Manila on Feb 22nd, one of the now departed Tai-sa's naively requested on going to bed "to be awakened when the street fighting started".

Dysentery is now appearing with alarming frequency among our medical personnel. This is cause for serious concern. Today has done very little to contribute any optimistic outlook in our behalf.

--- COL. OLYMPIA ---

Olympia came to see me tonight. He is leaving in the morning - he and his son. Free. Returning to his Manila home in Herran Parco. We talked a while. I made my ⁴/₄ last play at lining him up. Tomorrow when he leaves he is taking out some messages for me. They are harmless things and purely trial balloons. They are sewed up in individual khaki covers. Their ultimate handling should tell us much. In any event, it would not be the first time a semi-patriot served two masters. History is full of such instances.

Sunday, Aug. 2, 1942:

The upper camp astir noisily since before daylight. A great day for the Filipino up there - 137 from the Provinces of Pampanga, Manila, Rizal, Cavite, marched out thru the gates at 8:30 a.m. - free. With them went Olympia and his son. Those from Laguna and Batangas will be held until the 6th. Gomes remained behind and will probably go with them.

Much commotion in town about 4: am. I could hear the uproar - a sizable fire was under way over in the direction of the Tondo District. Long after daybreak considerable smoke was still rolling up.

Much dengue among our staff at present. Always two or three turned in with it. Cecil sick the last few days. Quite dizzy this morning. Of course, Cecil keeps going. Al Smith continues to look and feel bad. X-ray certainly looks acid fast in the right apex - and extensive and active. Clinically he certainly looks it.

Orders being published today regarding spread of dysentery and precautions necessary. Most of them have been "taboo" all the time but as usual, no force, no two-fisted directive has been issued - hence - no attention paid ⁵/₅ to it. Several of the items I have repeatedly called to attention but nobody seemed willing to enforce the orders concerning them. In every instance where I have advocated strong central command and have been shushed, sooner or later the need for force arises and they come around to it - too late. Mischief has been done.

--- LUTETICS ---

Inaugurated a check on all luetics who need treatment but who have been neglected incident to moving about since the surrender. The luetics were given treatment regularly by our medical facilities all during hostilities and it will certainly save us from a grave problem to keep these cases under treatment constantly. We have the drugs and all we need now is the old push to get the system going. Wilson had made a list of all our luetics on the surgical service and George is to take over the Rg. The general plan to be followed is Stokes' catchy line:

"60, 30, zero, 3" = 60 arsenic, 30 Bi or Mg, no rest, check for three years.

--- THE PADRE ---

Have spent most of the day on my writing. Progress continues. If only I can save these biographies after working them up! "B" did not come in today. I am a little bit concerned. He was really due to come in before today, but surely expected him this morning. I am afraid he has allowed himself to be too easily connected with the propaganda push. In some respects he is so naive and clumsy that I am afraid he won't survive the gestapo very long. After all, he is probably just a merciful old man, and untrained in espionage, and all the wish to do good in the world will not make the professional. And no word /6/ from St.M. I am not worried about St.M. for her own safety. I think her silence is just good judgement not be allied too closely with a well meaning but blundering "B". I could depend on St.M. to decide that. I can expect her to make contact when & if it is best. But in the meanwhile I've got to do something about these papers that aren't good medicine for me to have around. I must decide about those tonight - and do something about them at once.

Also, I acquired my coil of stout rope today and have it deep in the high grass in the upper compound. I have worked the ladder along the wall until it is only about 25 yds. from where I could use it. Each day I have use for it to inspect the roof of #33 - when I put it back, I move it up a few yards nearer to the corner of the wall. I will establish that place as the usual place to stow it. I am more convinced each day that I am going to use it some day - maybe not far off. I will wait a little longer. I have not given up hopes of contact with the outside.

Today we moved our dysenteries into the cell block west of the main bldg in the upper compound - same cell block where we were first herded on our arrival here. It is better isolated. People can be kept out more effectively. Isolation can be more rigid. Severe rigid measures must be taken if we are to survive.

The rain ceased for 2 hrs. today and a faint sun came out for that little while. Just dropped in while passing. As I /7/ write this we are still waterbound and it rains steadily but there is no wind.

One gets use to everything. Man is an adaptable creature and incidentally a most interesting animal when his veneer rubs off. With the outer coat of civilization gone he lays wide open his whole stock in trade. Here among us I see men who have covered their crudities of thought, base concepts of life and their low cultural status, by a veneer of schooling and fine clothes. Those who have had nothing but the shallow cloak of civilization to cover them, the hollow hulks, they are sad sickening disgusting creatures indeed. Real breeding, good blood, fine stock - how well they maintain their poise, their nobility remaining evident thru their ragged clothes, bewhiskered faces and naked feet. No one could live among this group of half-starved derelicts - and use his senses and not appreciate the differences in human kind that are indigenous to breeding. One can also distinguish the stigmata of training and environment - good and bad. I have never experienced such a study

of man reduced to the lowest common denominator. I will remember it, think of it, speak of it, and write of it all my life.

--- HUMAN WRECKAGE ---

But with the most sympathetic amongst us, we harden to the horrible human wreckage about us with whom we live. Little by little we cease to see them as so horrible after all, and I wonder if we don't interpret this change of viewpoint as improvement sometimes. To some degree I am sure /8/ we do. Again, as an example, some of consider ourselves well and all others sick. As a matter of fact we are all sick. Those of us who claim to be well couldn't go out of here and do a day's work if our life depended on it. A good day's work would kill us. Only our reduced activity here in confinement saves us. None of us are physically nor mentally well. Some of us are just better than others. All of us have nutritional edema to some extent. Our lips and conjunctiva are white - not red. God only knows what our hemoglobin and red cells could be. Our eyes are bad, our teeth yellow & grow soft, we cannot concentrate for long, but as long as there is somebody else worse than we are we will continue to call ourselves O.K.

Except the martyr syndromes. We have several of those and as might be expected they are physically better off than any of the rest of us. There are some who are so inverted as to spend their entire life taking care of themselves, and nursing themselves along. They have fought the entire war along these lines. Why shouldn't they? They have lived their whole dam life doing the same dam thing. War only made them worse. It is the nature of the beast.

More rumors today about paying us. Japs asking for lists by name and rank - say they want it for pay purposes - say they mean to have it verified by the U.S. first. Har! har! That would be completed by next Christmas. Too late, I'm afraid, to do us any good. /9/

Mon. Aug 3/42.

A clear morning dawned. Spent all of it with my orthopedic section going over eighty odd cases, analyzing them and deciding what is best to be done for them under our circumstances. That group of workers are with me 100% - Wade - Nelson - Ferguson. They believe with me that we can do much with these cases. Our attempts at major surgery have to date been gratifying. As a result of our all morning conference we have decided on reconstructive surgery on some 25 cases, made decisions on future disposition for others, and unfortunately have conceded a few beyond any assistance anybody could give them anywhere.

Felt weak and very empty and hungry after the morning's labor. I couldn't eat much lugao this morning. Sometimes I just can't choke it down. At noon, three sardines and a messkit of dry rice had to suffice. Not so good some days. Not so good, many days. But it has to suffice. Cecil is still under the weather - Dengue, apparently. In bed most of the last few days.

Sartin was sent for about noon and ordered to put on something "like civilian clothes" as Kusimoto was taking him in town to /10/ eat lunch. This occurs occasionally. Kusimoto took Duckworth & I-Mire out on one occasion. Kusimoto is supposed to leave on the 6th. George, who has been treating the gonorrhea among the Japs was also taken along. If today's Manila newspaper has anything in it deleterious to the allied cause, Sartin will be allowed to bring a copy back with him. We are hoping he may be able to bring back some fruit with him or maybe a few eggs.

In the meanwhile we have managed to get hold of a canteen cup full of mango beans - each of us 1 cup. This will be a help.

After turning in last night I tried to polly-anna myself into minimizing the long long row ahead. "Magellan was three years away on his cruise - but never lived to complete it." I dismissed recollection immediately. "Byrd was over a year at the Pole" - but I had to dismiss that one - he had radio contact all the time with his homeland - and mail. "Many others are in the same boat" - so what! and how in the hell does that help! "In the last war many were overseas 2 yrs. & more" - there was always mail and contact of a sort. I gave /11/ up. There just didn't seem to be any comforting parallel I could think of. I finally agreed to myself that bar none, this was the damndest mess I was ever in - and then turned over and went to sleep.

Night - Aug 3 - Sartin returned empty handed. Had a Chinese dinner O.K. but was allowed to bring in nothing. Very little to report - small talk at chow. As usual, Kusimoto felt very big hearted for his act, asked Sartin if the tables were turned would he take a Jap officer to lunch - Togonata gave a brief resume of Kusimoto's war record - Kusimoto having received the highest award of the Jap Army in China - called the "Fighting Demon". Same old stuff. Everybody he takes to lunch gets this same handout. Togonata mentioned how the Jap army takes its whores right along with them, believing the men need relaxation - etc. after a hard campaign.

--- PROSTITUTES ---

One is reminded that this is not unique. The Italians took them to Ethiopia. The German Army in the last war did the same thing. Careful review of the subject will reveal that America is about the only country which does not provide for such contingencies for her troops. What interests me, is, as the procedure is practiced, it does not seem to lessen their venereal disease incidence. The usual system is to charge according to rank and time of day. Privates in the morning hours, non - /12/ come in afternoon, officers at night - prices going up accordingly. Time limits were also set - Privates allowed a short time interval, non-comes a little longer, officers more so. I can see a hell of a lot of drawbacks to that system.

Rained all afternoon. I worked on my stuff all afternoon. Have really put out today. Chow tonight - dry rice and 3 more sardines. Ho! Hum! I'm just a little empty, and a touch of the old gnawing in me guts tells me I haven't done so well today. Maybe ketch'em better tomorrow - I hope I hope I hope I hope!

More of the boys coming down with Dengue. Looks like the whole staff means to have this ailment sooner or later. I've had it 5 times in five different Geographical locations. They say after 4 or 5 good attacks one gets finally a certain amount of immunity. I'm willing.

Worked more tonight on my literary opus. It is still early but I am weary - and bored. To bed. /13/

Aug. 4, 1942 - Tuesday.

Clear and bright, and the sun stronger. Really hot. Heavy clouds on the horizon of course and the rain bound to come later. But this sun is welcome and much needed.

Began the day with a cudgel. Emergency op. on an American this morning. Took the opportunity to prod Sartin again to be more emphatic & forceful in getting behind the boys to hook up my autoclave. I know Goddam well that the little piece of pipe necessary to hook up that unit can be gotten around here somewhere. There seems to be plenty of pipe for everything else. And it certainly shouldn't take a week to run an electric line 25 ft. In the meanwhile I am asking Sartin to present an emergency request to the Japanese to have some operative packs sterilized in Manila for us immediately. I know that if it is presented properly it can be done.

More Dengue among the staff each day. Looks like it will eventually be 100%. To some, this disease is really a suffering and a pestilence. To others - they seem to enjoy their ill health a little too much for an honest to God Dengue. To several /14/ of this Canacao crowd having Dengue/doesn't change their routine much for they lie in their bunks all day anyhow, and have a definite excuse for not attending Bango - too weak or something. The only change in their routine that I can see, they now have Physio technicians come in daily and spend most of the day giving them massage. God! What a Gang! And a mess! America! Thy name is mud! Soft slushy mud!

I am not a stoic. I believe I appreciate the good things of life as much as any one. But all my life I have believed - and this war has not changed me - that there is a wholesome middle line along which one can, and should live, that lies between the radical rabid Ghandis, Thoreaus et al. on the one hand, and the luxury softened, self centered Neros on the other. Over indulgence in self has made us a nation of inverts; we are neither rugged and strong physically nor spiritually; the horizon of most of our race lies within our own corporeal being. I can hear the Devil in Kipling's Poem - "I'm well o'er sick with Adam's breed" - and understand. It would be hard for many, but the best thing in the world for the advancement or even maintenance of a civilization if this war could effect for all our country - and I mean A L L - a return to the hardier, less indolent life /15/ wherein to live required an effort. I am merciful, and a humanitarian, but not to the degree where the incompetent the indolent, the weak and the unfit set our pace of life and our standards. For such is the case in our country Today.

There is no premium on real accomplishment - the premium is on monetary success without or with as little contribution as possible. The soul of our system is "to have" - not "to get". The acme lies in having - not the acquiring. Thus we are truly soft, confusing our appetites with our rights, and each of us claiming so much more as our natural prerogative than we deserve - lolling on the blown up air cushion of our self inflated ego - a little pin prick - down we go - we can't take it!

Drew the belt up a little tighter again Today. Rice! They dished out some watery soup today so we could soak the rice in it. The soup was made from camotes. I saw a few small pieces floating around in it. If the old gnawing starts, I'll go to sleep.

Night - a hot stifling night with low ceiling and the clouds pressing down upon the wet steamy tropical sand and mud. Manila was built right in the middle of a dam big marsh, and we are on the fringe of Manila. /16/ There is no breeze. The air is dead and heavy and the thick blue smoke from the long black cheroots almost tumbles and falls to the hot soggy ground. Everybody sits around naked except for briefest shorts or towel like fundusis. The sweat pours. The bugs are bad - including mosquitoes & flies.

Book II: 8-1-42 to 11-13-42

---GUERRILLAS---

About 6 tonight, a band of 25 guerrillas (Filipinos) and 3 Americans were brought in. They were captured down south near Legaspi 28th of July. Their ammunition gave out so they surrendered. They looked in pretty good shape. Talked with the Americans. They seem to have fared very well since capture. Came up here by boat & fed well on the way up. According to the rules of war, and the declared intention of the Enemy, guerrillas not surrendering at the time of capitulation relinquished their rights as prisoners of war. That they have not been shot is hard to understand. Of course it isn't too late yet. I still consider them in a tough spot. According to the Americans (soldiers who escaped from Bataan) these guerrillas have not been effectively active, doing little but living on the country and the rural civilians. Banditry in the name of patriotism. Good old Spanish custom. (See Mexico & Central America).

About 7 pm. Sgt. Sontag, previously with Service /17/ Co. 4th Marines arrived here from Cabanatuan with trucks and truck drivers to get a load of gasoline drums. He is from Camp #3. His reports are more reassuring. They seem to be getting much better chow than we are, are being made to do nothing but their own sustaining work. Their death rate is about 10 a week but it is evident that some of their worst sick is sent down to Camp #1 where they have some semblance of a hospital, and many of them die there, thus building up the death rate at #1. Ten per week is better average than ours by a whole lot.

Bob, Langdon & Nardini are at #1 and Nardini has been seen recently by the Sgt., and is in good shape. The Sgt. reports 6 or 7 Army Doctors and Dentists up there but there seems to be very little medical work being done. A Maj. Williams (line officer) is reported as "in charge of the hospital". I can readily understand a certain amt of "snafu" developing out of that. It is also reported that there are two Navy Doctors up there, Anderson & Schneider. There never was an Anderson or a Schneider out here during this fracas and there is something a-screw somewhere. Have checked thoroughly but no record of them. Of course, one has to finally check the informant which I will do.

This Sgt. claims to have been with Cronister when he was killed and gave me the first full account of the episode. The Sgt. was driving the truck from Lani back to Camp. They had been in to that town for supplies, and had gotten a caribao which was loaded into the truck. Sontag was driving and two Japs were in the cab with him. On top of the cab were four Americans (including /18/ Cronister,) and a Jap guard. Another Jap guard was down in the truck. As they rounded an "S" curve near the Camp, Filipino guerrillas or plain bandits attacked them from above and fired into them. The two Japs in the cab died almost immediately. The Jap on the cab was killed instantly. The Jap in the truck was hit in the chest and died the next day. Cronister, badly hit, and another American and Sontag scrambled into a ditch, Sontag being struck several times in the leg. The Filipinos took one American prisoner and took him off with them and they have never heard of him since. Cronister died the next day at a Japanese Military Hospital at Cabanatuan and was buried in the town. Col. Freeney reportedly knows the location.

Lt. Mann of our 1st Bat. is reported as about to die with Dysentery. Still at #1. Sontag has a request for small amts of supplies as badly needed. They will be given him of course. It is an unofficial request but he is sure he can sneak them in at the other end. He has a Jap with him in charge of the party who is a pretty good guy and apparently quite friendly to Sontag. In the morning I am trying to get him to permit Sontag take Bob's bedding roll up to him. In the meanwhile I can get a note off to him

Book II: 6-1-42 to 11-13-42

During the afternoon the Japs brought in a prisoner from Passay. Considerably beaten up. He had been caught throwing a note over the fence. Fortunately, the note was a benign /19/ asking for some candy. Pretty well bruised up and a broken rib or two. Questioned him as to any news. He has been working at Nichols Field but doesn't seem to know what he is doing except repairing the field. Inclined to think they are restoring it to the point where they can handle the larger heavier bombers which require much more of a prepared runway. He reports that he daily sees several small planes take off with bombs and return in a reasonably short time without them. This opens up the field for much conjecture. Several possibilities. We have heard they are still bombing guerrilla concentration areas and chasing them out into the open with bombs. Harassing raids on nearby installations of ours? Very very improbable. All our information of any American forces nearby is still in the unconfirmed rumor stage and every bit of evidence is against it. Training & practice? More probable. We see many small planes in the air daily, going through training tactics, towing sleeve targets etc. There is every evidence that air training & practice is routine among them here. Same man reports he "hears" we have Marines in Davao, much heavy fighting in Java, capital of Borneo retaken. Further states that the Japs say the Islands are blockaded for all outgoing sea traffic but that all ships are allowed to enter; Japan being bombed frequently - quotes our first bombing as killing 10,000 attributes KGBI with repeatedly proclaiming that the Jap Navy is practically no more. This last is interesting because Tokyo continually reports that "U.S. Navy is no more" - "Both our countries are lying." - To requote again the Jap on Corregidor. /20/

And now, after another impoverished fruitless day, I'll lay the body down. But perhaps, on last late thought, not entirely wasted. This practice of mine at being my own Pigoletta may contribute to history. Even here in confinement, as humble chronicler of the place and times I too may serve. For "an historical deed is not perfected when it has merely been achieved, but only when an account of it has been handed down to posterity. What we term history does not represent the sum total of all conceivable things that have been done in time and space. History comprises those small illuminated sections of world happenings which have had thrown upon them the light of practical or scientific description. The figures of the world's heroes would be shadows, and the deeds they did would have slipped unnoticed into the infinite azure of the past, had it not been for the chronicler who preserves them in his story, or for the artist who creatively reconstructs them". Thus sayeth Stefan Zweig in 1930

Aug. 5, 42 - Wednesday:

Downpour - Dengue - Dysentery - Doubt - Depression, - Disappointment and diversified disease; hunger, hate, heat and hell; pestilence, poor prospects, pauperized prisoners; Bilibid, Aug 5, 1942, A.D. in the first year of A.H. (after Honolulu).

Usual Bango. Usual lugao. Usual rounds. Rest of the morning spent in teaching Spanish to Ed Nelson, which brings up a coincidence. I have found that the best self teaching Spanish system /21/ is the Cortina system and coming out on the Harrison. I took Bill Grace thru the Cortina system daily. We use to lie out on the forward hatches every morning as we monotonously ploughed and slushed thru the hot leaden seas of the South Pacific.

Before I could begin with Ed I needed a Cortina book and I had seen one or two around here & there in the compound. Finally located one and when the boy brought it to me I casually opened it to find my handwriting blazoned all over the dam pages. The fly leaf revealed the scrawled name of Bill Grace, written with that broad blunt pen he always used.

--- BILL GRACE ---

This was the same volume we had poured over crossing the Pacific and my copious notes scrawled all over the pages. I then recalled that Bill had given the book to Ken Lowman - Ken had asked him for it at Hong Kong. Ken would. Ken wouldn't buy one for hell. Apparently in the shuffle of personal effects in the hectic course of war events, the book again turns up here. And with its reappearance it awakens memories and recollections of a year ago - the days & nights Bill and I wearily endured boredom in Friaco waiting our ship - the voyage out - Bill's sudden orders to leave at Hong Kong & /22/ fly up to Chung King to join the Oahu. I heard from him once after that.

I had much of his stuff with me and Bill was writing to me to get him some books, a pair of rubbers and some clothes via the Burma Road. I tried but it was too late. Then when the bang came, his stuff was blown up with mine. And what was not destroyed fell into the hands of the Japs. I had written him and had hopes of getting him to Canacno with me. The opening of hostilities queered all that. And while I haven't heard from him, I have reason to believe he is O.K. Some say the Oahu was abandoned and they all got south to Australia. Others say they are still safe behind the lines at Chung King.

Bill and I had more real shipmate stuff between us than I have experienced since I left Norfolk two years ago. Bill is a great guy. Comes from Duck's home town of Swampscott.

Jensen, our Marine Paymaster of the 4th Reg., now a prisoner at Cabanatuan came down with the truck party of last night. Talked with him today. He has quite a lot to report and if taken with a dose of salts is worth repeating for what it is worth. /23/ He is down here for the sole purpose of buying for the "officers mess" up at Camp. They allow them to market and buy regularly, a privilege we have tried to get here but do not seem to make any headway. We told him of our letter of authority to buy & credit against the U.S. for our sustenance. Jensen seems to think we can arrange to have our supply officer here do the buying for all "officer's messes" in the prison areas. The Japanese up there added "non com messes also" on the request made to them. There is certainly some way of working that dam trick. Our command here just hasn't clicked right or something. We still remain the poorest fed, most under privileged of any group of captives yet to be heard from. So far O.K.

--- GENEVA TREATY ---

Jensen reports the following as coming from the Japanese: That the Geneva Treaty is to be observed; that officers and non-combatants are to be paid; that the Med. Dept. will eventually not be considered as prisoners and when this is released from Geneva we should expect considerably more freedom.

Since all this has to go thru Geneva, names etc. submitted etc - by foot messenger carrier pigeon or friendly porpoise or some such way - some time after Christmas '42 (or '43) we should see some results. All of which brings us back to the same old snag - it isn't going to do us any good - not many of /24/ us - at that late date. But it is something to hold out to the boys and give them to live for, to talk over and enlarge upon and get their wishful thinking processes burning up into a bright flame when the old spirit gets low.

Of much more import, I think, is this new change of regime taking place today. Kusimoto is gone. Haven't seen the "new boss" but I understand there is a medical officer moving into the front office and we are to have a M.O. over us from now on.

--- OUTSIDE CONTACT ---

That was the system we lived under last on Corregidor and found it to work out very well and I have hopes it will make an immediate change for the better. Unless some material change does take place we must do something more than just wait. I have talked over the prospects of "a break". It can't be done without everybody here suffering the consequences. However, with the cooperation of the wardens (American) I am sure I could get out one night, get some much needed food and make some much needed contacts and get back in the following night. My immediate compadres are all against approaching the wardens on the subject. However, the time may /25/ come when we must do something. Eventually St. M. will contact me but I can't wait until she finds it expedient. Something has thrown a monkey wrench into her plans. I have a hunch it is "B". But I can make other contacts once outside and I feel sure I can get along O.K. at night thru the Tondo district. I have blue denims and a native hat and I can walk in wooden shoes as well as any native. I am as brown as any Filipino and browner than many. My one weakness is my scant knowledge of Tagalog but I can use Spanish. I could lie low at Garcia's during the day and have Garcia do my bargaining for me. And if anyone can contact St.M. for me, or give me news, Garcia can.

But I must have the consent of the command here to go, for I must be accounted for at Bango - not reported absent - and I will need help in getting back in - someone to toss me the rope over the wall - the food must come in that way, too. The command here, my compadres, are not ready to listen to me. Perhaps later when the situation grows more desperate they will agree. But it will become more difficult with time to accomplish. /26/

After a bath today, found that both of my tunics were dirty and therefore had to put on my shirt. As I drew in my belt over my shirt I could not help but imagine what comments could & would be made by those back home who have known me for the last 20 years. Unfortunately there is no camera to hand down to them what I look like when streamlined. Somewhere in my possessions I have a picture of me when I was about 17 or 18 yrs. old, just after my return from the Mexican Border. Thin faced, even a little hollow jowled, slim waisted, slender legged - well, I am right back today where I was then. I probably span a 32 about the waist. My belly muscles are hardening some. My legs are not strong but they are strengthening and my thighs are hard. The muscles of my paralyzed leg & foot have completely returned to function and I certainly am a streamlined specimen, hardly recognizable by my erstwhile compatriots in America. I believe I could walk right down Granberry Street and be passed up by my most intimates of all [and] never be recognized.

/27/ Night. Major Jensen came in tonight after being in town all day. Had a chance to talk to some of the people in town and gathered the news that the Japs lost about 25 ships in the Aleutians and that/the Aleutians were again in our hands; that Americans were "going to town" up thru China via Burma Road etc.; that we do have Borneo etc. I am still not ready to accept all this. Our subs are supposed to be taking a deadly toll.

Regarding his talk about our being paid etc., the "front gate" office have a list of us out there which they are pouring over and say we are to be paid. There is definitely something in the wind but as yet the true circumstances are not revealed. I doubt if our "front gate" knows really what the score is.

Did better on chow tonight. The soup was thicker and had rice and camotes in it and flavored the rice considerably. I ate quite a bit. I was quite hungry and needed filling. Cecil crashed thru with a tid bit. We got a few of these little fish from a Filipino who came in with the working party and by frying them in deep fat we could sterilize them and then eat them, bones and all. They at least have some kind of a taste to them. Not just bland rice all the time. God but I hate it!

Knocked out another biography /28/ tonight, removed a piece of shrapnel from the arm of a Philippine Med Officer - Dr. Gutierrez, who was with my force in Corregidor. And now - once more I lay me down - to sleep - perchance to dream - I am afraid of dreams - they break up my steeled defense against thought, memories, hopes and -fears.

Aug 6/ 42 Thursday:

Gloomy dawn, and a blue black sky that tumbles into a horizon of cold Boyne's grey. It will rain, and rain and rain - all day.

----- POW MORTALITY -----

Conjuring with the same old figures today - Camp #3 doing pretty good - Camp #1 still having a death rate of 35 to 50 a day. At a minimum that is 1050 a month. These are all Americans. There are only about 15,000 Americans out here. - The figures are self explanatory - even at the minimum rate - 15 mo. will polish them off. Medical Officers are there /29/ in abundance but there are no drugs - no facilities. The only good they can possibly do is to work for sanitation and isolation of the sick, protect water & food supply - but there are conditions under which these protective measures cannot be effected. Of course #1 has the high death rate because they do collect cases from #3. Makes #3 look better than it is.

In the meanwhile, have checked on these two mythical naval medical officers, Anderson and Schneider. There are no such officers and the informant is a little unreliable in his general information. We have learned that these truck drivers usually are quite erroneous in their reports.

The new regime begins to make changes. The first one was good. Harri no longer has anything /30/ to do with Americans - just Filipinos. And he has been just a little meeker of late around us. (The son-of-a-bitch). Time will never eradicate the vow to deal properly with that bastard. He must not get too far away. I don't want to have to hunt all over Eastern Asia for that animal.

A full morning. Had an all morning ward walk on Wd 6 and it was well attended. Went over every case and analysed it and catalogued them for future care. Many cases needing surgery. In the meanwhile, today they have gotten our sterilizers & autoclaves in working order and we have scheduled cases for tomorrow. From now on we should have an active service.

More rumors today. They come faster every day now. Rumor now has it that the Japs just couldn't take our bombing over /31/ Borneo and surrendered. I will always regret that I have not saved from the very beginning all the rumors that have come to us, and their alleged source noted. It would certainly make interesting reading some day - in retrospect. Just now it is tragic.

--- STORMS ---

Night - The wind howls and the rain drives like hail against the stone walls and batters like a machine gun against the great doors. It has grown quite cold. We are perhaps in the tail of a small typhoon. The old loose tin rooves rattle & clankle like a million jangling skeletons with St. Vitus dance. Of course the place is wet and dripping - we still have our leaks. Have just come in from over in "7" Building where Mr. Crews and I work every night until 9 oclock - then, of course, lights out. Ed & I managed to get in an hour at Spanish.

--- NOGI ---

/32/ This afternoon there appeared a Jap Medical Officer - our last mentor at Corregidor - and he is the new boss. He wears a 1st Lieut. markings and calls himself a "sergeant-doctor" - wears gloves, is clinically minded, speaks a little English, writes it very well, quiet mannered, educated in Germany. He is - Japanese - past master at promises and saying "Yiss! Yiss! No! No! Yiss! Yiss!" Both of them meaning the same thing to him. In all justice to this guy, however, he did do what he could to help matters over in Corregidor - he was clinically minded at least. We shall see in a few days what the change effects.

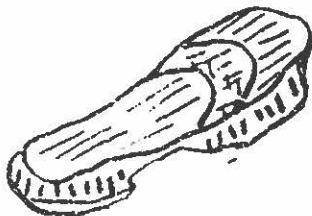
And now I must get Bob's bedding roll ready and have written him a note. Jensen and Sontag are leaving in the morning and are taking them up for me. I could not help writing in my note to halfway expect me up there soon. I am sure I would be happier and more in tune up there than here.

Friday Aug 7, 1942:

--- NORMAL SALINE ---

Up long before daybreak and began the day with a fight. I now have an operating room running and a surgical service that functions. The place is no longer so much a lazaretto. However, the need for intravenous saline is great. There has been argument and trouble getting it from the pharmacy altho they have a still and as far as I can see, the still will work if some loggerhead /33/ will get off his ass and build a fire under it. I asked what M.O. was in actual charge of that still and nobody seemed to be "exactly in charge". Am afraid I wasn't very diplomatic when I made my remarks about that. Finally developed that Cecil was in charge - finally learned the still would turn out ample "if kept going". Normal saline for intravenous use could be made. I learned - and by 9: am it was finally decided that the still would have a fire built under it, but for some ungodly reason a fire had to be built under the Personnel firm. I am unhappy here. I just don't fit in - and I never will. Bombs and shells and being "a poor relation" is better than this.

/35/ I've done my do here. I've gotten a surgical service going and Wade & Nelson will keep /34/ it going. I'm not a morale builder. I haven't that factor in my makeup that makes people love me and offer me devotion thru my pleasing manner or good fellow method. I am afraid I am the other extreme here and am disturbing the peaceful coma and "dolce for niente" spirit here. Everybody hides behind the excuse "we are in poor physical condition" - "we aren't able to put out like we should" - "circumstances are against us" - "things aren't like they were" etc. etc etc. Somehow I find that to be satisfied & content to live with myself when the day is done, I have to be a son of a bitch all day long. So be it. But I am also afraid my reaction here is a little bit due to my having been in the driver's seat heretofore, and I am not adapting myself to the "just working here" status as well as I thought I was. It is my job to be loyal. Because I don't/feel that I can be, or ever will, is another reason I should get out - To Kabanatuan - anywhere.



--- GO AHEADS ---

Torrential rain continues but the wind has abated. These native home made wooden shoes are the best thing for this sloppy rainy season. They are two inches or more high and have a long overhanging bow like a sand scow and keeps you up out of the wet in ordinary rain, and when you wade knee deep it saves shoes - rather important just now. Some of our boys are without any whatsoever.

--- BANGO ---

The morning continued to be fouled up. The new regime is here and of course, until they get to know us there will be the ever eternal clang of the gong for Bango after bango - count and recount. Just as we started to operate this morning - call for Bango - everybody to turn out. I finally arranged for Ed & Wade to carry on and I went out and stood formation. It was ten thirty before I got away, and we are /36/ expecting another one at any time. This will continue for several days or a week. Yes - "Bingo", they called it in the old days - but it's "Bango" now under our present state of affairs in this year of 1942 A.S. (After Surrender).

It is the Jap word for "a counting" "a check by numbers". In the beginning one stood formation and went thru a bango entirely in Japanese. A few face slappings soon produced enough linguistic interest to acquire a knowledge of Japanese to the extent of Attention! Right Dress! Front! Count off! At Ease! Dismissed! The only trouble was, we had to count in Jap so instead of learning all the Jap numbers it was easier to have the same squad place in column every day. The formation for counting is in company front three deep.

x

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/37/

I have tried to interest the Command here in getting the professional books we managed to save from Corregidor, unpacked & stowed over in quarters and appoint an officer as librarian and get these books available to the Staff and in use. I have been promised it will be done but the interest is half hearted. To leave them as they are, means they will gradually disappear and disseminate and never be available when wanted seriously for reference.

The only rumor of the morning was a conservative report that there is favorable news from Russia & Poland. I would rather hear this than anything else for I am still convinced that this Pacific affair depends entirely on the European situation.

Received the list of known dead up at Kabanatuan and noted one name - Coffield, Wm. H., U.S.A., from Edenton, N.C. Date of death not given. Buried there. Edenton - Dr. Gray's hometown - Near Eureka - a tug at my heart and an /38/ almost tear in my eye - not for Coffield - but for "the days that are no more". Carolina - Tidewater Va. - home. I better quit this and get to work.

Late afternoon - I spoke too soon. By noon it was blowing a gale and as I write this we are battened down as well as this worn out shed-like structure will permit. Much banging of big wooden shutters that let down against the bars to keep out the storm. Nothing is tight nor secure in these worn out run down old buildings. It is quite cold. The lights are so poor cannot write much. Have been lying on the bunk with my blanket over me and am wearing my Byrd Jacket. Guess my blood is a little thinned out. A hemoglobin or a redcell count on most of us would probably shock us.

Even if we were not stormbound today we would have been confined to our dormitories. The word had been passed for us to remain inside after 1 pm until released. Just more of this endless counting. I wish these Bastards would learn to count better. They can't seem to /39/ add any better than I can, and I'm the world's notoriously worst adder upper.

--- STATION KGEI ---

Certainly will have to charge this day off as an empty void. And most boring. I am really sort of fed up with looking out these bars across the "holy circle" to where the guards sit and see those ugly little yellow boys in droopy pants, swaggering around like I imagine every kid does the first time he is allowed to hang around the fire engine house with the men. These little ugly repulsive looking yellow guys - Kings for a day - children playing with a steam engine - but hand it to 'em and blush real red - they are great little soldiers and have smacked us all over the arena and hit us with everything but the waterbucket. When I use to hear some wag telling how they were just a flash in the pan, these Japs, and what we were probably doing to them, or about to do next week or next month, and then I'd hear old blow hard Winter tell over KGEI how they just couldn't hope /40/ to do anything more, having stretched out their supply line so far and had completely spent themselves - blah! blah! blah!, when I would hear all that face saving crap, I couldn't help but remember that old yarn about the prize fighter staggering back into his corner, cut, bloodied and bruised, and his seconds and his manager working away on him with the ammonia bottle and the massage and telling him how swell he was doing and what a sucker he was making out of his opponent, and he turns to 'em just as he lumbers out into the ring for the next round and replies: "Then youse guys better hold that referee for there is some son of a bitch out there in that ring just beatin' hell out of me."

Yep! Those ugly, swaggering, smart alecky, animal-looking little yellow depravities with the droopy pants and two thirds of them with gonorrhea are just licking hell out of us.

Bob's stuff got off all O.K. At least it left here. I hope /41/ he gets it. It had all his shoes & underwear and his blankets & rain coat and he certainly must need it.

The new regime has the Command here in a dither over a long questionnaire which the near sighted Doc filled out. It asks about every phase of hospital conditions you can think of and entails a lot of reports. Of course, if it nets anything it will be worth the effort. However, it smacks very strongly of a lot of data for the Doc to use in a report or maybe a book or his memoirs or something. The new Doc's name is Nogi.

Rice & More Rice! Plain rice - and burnt & soggy paste. Ugh! However, I was hungry tonight. I have been saving one can of /42/ tomatoes StM left us the day they departed. I figured a day would finally come when I had to eat and would need something to make eating possible. Today seemed to be the day so we made some thick oning out of rice flour of our own making and heated up the tomatoes. For a peso we bought a small can of canned horse and mixed it in and poured this over the burnt soggy rice. It helped a lot. The rice went down O.K. and I feel full any how, and it was helpful food too.

Have given up all hopes of "B" ever coming back. I foresaw his quick passing from the picture. Amateurish, bungling, naive, awkward fellow. And he could really have been a lot of help, too - in many ways. I am quite sure StM., once she was outside, saw the futility of using him. /43/ When it is feasible I will hear from her. She is doing O.K. I am sure.

More dengue every day. And once they get it they never seem to snap back to battery. Mr. Crews had an attack last night of what appears to be a kidney colic. He had a similar attack five years ago. That makes our warrant officer sick 100% except for Haas. There is a dam good man. I marked him as an outstanding character when I first saw him last Dec. when I met him at Headquarters CinCAF, the morning I had my last conference with the Fleet Surgeon before I left to join the 4th Regiment. With 4 warrant officers, 7 m.o.'s of the staff sick and in their bunks and about 30 corporals likewise - that's a lot of staff hors de combat.

---- LIZARD ----

Night - still blowing a gale and rain coming down in a solid sheet, a wild night, unfitted for man or beast. Small Typhoon playing around somewhere. Worked a while tonight on the old literary stuff. Then Ed & I had an hour of Spanish. /44/ Under a blanket tonight. Cold in the tropics is cold. And it is as prostrating and depressing as the heat. I now have a regular bedfellow. A little lizard has adopted me. I don't know where he stays during the day but as soon as I unfold my net for the night, he is right on top and when I crowd in under I lie there and watch him scamper all over the top catching mosquitoes. Sometimes he will lie immobile for an hour, just above my head, waiting for prey or something. I reach up quietly and tickle his belly with my finger and round and round he goes and off down the net top at a hell of a rate and back again. At first he seemed really alarmed about it but now he is beginning to take the thing as a matter of course. I don't think he just quite understands this thing which happens to him but he is learning that it is nothing to get worked up about. Maybe before this incarceration is over he'll be holding up his hind leg and begging for the old nightly belly rub. I've heard of prisoners developing a friendly in- /45/ timacy with the rats in their cells but I don't know about this lizard business. However, what I need is a St. Bernard dog that can get in & out & big enough to carry a sandwich or two and a couple of bunches of bananas and a sack of mangoes or something. Even so, friendliness even with a lizard, is still friendliness.

Aug 8/ 1942:

Stormy all day but abating. Torrential downpours, the wind blustering but not high. Much less up all day. It is the same old count and recount. The new regime can't make their count come out correctly. Two missing somehow. All day today. Bango after bango. Stood in formation this afternoon for 2 hours in the rain while the guards scampered about all over the yard trying to find two more Americans. Lost - 2 Americans! Here, there /46/ are 15,000 lost Americans here. Just reach out and get two from another pile. That could settle all that. The last call for Bango came just as we were preparing to do an emergency appendix on an American whom the Japanese doctor has brought in to us and having diagnosed him as needing an operation. He was quite correct. The doctor and the boy's Camp Commander stayed for the operation. The Camp Commander was most solicitous for the lad's welfare, and was very fatherly toward him and seemed quite friendly to him. After they had gone, the boy told me that the Camp Commander had often repeated that he was not in sympathy with this war; neither was the little doctor.

Book II: 8-1-42 to 11-13-42

--- TREATMENT OF PRISONERS---

I appreciate such examples of the Nipponese. But - as far as I am concerned I could reply to them along lines a Japanese Officer spoke to me in the first few days after the surrender. "You are unfortunate," he said, "in being the prisoners of a country whose living standards are so /47/ very much lower than yours that you will consider yourselves ill-treated when they think you are being treated swell." That Jap officer was a graduate of one of our big American universities. And if I were in a pos. I would say in reply to this apparently kindly Camp Commander - "You are unfortunate in being a member of a very low race and you must be treated accordingly! This kindly attitude toward the boy yesterday is so characteristic of what we see thruout the whole area of prison camps. Treatment of individuals can be most considerate, but of a mass or group - horrible. For example -

American: "I am hungry."

Jap: "Yes - here!" and he hands him some canned peaches and a can of milk.
but:

American: "We are hungry - we need food!"

Jap: "Yes - you need food - you should have meat & vegetables - " bows - smiles - leaves - and does nothing.

At this late hour tonight - they are still counting - still two short. I know that nobody has gone over the wall. It's just a snafu /48/ wrong count, probably dating back for weeks. But I also know now that they better find those 2 or we are all in for some hell. The old squeeze. Much face slapping and chest beating (like apes) and swaggering has already begun to occur. I can also see what it would mean to the rest of them here if I carried out the plan which has been fomenting in my mind. But with warden cooperation I could still get out for 24 hours - unless they pulled a sight Rango. But after all one must take some chances. And the way my gut reaches back to embrace my backbone I'm ready to try anything for food. Have already taught Ed how to say in Spanish "Tengo mucho hambre". He has no trouble remembering that one. He hears it lots.

Toothpaste is no longer a matter of flavor choice of Ipana, Squibbs, Listerine or Colgates etc. Its a case of taste between Fels Naptha, Ivory, Castile, or Dutch Cleanser. Soap is just about the only cleansing tooth washing material available. I had made up some /49/ some sodium perborate, sod. Bicarb. and sod. chloride mixture but it takes soap, so soap it is. Doesn't taste as nice as the highly advertised products but it feels like it cleans.

Besides the emergency appendix of today, we knocked off two bone jobs this morning. So far we are getting away with our surgical effort and we have hopes of realizing our plans for our cases. Made a memo to the Command today to keep pushing this partitioning off of the O.R. space (we are still using just ward screens) and also list Azochloramine and some gifly saw blades as needed items. I feel a little guilty every time I ask the Command to make requests of the Japs for supplies for I know that when they are supplied they have robbed some other activity to help us.

We have instituted this gauze washing on all our surgical activities - washing out bandages, outside dressings. Collect them /50/ in a can - treat them with cresol boil & wash and dry. I could remember my old St. Croix days and my Leper Colony experiences - where our gauze & dressings were used over and over. When the Japs first arrived and began their interrogation of us they were surprised that we hadn't been practicing this before hand.

Hagen again very sick. Dysentery has returned. Ever since the war began he has been up & down, up & down, and when he gets sick he is sure sick as hell sick all over. Just a big soft fat white boy but now not so fat, but still soft & white. Wade knew him at school and tells me he has always been that way.

--- WARREN WILSON ---

Warren Wilson is plugging right along and has the right idea. He is making himself useful here, is finding enough to do, and is liked by everyone and is just naturally a good guy. That fellow will get along anywhere. After placing him in charge of all outlying surgical cases, quartered everywhere but in the surgical wards, he reports to me & signs himself as "The Suburban Surgeon". He has a sense of humor. His quarters he calls "The Rat hole."

No Spanish tonight. Worked on Bookman's Biography instead. My eyes tire so easily under the faint faraway light. To bed. /51/

Sunday Aug 9/ 42:

Just when night ended and day began one couldn't tell by the sky. There wasn't any dawn. Rain Rain Rain - Wet Rain - torrential rain - More rain. But no wind. Continues cold and raw. Many have no blankets. Many haven't even shoes or socks or any over over wrap whatsoever like a coat. It was a dam good lunch I had in Diego the day I decided on lumber boots & Byrd Jacket as a part of my equipment. Lost my boots in Canacao but this Byrd Jacket I have hung onto religiously. It comes in well

--- FATHER "B" ---

"B" appeared today, and after listening to him I am completely convinced he is practically useless to me. And he is certainly to be of little use to the place as a whole. StM. was quite correct when she gave him the O.K. sign as with us, but she has learned since I am sure, as I have learned that he is of no help. A simple minded old fellow who means well but plainly under surveillance by the gestapo who have his number. The reason he gets around as much as he does is apparently because the gestapo appreciate his incompetency and he is good bait if anybody should fall in with him. /52/ He admits he has been unable to arrange for permission to get supplies into us. And now that most of the Filipinos are leaving us and being cared for on the outside, he couldn't hope to get as many supplies for us anyhow. It is evident that his Filipino "Chaplains aids" are pro Filipino and not necessarily pro-American and whatever aid we had ever received at his hands would have been incidental to Filipino help. "B" is apparently a great little pawn being pushed around by his congregation et al. We can count him out.

His unreliability for information became so obvious in today's conversation that one is inclined to ignore almost everything he reports. A senile recluse can be inadvertently a tool - sometimes useful - sometimes - snafu. Of course, the real reason for his being with us at all lies in his papal fidelity and also the fact that under Japanese rule the church is about to lose all their property here in the Islands.

--- BISHOP OF OSAKA ---

The Japanese have brought with them a one Tai-guchi (?) Bishop of Osaka, who is Jap Cath and he arbitrates and decides on church /63/ matters. (Good play by the Japs) Here in the Philippines is a group of Catholics who insist that bishops and Padres should be natives, not outsiders. These, along with the Catholic group formed by the native calling himself Father _____ who are not under Rome, are Japanese and are using the Japs to make pressure on the Roman Church and get their lands. That worries "B" and makes him with Americans.

"B" still claims that 85% of all big shots among the Filipinos are all American. I still doubt that. Filipino families of prominence and some prominent citizens are being subjected to beatings, indignities, and incarceration in old Fort Santiago and that group of course have persistent Jap hatred. But I do not trust the gentry of the land to any degree like 85%. There is a big Spanish element who still remember that the Islands were taken from Spain by us in 1898 and they are now Jap and look upon this as a liberation and have done considerable flag waving in behalf of Japan. According to "B" the Japs are losing no time getting their culture invested here. School teachers are /54/ already required to spend time in the Jap normal schools.

By another contact today I learn that all cement in the Islands goes to the Army & Navy. The Navy has its headquarters on our hospital reservation at Canacao and have been working steadily night and day building up the Navy Yard at Cavite. In the meanwhile no one is allowed to return to Cavite, nor even to get their property left ^{at} their houses. This interested me because St. M. was headed for Cavite. It will be interesting some day to hear how she made out.

Also learned that "All Priests and Nuns under suspicion." Got a message out today which I hope will eventually reach one of the Schramecks. The punishment, incidentally, for having notes or messages in one's possession is to burn the note and make you drink the ashes. Not so bad - if it isn't a ten or twenty page letter.

--- GENERAL TANAKA ---

Of more importance, I learn that there has been a general change in regime here on Luzon. /55/ General _____ (Singapore Joe) no longer here. General Tanaka has taken over and it is reported that he is not a strong military man and that his wife is a Christian (and a catholic). Catholic school. ~~fff~~ there. They probably needed old "Joe" somewhere else. From the very beginning they have continued to replace their real fighting men with the "home guard" and Reserve class, many of them mere boys. It has been apparent from the beginning that they never expected any further military activity in this area. (All rumors to the contrary).

Incidentally, rumors haven't been so frequent of late. The fast & furious offensive and progress of the home team seems to have failed to manifest any further evidence of early liberation or anything. The boys are once more about to admit that they have been "hopped up" again. But they will fall just as hard for the next batch of favorable news they hear. The supportable facts still indicate everything in status quo in the Pacific - with us still picking up the pieces after the Typhoon passed them.

--- COL. ADAMS ---

Of course old Col. Adams, naive soul, childlike in his belief /56/ in our military prowess and in his layman's picturization of how things are done, he still expects Doug to arrive daily & liberate us, and always asks me if there is any word of a ship coming for us. Poor old fellow. But he still has hopes at least, and that doesn't hurt him a bit - now. Hopes should be based on logic. I have hope too but nothing like the fantastic fairyland miracles these ^{book} devils expect.

Speaking of Adams and his waiting for ships reminds me of how in the old days when we were taking our daily shellacking from the air and the hostile artillery ripping us to ribbons and many still looked seaward and listened constantly for ships - convoys - aid. And then would come night and when we could tune in on Manila they would always be playing "Waiting for ships that never come in".

Book II: 8-1-42 to 11-13-42

It was not a coincidence either, for /57/ copies of Manila newspapers reaching us would remark about this "Theme Song".

Sugar is about gone and none getting in. Bad. Burnt soggy rice can be stomachied with sugar. Sugar is an important sustaining item. Food of late hasn't been good at all and for a week I have been hungry and I am beginning to feel just a little on the famished side again. Soup, when it now comes to us is made from boiled grass or something that looks and tastes like grass boiled in water. Everyone reports that we are faring worse here than anywhere else on Luzon.

We are still able to get extras for our patients such as duck eggs and extra canned milk and we make them up eggnog, and they are certainly looking better too. Clinically we are really improving. As for ourselves - well we have our ups & downs and never very far up. /58/ Worked a while tonight on my report and has a Spanish session with Ed. We had to shout at each other to be heard above the din of the rain & storm. To bed to get dry & warm.

Mon. Aug 10/ 42.

--- ED NELSON ---

The typhoon disturbance has passed apparently but our constant steady rain flows on. I slept poorly last night - uncomfortable somehow, physically & mentally on the bias. Certain amount of this is to be expected I guess. Made early rounds in the sloppy wet this morning. Dropped over to Ed's Bunk before leaving our quarters and was invited "to come in to Lake Nelson, the fishing yet untried. He has very carefully placed his bunk with geometrical precision right where four leaks can drop from above and assure him of a constant high tide all during the rainy season. Unfortunately there isn't much you can do about it except fix the roof. We have the tar but the Jeeps don't like us to go up on the roof. We can see out and signal from there. /59/

Burnt lugao as usual in the morning. Operated one case, made "big rounds" in S.O.Q. & outlined the future for several cases, some are beyond redemption. Like all S.O.Q's there is always a bunch of "goldbricks" of the very worst calibre. Most of them mental derelicts to start with. The war didn't cause their total absence of brains & guts. It just drew attention to it.

--- STAFF SICK LIST ---

Art Barrett again laid up in his bunk. Never physically strong. I remember his original attack aboard ship and his evacuation to Corregidor. Never has been physically strong. Al Smith some better but far from well. Still believe him tubercular. Ed Ritter has a marked jaundice - looks like hell. Berley is back on his pins but wobbly and down to skin & bones. He didn't take his Dengue very well. Morgan still mopes about. LaVictoire is no sicker than usual, which means he just sits and looks out the window or lies in a semi-cataleptic state on his bunk. Clyde isn't a hell of a lot better. Since he has had Dengue he has learned the benefits of ill health. It has been a help to have him have a little Dengue. It has kept his mouth shut more. Appreciated by all. Max Pohlman having a tough painful siege. And so goes our sick list. About 20 corporals and 12/5 officers from the staff hors de combat, one way or another - effectively. We won't /60/ stop to consider how many unofficially. The subject gets highly involved.

--- FILIPINOS RELEASED ---

On sudden orders this morning out went 108 Filipino patients were released and those needing further hospitalization distributed among local institutions. While the prisoner patients were being loaded into trucks at the front gate, one of our Corpsmen who is married to a Phil. mestiza was out at the gate helping load the sick. His wife is a nurse and "happened" to be out there at the gate receiving the patients. The Corpsman has been with me out on the Rock since December and he knew he was a father by now but had never been able to learn whether it was a boy or a girl. His wife was afraid to talk to him and the guards were very carefully observing that no outside-inside contact was made and there he was, within speaking distance & such information denied him. Finally the age-old prison system came to his aid - message passed by whisper from one end of a long line to the other - "It is a girl"

A 5-point oath must be taken before being set free, 2 points of which are:
/61/ (1) They will never render aid to a country hostile to Japan (2) they will bear arms when called by Japanese. The general belief seems to be that the Filipinos do not take the oath business very seriously.

--- NEW REGIME ---

The new regime had a long confab with Sartin today. The general gist seems to be as follows:

1. Geneva treaty of 1927 to be followed. (according to their national policy and interpretation)
2. The Doctor in charge and Sartin to carry out details. It does look as tho Sartin is about to "have charge" and to get out from under the warrant officer regime - "The Field Marshal".
3. Japs say "Americans soon go home too."

The boys here place all kinds of good interpretations on these things. The usual impression when such happens is to assume the Japs are having reverses and changing their attitude. I hated to destroy their swell deductions by reminding them that all this hokey was gone thru by us on the Rock months ago. It was nothing except that the management of Prisoners /62/ gradually gets turned over to that part of their set-up supposed to handle them. Means nothing more. And in our experience on Corregidor, the change helped us some. Our new interpreter, a little guy who was in our Army & whose mother was a Japanese, renders his opinion that it looks like an improvement for us. We can use a lot of improvement. The unbiased observations of all those who pass thru here, are to the effect that we are the worst feeding camp of all. God help 'em if any other camp is any worse than ours.

Dry rice for noon. I couldn't go it. During the afternoon we got hold of some native cocoa and some thickening and made a chocolate paste (thin). Tonight, when our dry rice came we poured some "sauce" over it. A mess, but one has to eat something sometime. A few days ago I took some cottonseed oil and acetic acid and made some "salad dressing" and poured that over the gooeey rice. Tomorrow we will dine big - Mongo beans! Again we have a few sprouting. That will be a help, and keep off the beriberi.

Worked most of the afternoon on my report and had a long Spanish Lesson c Ed tonight. /63/ He is not an adept language student but he is doing very well and if he will study some he should have a reasonable command of the language when he gets out of here ----- (Oh yeah!) There isn't any joker intended in that last remark. And I didn't mean to be belittling him either. For if we are going to get out of here at all, it can't be too long. A couple of years at the most.

Again I lay me down - to lie awake? I hope not. That can be so hellish.

Tues. Aug 11, 1942:

Hungry tonight. Couldn't go the grub tonight. Just couldn't stomach it. Rather be hungry. I'll turn in early and forget about it.

The weather broke today and we have had an afternoon of sun. Very welcome to us. Everybody tried to get a wash on the line and air what bedding we have. We operated a bone job this morning and this afternoon was asked to be in on a survey of Filipinos for the Japanese. Again - our same fight came up. Sartin & Jones all for unloading. I still holding out for not saying we can't treat these people. Today the interpreter was a graduate of U.S.C. and spoke as good English as I do. There could be no doubt as to what he wanted "All case you are unable to treat here". My reaction to that would be - "We can treat any & all of them - and we can. I still say it is to our advantage to insist WE ARE A HOSPITAL. What an incompetent silly group we must appear to these people by our own admission! The result was, I didn't get a chance to say /64/ much about these cases today. I am still against the do nothing policy.

While on this survey this afternoon, the interpreter told us he had seen Cpts. Davis, Roberts and Lowman. They are all in Manila tonight, on their way to Formosa. Wainwright is with them. All Colonels and above are being taken up. Col. Howard no doubt among them but I didn't hear.

---REGIMENTAL COLORS---

Zundell and Bookman added to the sick list today. Looks like an eventual 100%. I learned today that one of our Corpsmen found the Regimental Colors of the 4th Marines over on Corregidor after the surrender and has been able to keep them with him. It is believed that they are the only colors not in the hands of the enemy. It all sounds very grand but in the last analysis, what does it mean?

The "Doctor in Charge" out at the Front gate, in a conference with Sartin today, told him that after the 20th he would probably be able to permit officers to occupy the rooms on the top floor of the big building at the Front gate. I have never been in that building and don't know whether I like that idea or not. At least under our present setup we are off to ourselves and away from the Japanese. That helps a lot. The private room stuff doesn't mean a hell of a lot to me.

To bed! To bed! And how I hope I can sleep till lugao - and please God let's hope it isn't burnt. /65/

Wednesday, Aug. 12/42:

I had been in my bunk about an hour last night, just lying there, looking out thru the door into the prison yard, sleep getting further and further away, when I heard someone over in the shadow of the 'dobe building next to ours ask for me. I did not recognize the voice. I waited, and as he stepped out into the open I recognized him as an American who has lived out here for some years and given a commission when the war broke. He was a patient here and quartered over in one of the S.O.C. buildings. In his hand he held a package. I eased out of the bunk and stood in the doorway and as he passed, spoke to him. He stepped into the shadow of the door, pushed the package into my arms and hurriedly whispered he would see me tomorrow, - and ducked.

--- INTRIGUE ---

Already I had definite ideas as to what the situation was. I stowed the pkg under my bedding roll, strolled over to the barred window that looks out over the Sacred Circle and the guard house. The guards were there, sitting around a table. Nothing unusual astir. I took the package into the head and under the light opened it. A sack of sweet smelling coffee - a box of Insular cigars. I knew that somewhere either down in that coffee, or under neath that 100 cigars was something of more importance. Not that the coffee wasn't welcome! I decided I would try the cigars first. Japs drink coffee but they don't smoke cigars and I wasn't the only one who knew that. Under those 100 cigars was the message. I do not write even here the hook up by which /66/ this contact was made - but I will remember it. This was a dummy-run that St.M had tried and it came thru O.K. That she does not intend to continue it, however, is evident by the fact that she outlines other plans for after Sept. 1. The seal of the cigar box she had re-glued and filled the crack with lip stick. The lip stick was unbroken. There fore the box had not bee disturbed. This had been planned ahead by us. The other stunt to determine tampering was to number each cigar by dots and arrange the cigars in order. If the order was disturbed I would know the box had been tampered with.

The news is good. She is busy and making progress. Her plans are excellent as I dops it out from the meagre fragments which she has retailed to me. Tonight I will get a message out and I must warn her against unnecessary contact with me here. I can be of no help and it is not worth the risk of detection and spoiling her work just to satisfy my curiosity and academic interest. Thanks to her message, however, I think I can size up the situation here quite clearly and I feel that I know what to expect. I will plan accordingly. When I transcribe this - when & if I do, I can fill in the details. And again it will be an account of a cool clear thinking head, a bold and courageous heart, and an insatiable love (racial) for intrigue.

Today has been completely clear - free from all rain, the sun bright and very hot. I have a cold and my nose is drippy but I feel O.K. One operation this morning - usual rounds and managed to get my message to the outside on its way (1st step at least). Worked up another Biography, finished Bookman's write up and checked on some data I had already collected. This afternoon had a coffee party & served cigars. Vera vera good! Muy Buono! Mi Amiga lo estoy a usted muy agracido!

Cary Smith down sick again. I hope not the /67/ same old amoeba coming back on him - for we have no more carbosone nor emetin to treat the disease. That has accounted for our constant death rate among our dysenteries. We have requested the drug. The Japs reply that they have none. None in the Island and none available.

--- DOCTOR NOGI ---

Which reminds me of the letter Sartin received from our "Med.Off in charge" - Dr. Nogi today. Sartin requests his needs formally by the usual form letter of our Service - "From:

To:

Subj:

1.

2. etc.

The reply from Nogi was an apparent attempt to reply in like manner of dignity but could not help letting his school boy training in formal letter writing get the better of him. I have made a copy of it and it is in my personal effects and can be rewritten here some day. His signature is characterized by his German "N" in his signature (he studied in Germany once). All in all he does very dam well with his

[Following is the text of the letter referred to by Dr. Hayes. It is in his handwriting and is transcribed as found with his notebook. The corrections shown are doubtless the corrections which Dr. Nogi himself made on the original letter. DIXON.]

Japanese Army
Internment Camp, Manila,
August 11, 1942

Commander, L. B. Sartin
U. S. Navy

Dear Sir:-

1. I an swer you about the 2 patients, that you invited my attention this morning. I visited the Japanese Army ~~of~~ hospital, which was once the Philipippine General hospital and found that they have none Röntgen therapy, because they feel no need of that.

2. I have investigated laws of Japanese Army and I think it is ~~un~~ improper to remove Gorge Christian Cook to an o ther place because circumstances of Bili bid Hospital are not sui table ~~for~~ ~~all~~ ~~for~~ all patients, but it is impossible in present conditions to find another sui table Place. Se we must endure now those ~~these~~ ~~those~~ conditions, and I feel it my duty to improve ~~these~~ ~~those~~ conditions.

3. Lucky I find the last diphtheria an ti toxin, which come from Jap an. We have no more, because Japanese Army has no diphtheria case and the an ti tox in do not come from Japan. Now it is not product ed in P hi lippine. I hope that the pa ti ent is resigned gets well.

Respectfully,

M. Nogi
Lieutenant, Prisoner Camp, Japanese Army,
Medical Officer in Charge.

Book II: 8-1442 to 11-13-42

English. The letter is significant in other ways. It is the first time a Japanese has answered one of our written requests. Its substance indicates a feeling of medical or professional duty on the part of the writer. At the same time it contained only refusals. But in fairness to Nogi let it be recorded, the refusals have logical basis in circumstances beyond his control.

These dam little yellow boys are getting pestiferous around quarters. They are in & out and hanging around our quarters all the time now. They are a new gang and pry into everything like a raccoon. During all this Dunkirking I have managed to keep my razor. Today one of the little Bastards saw me shaving and just had to shave. It was apparent he had never shaved before in his life - he had one hair on his lip. But he just had to shave! Then he takes the razor over to the guard house that all his buddies might shave. Great thrill. Looked like a lost razor but he brought it back. All I lost was my last one blade. I couldn't use it any more. /68/

---- MISFIT ARMY ----

Late this afternoon a while bevy of the damnest looking kids arrived in the compound who in our country would probably pass as boy scouts. They are cross eyed, near sighted, awkward looking, skinny, fat, they look like misfits who couldn't qualify in the test for full military training. They are semi uniformed and run about like they are in a fog and appear to me like the comic burlesque Jap such as found in Charlie Chan's stories, or one of the funny cartoon Japs who are continuously saying, "Goodby now" - "Yes please" "No please" "Tomorrow please" etc. I understand these are the "Volunteer Army" or semi-military or armed civilian group who are to relieve the soldiery as our guards. What a gang! They don't seem to know whether to salute us - make us salute them or jump out of the way or run us thru with a bayonet, commit hari kari for us or what. I'll bet they will soon learn, however.

Concomitant with this arrival, today we were each supplied with a huge form like below - just like a parole form in which one swears not to attempt to escape to escape under any circumstances. Just what the idea of this parole form may be is hard to understand,

I solemnly swear not to attempt escape under any circumstances		
NAME _____		
RANK _____	DATE _____	

Of course, in event of an invasion by our forces and our release by force, I guess it puts us in the light of breaking parole and we lost our rights of prisoners of war in event of recapture - shot. However, if the Geneva Treaty of 1927 is carried out, we are not

prisoners any how but ---- /69/

--- GENEVA TRAP ---

I think we have had too many months of practical reminders and have been told by the Japanese too often that we are prisoners to put much dependence in their interpretation of the 1927 Geneva Convention. We all signed the dam things. I could see no point in not signing it. As far as I am concerned I can fight fire with fire and can sign anything and then interpret it "according to my own national policy" when the issues arise. And I don't think my conscience will keep me awake nights, no matter what I do about it, either.

The working party arriving back here tonight after a day in town tells me of the Philipinos being so generous to the Americans outside - running up to them, giving them cakes, candy, ice cream - refusing to take their money in payment, making the sign of the "V" with their fingers, surreptitiously - caleza drivers actually giving money to American Prisoners. One interesting episode - Some Jap guards saw the Philipinos holding up the two fingers like a "V" and asked what that meant. Some wise acre kid prisoner says "Two Dollars". Pretty soon the Japs were doing it. Somebody's face is going to be red instead of yellow the first time some Jap officer or wise noncom sees that. I am reminded of how a few years back that on Japanese made Lady's Pajamas there was beautifully embroidered Jap signs - which of course nobody could read or even thought of as meaning something. Finally some one cognizant of Japanese symbols called attention to the fact that they were rather lewd and lascivious expressions. They had been widely disseminated all over our country. /70/

Talked with Rhodes today who has the word that the road they built at the cost of so many lives among our American prisoners served no useful purpose to the Japs. Hardly a week after completion Garrillas destroyed the bridges. Out away the buildi uprights and the rains have practically washed out the whole dam thing. The only hit in that bit of news is the possibility of the Jeeps sending down another work camp and produce another hell hole. Also learned that the "Tai sas" got away today for Formosa. I hope their sailing has been well advertized if there is any truth to the reports of American Submarine activity in these waters.

--- HUMORS ---

Aside from the above which I am ready to concede as news comes the daily rumor and this time it is a hot one. The dope is "Big things to happen in laizon in a matter of hours" and implying arrival of American Force. Of course that is plain unadulterated hokey. However, it makes a swell rumor and something to put the children to bed on tonight. Spanish session as usual & Ed tonight. Another day is done - one day nearer - what? To bed before I begin to think.

Thursday Aug. 13, 1942:

Forty four years ago today Dewey steamed into Manila Bay, and before going to breakfast called out to his ordnance officer: "Fire when you're ready Gridley! I'm going below!" and he did - and Gridley did and batch of old Spanish hulks and scows were sunk and today, here I am, caught in the backwash of that memorial day that made Dewey a full Admiral and dem near President. Time marches on! I think that much of the rumor about the town as to "something big within /71/ a matter of hours" had its conception in the native superstition revolving about the anniversary date of the Battle of Manila Bay.

It would have smacked of characteristic Rube Waddell-ian-ism. Zionchek-ism, Smedley Butlerism - well, yes, 1940 Americanism, had we, on the Anniversary date of that Farcical Naval Display, made the master stroke - the return to conquer for the 2nd time, and all that P.T. Barnum stuff. But even our Roosevelts, and Knoxes and Ws Winters seemed to sense that in 1940 there was just a little more than a few old crates commanded by a wooden legged old fellow in a cocked hat, to be handled before history could repeat itself as yet. It is no longer 1898. Time has indeed marched on.

Made "big rounds" on ward II - had one operative case today, Spanish session & Warren Wilson, and then time for burnt rice as usual.

In the afternoon played a little deck tennis - not much. We find that we can't jump right out there and go at it as tho our protein intake were good. However, it tones up what we do have and there is a certain amount of diversion enjoyed. Spanish session with Nelson tonight and thus close out another useless sort of dam day. It would be very easy to get disgusted with life in general here in Old Bilibid.

Aug. 15 - Sat-

--- FIELD MARSHAL ---

Feel lousy - bad cold - tight sore chest - stayed in the bunk most of yesterday. Got up about /72/ 6 pm to see a case and then back to bed. Got up this morning & made rounds, sat on the Disciplinary board and then back in the bunk. Got up about 4 pm again when four of us went into an emergency session over an acute development. Word reached us on the sub rosa grape vine that the "Field Marshal" was making up a list of non-medical personnel to go to Japan with Kusimoto & Togonaga. The warrants on his list don't want to go and are now appealing to us for help. The shoe is beginning to screw around on to the other foot somehow. Of course this Japan jump on the part of the "Field Marshal" is not exactly surprising. He & Kusimoto have had more than the ordinary intimacy and close hookup. It is not a subversive proposition at base - but rather a personality "click". Birds of a feather - a sex personality proposition.

I would prefer not to be a part of these conferences. I am not in accord with the kid glove policy, and everyone else is. All I ever contribute to these conclaves is a loud dissenting damnation of "be nice" policy. My reaction to this affair is to let the whole /73/ Goddam bunch go. They all threw in their lot with the Field Marshal & and sucked in with him when it meant power for them over us. Now Goddam it, let 'em stew in their own juice and lie in the bed they made. This is war. If it were a question of their necks or ours - as far as they are concerned it would be ours. If we pull some shady act & get them on the sick list and the Japs sense it - and they will - we have endangered the welfare of an innocent many for a non-essential questionably-loyal few. To hell with them! It's a time to be hard.

Got some sugar and bananas today. Cost like hell but we needed them. And now be in the bunk. The rains have come back. Its raw & damp and my head aches & I don't feel good at all. But I should be O.K. tomorrow. /74/

Sun. Aug 16---

Feel much better today and have been up all day. Overcast, some rain of course but no real cloud burst stuff like we have had for so long. Made my rounds this morning and for the most of the day have been working on my biographical reports. Sometimes I think I have bitten off a hell of a lot more than I can chew but if this war doesn't end too soon, and if I don't have to move about any more than recent I'll probably complete this thing and have time to get on to my personal memoirs.

Kusimoto around in much evidence today with cameras and camera men. Took several pictures of the staff and then had a series of pictures made of the hospital activities around the place and has promised to leave the film with us that we may have some made. Very good. We may get some pictures out of this mess yet.

--- THE PADRE ---

"B" arrived today and created a hell of a problem for us. Last Sunday we explained that we needed a microscope the worst way but it would be impractical to sneak one thru because we would be unable to use it surreptitiously and would have to report our possession of it to the Japs anyway, so we would just have to wait

---MICROSCOPE---

until we could get the approval of our new Doctor Nogi. "B" turns up today proud as Fuck, beaming all over to report that he has a swell microscope in his bag and for us to get it out and keep it as long as we wanted it. We were naturally very grateful but again tried to explain to him that it was a mistake to do this because not only would it act against us for having the microscope but it would endanger our chances of having him bring anything else in to us, for when the Japs asked us where we got the scope, we couldn't say the Fairies brought it and that would implicate him as bringing in things without permission.

Well, we finally decided to go up and see Nogi at the front office and see how he would feel about us getting a scope thru the padre. On arrival there, Kusimoto was there and Kusimoto is apparently still the boss in many respects and apparently will be until he actually shoves off which we are hoping will be soon. "B" mentioned to Kusimoto that he had a scope which he would like to lend to us and Kusimoto thought a while and then instructs "B" to bring the scope to his office and HE, KUSIMOTO, would bring it in to the compound for us. I'm afraid that isn't going to be good but anyhow we had to repack the dam thing in "B"'s bag and let him finagle it back out thru the gate. If they found the dam thing had already been in here I am sure that would have been just too bad for all concerned /75/ concerned. This is just a little example of the awkward spot the poor old devil who seems to mean well will put us in continually in his efforts to do some good. I still feel he is quite a liability and we must be very careful and not let him attempt too much not must we be misled by any beliefs he may have as to what he can accomplish.

I cannot help but feel the Gestapp are quite aware of all his movements and activities and will let him run along ^{or} a long time as long as he is not really endangering their cause a hell of a lot. He is a good example of a "lead". All counter-espionage activities have several personages on their list and let them run along apparently unnoticed, and very often they throw a lead on to something worth while.

---FIELD MARSHAL---

After evening chow tonight we went into conference again around the table. Sartin, Jones, Cecil and myself. Developments in the "Field Marshal" move to Japan and taking the non-medical group with him looked up again today when, in the presence of Kusimoto, "The Field Marshal" made a speech in which "he would naturally prefer to stay here with the unit which he had served with so long and blah blah blah etc". Kusimoto then remarks that perhaps Sartin will speak to the new regime here about letting the "Field Marshal" remain. It was plainly a cut and dried program for our benefit. From where we sit it appears that this is a cover up for the Field Marshal to be able to say he wanted to remain but was TAKEN away by the Japanese.

After a deliberation I think we are all convinced that Sweitzer is loyal and O.k and we should keep him if we can. As for the others on the list for going to Japan, it hardly seems to matter a dam one way or the other and for the good of the many I certainly would not be in favor of risking the possibility of keeping the Field Marshal to favor keeping a couple of subordinates who have openly feathered their own nest and played ball with the Field Marshal and not with the command, when it seemed to be to their own best personal interests. Of course it is just such decisions like this of mine which make the wide gap between Sartin and me. I don't mind being the cold old son of a bitch when I feel that I am being just and doing the best thing I cannot and will not condone disloyalty and cannot bring myself to ask it but demand it. Sartin on the other hand inspires love and devotion by his kindness and fatherly attitude, and he gets along swell just as long as he doesn't have to order anybody to do something they don't want to do or as long as his plan doesn't curtail the wishes of the masses.

Book II: 8-1-42 to 11-13-42

--- COMDR. SARTIN ---

Under his type of regime he has here what is /76/ apparently a swell morale among his personnel and it is true they all swear they are behind him one hundred percent, but on the other hand, when we arrived here he wasn't running a hospital worth a dam, his people neither officer nor men were putting out and everybody was carrying on their job and daily life just about as they saw fit. He had a nice happy communistic family but they were sure as hell running him and he not running them. I will not belittle this noble man, next to Col. Carter the noblest man I have ever met, but he has shouldered all the burden, he has worked and planned and labored for the welfare of everyone of them and but a very dam few of them have put out or contributed a dam thing to help him except to avow their love for him and talk of their loyalty to him. His officers are his worst offenders.

Since our arrival here we have established a surgical service and are doing something to get these derelicts moving. We have knocked together some sort of system and routine and I believe there has been some pickup in tempo on the medical service also incident to officers we introduced from our group.

But I still havn't sold him on the idea of stop taking the attitude that we can't treat and care for every dam one of these patients better than they can be treated on the outside. Jones is back of that dam passing the buck attitude and his easy lackadaisical attitude of do no more than can be helped is still reflected in too many of the staff around here who still dwell in perpetual lethargy and a fog. What they need is somebody behind them with a club and get the lead out of their ass and made to work and stop all this dam childishness of sitting around guessing and surmising when they are going to get out [of] here. I want to get out of here as much and as soon as anybody else but I want to take my self respect out of here with me too.

During this conference we reviewed the loyalty and morale of other members of the command. The crew is o.k. for the time being as I see it. They are being let alone and not called on for any particular effort. I can count on all of the officer who came in here with me to answer up and produce and stay in line even under a pinc with a very few exceptions. There are always a couple of louses in every dozen human male or female. The officers already here, the old Canacao crowd ... well, excepting about two or maybe three I wouldn't give a whoop in hell for a carload of them --- but I couldn't very well say so just now. Anyhow, I think the Command is gradually realizing that some semblance of command must emanate from the top. But I have given up [hope of] ever instilling the /77/ the idea that we must present the attitude to the Japs that we have a hospital that can do anything that can be done in Manila and stop the crawling out from under tactics.

This Nogi is being of help. Bmetin and Carbasone has been obtained for us and there is quinine on the way. Moreover, today there has been a decided increase in the allowance of vegetable matter in the soup and the meat has been decidedly more liberal in the soup. Nogi has expressed himself as hoping to get as much as 200 gram of vegetables for us per day. While this is still a low ration, considering that the vegetables are hard woody varieties of the turnip and radish family, nevertheless it is about six times our regular allowance of the present.

Our staff sick list continues high. Practically half of them are either invalids or semi so. As soon as one or two creep back to the upright down go a couple more into the supine.

--- KUSIMOTO ---

Kusimoto now tells us that he is not leaving until Oct. That probably means he will be out of here in a day or two. Just why the Japanese persist in being such dam liars. It has seemed in all of our experience with them that they consider it the prime duty of every one of them to disseminate false information, even in affairs which are of no consequence whatsoever. When Kusimoto first talked of going away he was going immediately to Australia. Now he states he is going to Japan in October. All of which probably means he is going to China in a day or two.

Learned today that the list they were making of all the prisoners last week was for the sole purpose of notifying the U.S. thru Geneva that the names of those therein were still alive and kicking; and they expected the list to arrive in the States by the first of the year. Interesting if true. There are a few around here who believe we will beat the list back. I would like to share their optimism but I am afraid I am too much of a realist to think in that strain very long.

And now to bed. /78/

Monday Aug 17... The rainy season punctuated this date by a beautiful day. Clear as a crystal with a bright blue sky, a good sun and a bit of a breeze. That is the good of the day. As for the rest of it... so so. Made big ward rounds on Ward 2 this morning and we had some interesting clinical problems to discuss. Lined up a week's work load for the operating room and discussed problems of reconstruction.

--- "AVIATOR" ---

About eleven oclock I was sent for suddenly to come to ward six. Before the eyes of most of the prisoners, a lad was seen to hurtle thru the air from a scaffolding at the top of the main building in the upper compound and on which he had been working. Thrown widely he came down paving, kicking and screaming, landing full force on the ground, fifty feet below. He was unconscious when they picked him up but when I got to him about twenty minutes later, he had regained consciousness, was manifesting little or no shock, and to save my soul I couldnt find a dam thing wrong with him except a scratched right shoulder. He had been under treatment for malaria and as a matter of fact had a temperature of about 102 at the time, was dehydrated, and had a mild acidosis, all of which is a purely medical situation. Naturally I placed him in a close observation status but at this late hour tonight, he has shown nothing but improvement and I am quite sure that all the trauma he will show will be of a relatively minor character. That is the kind of a guy we need for aviation... step right out in the blue ... no parachute nor nothing.

More disciplinary board business. It keeps coming in all the time. Most of the cases are the result of crooked dealings and loose handling of moneys interchanging hands for the purpose of acquiring food in some way. Many plans are used by the boys to acquire funds for this purpose. There are also some out and out theft instances. One has to judge each case on its individual merits. After all, I have been hungry, too, and while I have never stolen from a shipmate I can understand the difficulty of resisting the urge at times when the opportunity is plastered so squarely in front of me. The inner man is little more than a beast.... if ANY MORE. The dope situation is clearing up slowly. It could be handled much more rapidly if we could just be turned loose on it like we would like to be. Again I conflict with the policy of the Command.

Food in the last two days has been decidedly better, at least the quantity is greater and there has been a /79/ a considerable increase in the amount of vegetables and meat in the soup. Keep it up, Nog1, and we'll vote for you.

--- HUMORS ---

Well, the big rumor I have been waiting for arrived today. I knew that when the Tai Sa's started for Formosa there would be some sort of rumor about them as soon as they had time to get on the high seas. Rumor has it that the ship bearing the 180 of them was held up by an American submarine and the Americans recaptured. That was a hot one. I had really expected the rumor to say that the ship had been torpedoed. Maybe that one will be in tomorrow.

There has been an unusual amount of air activity over us today. Big Transport jobs in large numbers have been flying to the south west and coming in from that direction all day. They are silver navy type of plane. This probably is the inciting factor of the rumors tonight that Mindanao has been bombed all day and that the Japs here have been warned to beware air raid here at any time... and I do.

Tues, Aug 18/42:

--- NIGHT EXCURSION ---

I was interrupted up above as I wrote the last line, and here, twenty four hours later as I write, it is hard for me to believe that the experience of the last night and early this morning was real. However, there is such evidence to prove that it wasn't a dream.

Was sitting here knocking out the last few lines last night when "The Field Marshal" appears and invites me over to his quarters on the other side of the Compound. I have been honored on one or two other occasions by such, and each time there has always been an axe to grind so I felt pretty sure there was something in the wind. On arrival over there I was given a cigar and offered a drink and after a short conversation was offered the privilege of taking a picture in the prison yard, one I had remarked that I particularly wanted. This came about when he was showing me his expensive German camera.

In the meanwhile, Mine Pal was showing a little effect of his imbibing, growing more friendly all the time, and still I had heard nothing to indicate the lay of the land. It was after about an hour (it was now about eleven p.m.) that he turned to me and suddenly put the proposition up to me "How would you like to take a run outside?" I knew I had heard correctly, and I knew he wasn't fooling, but I did think he meant to go along with him, for I knew he was allowed to make excursions occasionally. I still wasn't sure of just what was transpiring or where I fitted in to this picture and after all, I do have reason to be just a little concerned /80/ over any undue interest some people might have for me. However, before I could answer, he added, "I'll get em to let you out and let you back in and you arrange your time with the guard."

I knew then that he meant I was to be allowed to go out alone. I had to think fast. If I jumped at the idea, he would see that I had a very definite place in mind to go. That may not be so good if I was under any suspicion for any reason. I answered that a trip outside for the novelty of it would be interesting but that I had no particular place to go, and yet, it would be very interesting etc etc blah blah... and all the time I was thinking just where in the hell I would head for, should I head for anywhere? Wasn't there a trick in this somewhere.... Well, I couldn't stand here and hem and haw all night and I figured once out of the gate I could size up my possibilities and either carry on to an objective or return as I saw fit. I assented.

I slipped into a pair of white long pants and a shirt which I had died blue and stepped out to the guard house at the front with my now well imbibed friend, where he jabbered in Jap to the guard and the guard apparently got the idea and shoved me on the clock that he went off guard at 2 a m and I would have to be back by that time. I asked what I should say or do if I was apprehended by any Japs while outside. I was not to say anything but that I was trying to find my way back to Bilibid from where I had been sent on a mission and was now trying to find my way back. Well, that didn't sound so good to me but I figured I could get to where I had already made up my mind to go without too much chance of being molested.

Once out into the street I headed east up the long dark boulevard. There wasn't a light to be seen anywhere. The whole dam section of the city was in darkness except where you could see little lights thru windows and under the door of a few houses and closed stores. I had gone about two blocks and crossed the Boulevard at a wide intersection when I could hear the scuffling sound of approaching Japs. I knew they were Jap soldiers for they didn't tramp but seem to half scuff as tho wearing gosheds and then in the dark ahead I could see a bunch of them going across an open fill and along the curbing of the street. I judged there were about twenty five or thirty of them marching in twos and trailing their rifles. Apparently some guard returning from their position to a barracks area. I was abreast of a high iron gate, and it was pitch dark. I just stood there and they all passed by hurriedly. Except for a lone choleza, empty except for the driver, I didn't see a dam thing until I reached the old Spanish building which houses the Sin Singan Clinic.

--- CONTACTS ---

I do not feel that it is wise to continue in detail but I will remember, and will write it here someday. Suffice to say, I made my way back to the compound safely. With me came foods, and I had arranged for money and the negotiations are promising. I contacted St.M. I have seen much, I know much more than this time yesterday, and I have accomplished something for us. Moreover I was able to help STM some. She is doing a swell job. I am convinced more than ever that the Japanese will never subjugate these people.

But, all today I have waited to see what might develop to indicate the reason for this honor paid me by the Field Marshal. Nothing to date has appeared. It will still come. It was not just a drunken idea. It is face saving for something. I have ideas but nothing to prove them or back them. But they are good ideas and time will tell.

Two operations today, usual rounds, and my accident case of yesterday just swell I still cant find a dam thing wrong with him. Its uncanny.

Wednesday August 12/ 42:

A full day and a busy day. Rounds, operations, consultations, conferences, worked on my Biographies, held two Spanish sessions and after evening chow did about an hour's tailoring job making myself a tunic out of an old campaign shirt. Had a "call to quarters" about two oclock this afternoon when a Jap Naval contingent went thru on a sight seeing party.

Something has happened to my beri beri. Have been entirely free from any signs or symptoms until today when I noticed it was slapping my left foot again and on testing it out I find I can no longer stand on my heel again. I have some B 1 in my misettee bag and will start taking it at once. I thought my left leg was looking

a little bigger than the other and then again I decided it was imagination. I guess I just gotta eat more of that goddam rice.

--- CAMP O'DONNELL ---

More Filipinos left today for O'Donnell. I now know the story of these boys and why they play sick so hard and try to keep away from O'Donnell. Filipinos who are sick and who are invalided are either sent to a hospital in Manila or sent home. But those who are physically all right are sent to O'Donnell where they are put thru a Jap propaganda school and then are sent home to the provinces and are delegated to disseminate the propaganda among their people. Others are trained for the constabulary and are sent out to round up guerrillos. These people do not want to take up arms and hunt their own people. And moreover they know that if they go /82/ out into the Provinces spreading Jap propaganda, some guerrilla will cut loose on them sure as hell. Its a tough spot to be in. As far as I am concerned as many of them as can possibly put on an act is vera vera sick and disabled.

Newspapers came in yesterday and today. I guess there has definitely been some sort of a battle down around the Solomon Islands. According to this paper, Washington is preparing the U.S. for a casualty report that will floor em. May be so. Landing operations of that kind are always costly but dam it thats the only way we are going to win a war. The Japs have done it repeatedly. The losses in any offensive of that type are high but the question always is, was the objective obtained and was it worth it. Losses are to be expected. The sooner we realize that the better off we are going to be. I hate the idea just as much as anybody else but war is a tough bloody business and we've been too conservative and dilly dallying as it is, as far as we can see out here from our viewpoint.

Two Jap officers were in yesterday and talking with Sartin, he asked them why we were held incommunicado. They answered that they would be frank in saying that they were intentionally keeping us detached from outside news, good or bad. It was their belief that was the way prisoners were to be kept. Just a little ole Japanese Custom.

Thursday August 20.... Another day.... Have managed to fill in with some activity thruout.... the usual routine, of course, of rounds and consultations. More literary activity, and also some time for Spanish. But somehow, today hasn't been the successful day that some are. The success of my days is now measured by how well I can forget... how well I cannot remember... How well I can blind myself to what I want, to what I need.... how well I can efface from my conscious mind how sweet life can be, how heavenly earth can be. But one must either forget, or just fail to remember, or go mad - star wacky - prison balmy.

--- CLYDE WELCH ---

Some people are masochistic. Clyde Welch, for example, every day & night of his life he sits for hours, pouring over the same six letters he received from the States before the war. He has read and reread them so much he knows their every comma & semi colon. He insists on reading certain passages over & over aloud. Is /83/ Gods! No wonder he's all "popped out" all the time, and lives a martyr's existence. Clyde, incidentally is the world's most bromidic bromide. He uses an electric razor because it is the latest thing in razors. He plays golf because one just must play golf. Poor fellow!

Begins to look as tho our extra good chow for two days was that old proverbial flash in the pan. There hasn't been any meat to make soup stock for a week. Our vegetables are a handful of green gourdes and some tough grass. My foray recently let me

bring back enough for a meal or two and that has helped but hardly enough to last long. Our standby - Mongo Beans - are still not coming in. This mongo bean shortage is going to serious.

The wet season abates. Days may be overcast in part, there may be rain occasionally during the day or not, heavy thick storm clouds on the horizon most of the time, but the long, continuous downpours have left us for the past several days.

I finished up my mending and tailoring tonight. I have located some blue dye and am going to dye this new khaki tunic a Navy blue and also a full shirt and two pr. shorts. That means my entire wardrobe except for one old ragged khaki tunic & shorts. Wilder and poor laundry facilities certainly does raise hell with clothes - particularly when none of us late arrivals from the Provinces had any good stuff to begin with. These people who have been in Manila all the time still have all their gear. We are like tramps compared to them. Seems to me everywhere I've been since this war started, I have always been a tramp arriving somewhere where everybody still bathed, shaved, and wore pressed clothes. But on such occasion I have/always remained long enough to see them reduced to the bare essentials with me.

--- DUNKIRKING ---

I have done nothing but "Dunkirk" ever since the war opened, with the enemy always on my tail. I was bombed out of Cavite, just jumped the gun a little out of Manila, ahead of the pell mell retreat out of Olongapo by 12 hrs, to Corregidor suddenly and in the face of fast increasing air activity - and then - well, back to Manila wasn't a Dunkirk. I was brought back. And with each move, the war followed me. On arrival Manila the City immediately became the target for air attacks. At Olongapo, the Invaders moved in on us as soon as I arrived. Mariveles had its first air raid the day I arrived. Corregidor took its first taste of bombing the day I got there. And thus went the war.

With each move I have seen folks part with their personal belongings - destroy them or leave them and curse the exigency making them do so. I am glad I lost everything at the first go. Since then I have been cleaned out several times and replaced my essentials over & over, but never quite doing as well the last time as previously. A shirt or two from some dead guy, a pair of shoes from some deserted blown apart supply dump, a helmet from the roadside where somebody had dropped it and never stopped to pick it up; a piece of soap or two from ran sacking a discarded barracks bag - all of us who have /85/ found our gear at some point too much to handle and have thrown it away on our trek, should find some satisfaction in knowing that often, some poor guy with nothing coming along behind has benefitted and our efforts to conserve our meagre property was not entirely in vain.

The razor I now use was willed to me verbally before the owner died; the pen I write with belonged to an aviator, last seen in a PBX losing altitude and smoke pouring from her belly. The canvas bedding roll I now use belonged to an officer who was hog tied and carted off from Corregidor one night and nothing has been heard of him since. And what of my original gear? Well, I left out of Cebu in a bloody operating gown, a pair of khaki pants, my shoes, a steel helmet and a gas mask, a belt, pistol & canteen. At Estado Mayor in Manila I acquired two shirts, two trou, an extra pair of shoes and some toilet articles. I annexed a blanket at Olongapo but lost my shirt, shoes except what I had on. And my bedding roll never arrived in the bivouac area in Batuan. (I was sure it wouldn't. That is why I annexed a blanket. Lost my mess kit in Batuan. Acquired shirts & trou and shoes on Corregidor, and replaced my toilet gear lost in the first bombing of the 29th. Later I acquired as noted above, and also a bedding roll.

/86/ a

During Corregidor, acquired some soap, mess gear, musette bag and Commander's cap. Lost my pistol at surrender. Arrived at Bilibid with a razor and a comb and the rest of my musette bag filled with records, papers, one cake of soap, two shirts, two shorts, and a picture, and tagging on to it was my cap, extra pair of shoes and my iron hat. I wore my sun helmet. My bedding roll arrived O.K. with blanket, and shelter half and also my one item which I have managed to keep with me from the beginning - my Byrd Jacket and which has been a big source of comfort. I threw away my socks bag enroute. Since arrival here I have acquired a couple towels, two shirts and two pair shorts and a mosquito net, a couple of handkerchiefs and a rain coat. I also must add a mattress to this acquisition but it is only temporary. I certainly wouldn't expect to take it with me on my next move. The greatest loss I suffered on this last move to Bilibid was my accumulated food. I had looted enough cornbeef hash, canned tomatoes etc. to last us some little while, and I had packed it in a case and slipped it in among the military stores. But on arrival here, the Japs went thru everything and away goes my canned goods.

And so goes the war! I haven't had a dam thing since it started. I have watched groups trying to save and hang on to their dress clothes, fancy boots & so duds. It breaks their heart to leave their valued possessions behind. I didn't have the opportunity of even sorting out any stuff. I just got chased out leaving all. The next day a bush took all the rest. The pen, I acquired passing thru Sangley Point. The Aviator had shoved off in his plane and had taken everything he could carry. He knew he'd never make it back to Sangley Point. In passing thru I annexed his pen, with the idea of returning it, if & when we were still topside when it is all over. /87/ Months later I learned that that very afternoon he was last seen going down with his plane in a cloud of smoke. In the meanwhile, my heavy boots which I had left in my rat closet turned up on the feet of a Naval Officer who had spent the night in my damaged quarters, and I have since heard that one of my uniform caps is now in Australia and my binoculars in Cebu. Thus goes the war! Very communistic - everybody's stuff belongs to everybody else - which means nobody has anything - everybody has nothing.

--- PAYNAUD'S DISEASE ---

I was asked to examine Sawyer today. I had him in Camacao before the war. A confirmed neurosis with a long train of mental repressions and fixed persecutory ideas, resulting in a Paynaud's syndrome of a marked character. Everyone has yelled Duerghers Disease but the differential diagnosis can be made in this case. This is the second pronounced case in a male I have seen, and the first case was even more severe than this one. Illustrates the strong effect of the mental factor in producing somatic disease. It was a case of a young av. mech. at Pensacola Fla., who was taxi-ing a plane - the pump or in some way, the plane got speed on it and the stick back, and the youngster - d himself in the air with a plane he couldn't fly. He put her into a tree, killed - mech who was with him but did not injure himself seriously. He developed Paynaud's syndrome and was surveyed from service. Six years later I saw him in Boston and amputated his leg. His other leg & both arms became involved. He told us he had never known a day free from living over & over the fright of those moments in the air in that plane, and the remorse of killing his shipmate. /88/

Sawyer's mental state is based on his phoney medical status having "graduated" from a Diploma Mill, and his having been called to active duty and leave his investment in a Massachusetts practice, his pay not permitting him to maintain his establishment, his wife having to go to work (she was a nurse) and there was also a fear of war. He has progressively become worse & worse - and unless we can get him

safely herded home or the war ends soon, I wouldn't be at all surprised to see him lose his leg. The progress & course of his disease has confirmed our original diagnosis. He is today more than ever a confirmed Raynolds and not a Buergher's disease. A pitiful dam case. A fat soft white jelly fish type of male, trying to run a bluff thru life - not making the grade, cast into a red blooded man's atmosphere and thereby shoved more & more out of touch with his environment.

And now I will to bed - Lay the Body down.

Fri. Aug. 21/42:

---ST.M.---

StM. got thru last night. As a result I have some sugar, and today our mess actually ate a piece of fried chicken and a papaya. God knows it came at the right time. The good start the new regime made /89/ "died a born in". Today's ration per person was $\frac{1}{2}$ of a coconut, about 20 peanuts, 1 banana per person, and the usual rice. We haven't had any meat of any sort in our soup for a week. In fact, very little soup. Just rice. The chow smuggled in was good. Life saver - and I don't mean perhaps. Talked with her only a few minutes. All rumors to the contrary StM assures me there has been no offensive whatsoever down south. Of course I have known & felt that all along. Purely a defensive gave down there. That is self evident to anyone who has any insight into the situation whatsoever. McArthur is not an offensive fighter and the British have no intention of allowing anything to lessen their deficient strength. No more contact with StM for a while. She left this morning for other parts and will be gone for a few weeks. She didn't look well. Some signs of beri beri. I provided her with a liberal supply of B1. Several Filipinos have died since leaving Bilibid - heart complications of beri beri.

Hard day today - usual clinical stuff, the old literary game /90/ two Spanish sessions and in the meanwhile have spent most of the after noon investigating the case of young army guy who has apparently swindled two thirds of the prison out of money, watches, food etc. The more I investigated this thing the more I was inclined to punish the victims for contributing to the delinquency of a minor by putting temptation in the way of this 19 year old mental defective with a mental age of about 9 $\frac{1}{2}$ yrs. I am having Victoire examine the lad and see if I can't get him corralled into the status of institutional care. More for the safety of the rest of the morons than anything else.

---MICROSCOPE---

We now have a microscope but it isn't the Padre's. We'll never see that one again. He certainly queered that deal. This one we have is no where near as good a scope as the one the Padre brought in but it will answer our needs. We won't be doing any fancy tissue work. Blood counts, malaria smears, urines, stools and such. Should I find time hanging on my hands while incarcerated here I might refresh my lab technique a little.

I am glad I have never built up a lot of false hopes for /91/ an early extrication out of this mess. StM doesn't offer much hope with her news, which is real stuff. Her source is 100% and she has the cold hard spirit to report it just as it is, uncolored, and her own estimate of the situation is in keeping with the best logic. Her European news certainly wasn't encouraging but it was certainly in keeping with our previous ideas.

Another day of nothingness. How useless! How utterly negative this whole business is. Not much one can do about it. C'est la guerre. Raining like hell tonight. To bed.

Aug 22/42 Saturday.

---FISH---

Ugh! Fish ration. They sent us a slab of ice, and all frozen its entire length width and depth was a bunch of little fish about the size of a sardine. And that, plus the ice was our ration. The only way you could use them was to put them all into an iron caldron and make fresh soup, boiling up heads, tails, bones and guts. It came out a stinking mess - but it was soup. There apparently isn't any more meat in the Islands - for us. The Filipinos here now number 57, and they have a different food supply than we have - and eat better. They, at least, get meat for soup. Well, I didn't /92/ I didn't stomach the soup. It didn't get past my nose.

Cecil got some rice flour and I had two eggs and we bent up a bread-cake something (call it what you will) and it went off O.K. After that soup smell, the batch tasted swell. We got some acetic acid & salt and mineral oil and StM had brought in some garlic & hot peppers so we made a dressing and squirted it over the dry rice. Thus we filled the old empty gullet and along with 10 mgm of B Toxin, stalled off Beri beri another day.

--- THE WARRANTS ---

In the meanwhile, some semblance of a bank developed. Nogi comes in today and says our Commissary officer will be allowed to go out in town occasionally with a guard and buy for us. Well, that sounds O.K. but it brings up several points of interest. First, what do we use for money. Not only are we prisoners down to our last peso but the Filipino money in town isn't plentiful either and merchants are still shy as hell (as they should be) of this Jap Bayonet money. Secondly, it still leaves the buying in the hands of the warrants and places the control at the wrong end of the Compound. They are hand in glove with the non medical warrants and it just means that Pfeiffer, as good a /93/ guy as he is, (and he is the best one over there) takes first choice of anything acquired, and after the warrants' mess is supplied, we divide up what's left. Of course the reasons for this tail wagging the dog, the mouse leading the lion, syndrome existing here are two:

1st: A warrant is the warden, appointed by the Japanese.

2nd: The warrants have stepped in around here and practically run all the activities of the camp while two thirds of the medical and dental and officers set around here on their ass & do nothing. I saw that situation when I first arrived here and with all the additional officers I brought in, I tried my best to get Sartin to let me put an officer in charge of Sanitation, outside upkeep, Commissary etc.

/94/ But I couldn't sell that. Jones blocked that, I am sure. Consequently the control remained down there with ~~at~~ the mice when it should be up here with the rank and command. I talked with Sartin again today about this and suggested he himself try to make an excursion with Pfeiffer or have some one of rank with him and try to divorce this control of everything from that semi warden group. Im afraid it is again a case of a voice crying in the wilderness. As a result of Pfeiffer's trip out, we benefited solely in that, after the warrants had taken out their wanted stock, the rest was offered for sale. There were 4 papayas available for the whole camp. Everybody drew lots for the privilege of paying 50 centavos for a 10 centavo papaya. This buying privilege could be developed into something under the right guidance but Im afraid, as it is, it will just be another "store" fiasco as has been suffered here. Another instance of officer lethargy, incompetency, Defeatist attitude and the lack of an iron hand of discipline at the top.

Saw the group pictures Kusimoto had taken of us. They arrived here today. Have ordered a couple. There are some in the other smaller pictures I prefer to have and still have hopes of getting some of them. Incidentally, Kusimoto is still in town but has not seen him around here since that Sunday he took the pictures.

No Spanish lesson tonight. Ed & I both are a little on the low side to - /95/ night. And it is very close, and the heat intense. Flies & mosquitoes very bad. The night air is heavy and moist and one just drips and stews in one's own juice. A truly messy night. Practically everybody under their nets but nobody sleeping.

The Japs have served notice to the Wardens that they must stop the traffic over the wall. There has been an increasing amount of stuff being tossed over by the Filipinos. It is bad business, that wall traffic. It has not been worked with any discretion.

Pfeiffer on his return from town reports the Filipinos very resentful of all Japanese and Calaza drivers refuse to accept pay from Americans, saying: "It is my honor, Compadre". The Filipinos are openly defiant of the little yellow boys, and very arrogant toward them. They would come right up to Pfeiffer as he walked along with his Jap guard and say "He won't be with you long." - and point to the guard. The guard understood all was said but nothing was said or done about it.

Mr. Creves has recovered from his Dengue and is again back on the job. This Dengue seems to be quite severe in some cases, and really lays em out. I am quite sure I have an immunity for God knows I've been eaten up by the Aedes here but no reaction. After five or six attacks one does get a certain immunity. I've had my share of it in the last 15 years.

To bed. To sweat and boil and stew and then perhaps - to sleep. /96/

Aug. 23 - Sunday:

--- POLITICS ---

One year ago today I arrived in the Philippines. Much has transpired, but as I sit here tonight I can honestly say that I am exactly in the situation I expected to be at this time provided I was still alive. Fish heads and rice was plainly my destiny. My contribution to the McArthur political prestige. I was expected to come out here and just be taken. All a part of a great plan. Swell plan. F.D.R. Great going. But it isn't all so simple when our continued death rate still averages a daily toll which if continued will wipe out every American here in the next nine months. A nice outlook. HoHum! If I had my time to go over however, I'd still be here just like I am. Some people are just incurable damn fools I guess.

--- TORTURE ---

The sons-a-bitches beat up Chief Maas with an iron rod today and then made him sit on his heels for hours. I witnessed the whole thing thru my barrack window. It all occurred when a Jap guard went in Corpsman's Quarters and was sitting around. Maas took out his Ingersoll watch. The Jap remarked that it was no good. Maas replied that the Japs got his good one. Jap guard got mad and lugged him out to the guard house where they slugged him with the /97/ Iron rod and then made him squat in the muscle tiring position. The Bastards! Some day! Goddam it, they better had get me and plant me under in the next nine months or there is certainly going to be a few yellow bellied bastards that are going to learn what rank amateurs they are in sadistic specialists. No Jap in this world is fit to exist. They are a degenerate race to be wiped out like cancer, syphilis, and such. I'm going to spend the next

compared to them. Again and forever - Goddam em!

--- PADRE ---

The Padre was in today. It is quite evident and admitted that he can do very little. Certainly nothing like he started out to do. To date he has contributed practically nothing to the general good of the place. The great amount of supplies have never materialized. I have mentioned what happened to that. Some little contact with the outside is possible thru him but one wouldn't even try anything difficult or intricate thru him.

--- HERTHNECK ---

/98/ Incidentally I heard from Bob today. A Filipino named Francisca who has a boy friend in the prison camp at Cabanatuan had heard from the boy friend. She is in Manila. The boy friend is apparently a friend of Bob's up there. She was sitting in a restaurant in Manila and heard someone at a nearby table talking and learned they were getting something thru into Bilibid. She hurriedly scribbled on a scrap of paper "Bob Herthneck needs money. He says everything under control." Then she writes my name on it, addressed to Bilibid. She dropped it on the table of the speaker and passed out hurriedly. I got the note twenty four hours later. It was unsigned but I learned the source after a little while. I knew it was bona fide. That "under control" remark is a characteristic remark of Bob's. I could tell it was an authentic deal from that alone but I was able to check on it lots more. I was able to get a message started to him and on its way but no money. I am broke, too, but I am hoping to get some and have promised him half. I feel sure I can get it up to him.

Also learned today that the guerrilla fighting in the north continued to be firmly prosecuted.

Have worked on my Literary stuff today - Spanish classes as usual. More stinking fish today. Couldn't eat it. Just skipped it. Another day behind me. It might just as well not have been lived at all. /99/

Mon. Aug 24/42:

--- THE FILIPINOS ---

--- Isodoro's Generosity ---

Late last night a one Lt. Isodoro of the Philippine Army came looking for me. I had never met him before. He was captured eventually on Corregidor after getting away from Bataan, and was brought to Manila with the first batch of prisoners and was held in Fort Santiago for questioning until just recently, and then sent here. He has charge of the Filipinos here. in Bilibid. He is a real patriot and soldier. Even as I write this, I am still unable to explain last night's episode, but of course, I will learn eventually. One can't question too closely. One makes haste slowly with associates these days. He came to me and told me the guards had permitted his wife and baby to visit him, and his wife had brought him some things which "he wanted to share with the Commander". I tried to appear understanding as well as appreciative. As a result I got 8 small hen eggs, four bananas, two mangoes, a small piece of cake and a package of rice cookies. That would be a week's ration for me but of course I tossed it into our general mess of 5. After he had gone I tried to figure out what it all meant as I knew no reason for his looking me up to share his goods. Today I ambled over and talked with him. He knows Trujillio and has worked with him; he knows Miranda well. I am sure he does not know StM. But he knows Olympia /100/ and he has had recent contact with all these people he knows. There was no definite explanation as to why he looked me up but I am sure it is in some way related to one or several of those named. I am inclined to believe that more will develop with Isodoro later. I believe he has more to say to me than just this food sharing.

Lists! Lists! Lists! They are a habit with the Japanese. They always want a list made out for this or that, long lists, short lists, whether they make any sense or not. Late today they asked for a complete inventory of everything in the hospital and they want it by tomorrow morning. They will get it. This may mean that the real final turnover is taking place. Then again, it may mean nothing.

--- FORGERY ---

Today we discovered that the Field Marshal, in order to make his bango count come out correctly, has forged some death certificates and reported several dead to the Japanese, forging several Med. Officers' names to the certificates. We just learned about this by accident when the Japanese sent down a batch of Death Certificates to us to have us sign some copies. Naturally, we did not sign the spurious ones and recognized the forged signatures on the originals. Since the Field Marshal alone handles those things /101/ we just returned them to him for forwarding to the Japanese with a note attached that these copies cannot be signed as the originals are forgeries and the subject named people have never died. In the meanwhile, the Field Marshal is on the sick list - supposedly Dengue, but each time I have happened to see him he is just plain drunk. It will be interesting to see what develops now. There is an awful lot of truth to the old adage that if you give some folks enough rope they will sure as hell hang themselves.

Today has been no different from so many other days. It has been a hot bright dayday, a glaring day, and the old 'dobe buildings just simmer and sizzle like an oven. The usual morning rounds, two cases in Surgery this a.m., "Big Rounds" in Wd.2, two Spanish sessions, worked on the Biographies. There is a sameness to every day which could be maddening. A few show occasional signs of slipping and relaxing into a bomb whackey state, but on the whole, the mental state is satisfactory because of the great preponderance of inverts among us who are able to just sit - and do.

/102/

Not much rumor lately. Today/is narrated that the Japs are about to round up all the Russians here and that Japan and Russia are now at war. This is the third time we have had that rumor and always false heretofore. From most unreliable sources Germany has spent her force and about to crumble. We've had that one several times also. I am fully convinced that many such rumors are initiated by the Japanese. It smacks so strongly of the German method of propaganda, the old "build em up for a let down".

Our dysenteries and beri beris still die. We have improved the general mass of the sick but even at best, with our supplementary things, we are not able to produce a planned ration. None of us will ever be really well in our prison status.

Again I close out another day. Someday, if I look back over these pages I wonder if I will remember any of these days individually. Very few of them. But who wants to remember them anyway. But I have my list - Things I will remember - and things I will forget.

Tuesday, Aug. 25:

--- BILIBID REVERY ---

I think if we ever get back home again they ought to lock us up and graduate us back into civilization and association with people, that is, those of us /103/ who are able to readjust and show some promise of finding an unoffensive place among our former associates. But just to shake us out of a tree and hustle us back into a world that has since forgotten us and gone ahead into something we know nothing about, to

put clothes on us and make us look something like other people and turn us loose on an unsuspecting public - hell, that won't be fair to either one of us. We shouldn't be trusted alone with a knife and fork after all this time with nothing but a spoon and our fingers. To go for days and never have a shoe on your foot, a torn scant pair of shorts under sun and rain, to gather round a lugoo bucket and dip out your ration with a wooden stick, drink from a hollowed out coconut shell a watery slop made from a river weed and some tough gourds, to squat about a fire with some dozen practically naked comrades and heat mongo beans or boil a tenth run coffee in a blackened tin can - you can't do these things day in and day out, with nothing to look forward to tomorrow except this mud and /104/ heat and flies and stink, half-starved and yet not wanting the stuff that comes to fill the emptiness of your guts, you can't do this and then snap back into a world that couldn't ever believe that this could happen to us. To sit for hours by your messmate, in utter silence, and watch the sun go down behind the high white walls, thinking - and knowing that he is thinking the same bitter thoughts that you are - knowing that he too sits & listens for the boom of guns and the wham of bombs that could only mean the Yanks were coming, but knowing full well in your heart that day will never come; to sit and remember how thru the hell of shell and bomb torn months we sat and waited for the aid - which many of us knew would never come; and then, the news that everything must go to England, Churchill had been to see F.D.R. again - Americans were arriving in Ireland, someone had done a wrong way Corrigan with our convoy - God, how all that let our troops down! officers and men alike - yes, to just sit /105/ for hours in silence and think, and know that the scrappy silent half naked guy beside you who used to be a genteel, well set up nice appearing chap back in Frisco some time ago, is thinking the same thing too - our minds are bound to be distorted some - our concepts out of step with a world back home - it makes one wonder if he's missing much, if he really wants to go back to a world of neckties and pants and lambshops and scotch & sodas.

And then, to lie at night and fight mosquitoes, and feel uncomfortable and wonder if the discomfort isn't hunger, - or is it? and it doesn't take long to feel that you are forgotten - no longer a living part of the life back home. Still a memory, of /s course, for it hasn't been so long, but by now, friends, relations, even our creditor have by now come to realize what all of us should have realized long ago, how little imprint we make upon the sands of the time, how very little we matter in the scheme of things. We are gone - there /106/ was a trying period of realization and then - well, the sun still rises in all its glory out of the eastern rim of Chesapeake Bay, old Tidewater Virginia still lies bathed beneath the bright benignant moons. Spring comes, with the dogwood, may flowers and violets in the hills, summer at the beaches - golf, tennis, and bright suns. The sport pages scream base ball, and there are new musical hits for the season - autumn comes - rich in the golden crimson colors of the leaves and sky. Football. Colleges reopen & there is the fragrance of dry burning leaves in the air. Yes - life goes on very much the same. New names, new faces, new customs, take your place. To return to it, you would be ghost like - a spirit of the dead re visiting the realm of your past. You are there, but not a part of it. You are revered - but you are beyond the pale!

And lying there in the dead of night, seeing your pale moon thru the bars, or feeling the rain splash in your face, you can hear the knock knock knock as the carpenter works far into the night, carving out tiny crosses for the plot up /107/ under the wall in the upper compound. A figure appears at the door and silently walks to the nearby desk and lays a paper thereon, and you know it is the usual report - another one has died - and there will be more "knock - known - knock." And then you remember your ration tomorrow - 1/3 of a coconut, 1 banana, about 20 peanuts - rice! And maybe, if the stars are right - some stinking juice called soap,

wreaking with dead fish.

There is enough left in some of us to fight back and justify it all "for the flag", but there are many of us who know we are here because of a foul system, and the horrible truth that we are a soft soppy degenerate nation, that we have been sacrificed upon the altar of political prestige in behalf of a spurious ideal, a false premise; we are here as a result of ignorance, incompetency, bigotry and selfishness. We are here because of our misconception of civilization. The ideals set forth for man are swell - but the first criterion of worthiness for such ideals is the ability to recognize that man at large is not yet ready for the life we insist upon for him. Basically he is /108/ still a beast.

No, I don't think we should be thrown back suddenly into that world that we no longer know and which could never know and be kind to us as we are. Maybe I am taking in too much territory and limit my remarks to me myself. But looking around me I feel the same way about many others of us whether they realize it or not.

Today has been a miserable day and I've done absolutely nothing worth a dam. I think that last night I must have dreamed a lot about something or other - for I started out the day in a low frame of mind. I've been homesick as hell all day, and I've tried to tell myself all day that someday I will get back and every thing will be just like it was when I left, and there will be a full life of happiness and love and what I call the good things of life, have fought hard all day to believe that all that is not over, that there is more & more, but with the cold heart of a realist I come now to the end of this day and altho and about it all, I re- /109/ main convinced that all the good things of my life must be forever more in the memory of what has been, and only by their eternal living in my heart can they ever be known again. There are things which do not end when we consider them as over. They live forever as a part of us, and while we were happy in having lived them, in memory, they hurt us because in reality they are no more.

Aug. 26/ 42. Wednesday -

--- "GOLD RESERVE" ---

The day was born in grey and drab was the dawn. Another day of not knowing where night ended and day began. A typhoon worked itself up out there in the China Sea and by afternoon we were storm bound again with the wind blowing a gale and the rain cut loose in torrents. It grows suddenly cold and raw with such changes. Slopped thru the usual routine and spent most of the afternoon on the Disciplinary board. Found time to make some notes in my clinical notebook on war medicine. Have had several things /110/ today to give us some concern. The chief item today which drove us into conference was an order from our "friends", the New Regime, to declare all funds we have, U.S. Gold, Pesos, U.S. Treasury checks. Their explanation is that they may deposit our money for us and may even give us interest. They will let us have a little at a time for purchase purposes, but the main idea is to save money for us so that when we go home we will have some money. This all sounds very good, but when we recall that this is exactly what occurred on Corregidor and wherein we lost about \$4000 dollars in Gold, one is just a little leary. To lose the little available cash we now have can only mean one thing - starvation. For we just can't survive on the rations the Japanese provide, and instead of better, except for the first two days of this new regime, we are all faring worse and worse every day. The few little items we have been able to buy with our rapidly depleting currency, and the few items that have been slipped into us, have alone sustained us. The situation is truly serious.

/111/

Late this afternoon, Sartin has a chance to talk to Nogi about it. Nogi assures us that the idea he presented is bona fide but that isn't consoling by a hell of a sight. It is evident that this money goes into Jap banks, any number of which are opening up in Manila, and foreign money is being bought with our currency. However, he seemed to think that officers would be allowed to keep a fairly sizable amount. He again mentioned their plan to pay us but says he "I do not know how much they will charge you for your food", which indicates we are to be paid and then charged for our rations. That's O.K. if we can get the rations for the Jap Bayonet money with which they pay us will be no dam good for anything else. We held a caucus about 5 pm Sartin, Jose, Cecil & I. We didn't feel that we could advise anybody what to do about declaring possessions. As for us, we divided up our meagre remaining money so that none of us would have a preponderant amount, eventually ending up with us each having about 20 Pesos, half Filipino and half Jap Bayonet money. This we have declared, believing they won't do much about small amounts like that. Of course we are at a disadvantage in that if we continue to buy they will know we have held out on them so there isn't much sense in holding out. On /112/ the other hand, if we lost the money we are certainly in desperate circumstances. Doesn't look good any way you look at it.

Later this evening, I convinced the Senior M.O. that he better go up there to the Japs and let them know we are not a party to this falsification of bango. He finally did go up and tell Nogi of the irregularities. The Japs were apparently pleased and seemed to be glad we had mentioned it and it was apparent they were wise to something wrong. After all, the Field Marshal is out for no good and we can't afford to have any part of it.

Spanish classes today as usual. I understand the Japs have prohibited the use of Spanish in the Islands. Very interesting. Their cultural implantation program goes on apace. They are running Japanese language lessons in the daily papers. A contest for a national slogan was just won by a Japanese matron which when translated literally means "Let us further the co-prosperity sphere in East Asia by learning the Japanese language".

For some reason I haven't [been] interested a dam bit in learning their language I should, of course /113/. My best chance of getting into an army of occupation would be to learn some Japanese. But of all the languages in the world, there is only one I don't want to learn and that is the Jap. There is a psychological factor there of course. Eventually I will overcome it and learn something of it because I should, because it will help me and further my ability to actually oppose the Nippon influence. One can use their own language against them as well as for them. We shall see. I detest everything Nipponese so dam bitterly I don't believe I could ever learn it.

I made contact with the outside tonight. Still should be hearing from me in a few days. It will take that long for my message to reach her. She should arrive back in Manila in a few days. To bed. Nasty night.

Aug 27/42 Thursday.

It has stormed all day. Wind & rain. Last night it blew things around considerably. Somebody left the big doors open and I had a bit of rain in my face. Most of the night. Continues raw and cold and heavy overhead. A Jap Lt. Col. came thru today /114/

on some kind of a visiting fireman tour. Someone said later he was a legal officer. Talked quite a bit at the galley over the ration. They all do but never do anything about it.

---FIELD MARSHAL---

The "Field Marshal" was around today admitting quiet and being a martyr and very sorry for being such a son of a bitch. That's tough. I have impressed upon Sartin the importance of making a note in the log of the forgery incident and holding action over his head until the war is over. He is eligible then for a court - and should have one. A record of this instance is necessary. And it's a dam good cudgel to hold over his head from now until then. He is bad news. A club is needed.

---READING---

I have read a bit today. Got hold of a book - "H.M. Pulham Esquire", John P. Marquand's novel, man who wrote "Hovea's End", "The Late George Apley", "Wickford Point". Anyone who knows Boston knows lots of Pulhams. Anyone who has been around knows a few of every character in the book. And almost everybody who is honest and has been reared and lived in any semblance of our alleged modern conventional civilization /115/ will find a little of himself in this book - male & female. It is therefore an ordinary yard about very ordinary people. Reading has not been a strong point with me during these months. Books have been few, light bad, and dam it, I have had no desire to read and strange as it may seem, I haven't had time to read. Sounds funny but it's true. I have read a little, a book on Magellan's Discoveries, America Campaigns, Biography of Diamond Jim Brady, "Theres one in Every Family", "Mr & Mrs Conyat" /1/, Wm McFee's "Derelicts". I have a biography of Lee, Sherman, and Washington still unread. Have a volume of George Elliott's essays. Reading is O.K. when there is nothing else left to do. Do read a little technical stuff along from Cecil, Campbell, Wartasse etc. There just isn't time to sit down & read. When I am not working or writing or working on languages, I am busy doing laundry, mending, cooking or scurrying around finding food. But even so, time drags, and life is not interesting and is poor in everything fertile /116/ or worth while. It is worse than poor. It is barren. Very very dull.

However, we are in the mess & we must carry on and shrug our shoulders and try to rise above the humiliation of being smacked around en masse and individually by the yellow boys and if we cant muster up any real remaining self respect, we can keep alive our spirit of hatred and vengeance. It comes natural to some of us. I am surprised how it has come to predominate me. I have always been too cosmopolitan in spirit, too prone to see and allow for racial characteristics, too apt to see both sides and fail to have any definite feeling on any one side. Not so now. I have very definite views on some things now. I can hate like hell when I do hate. And I do hate now. I could kill 24 hrs of every day for a long time before I could feel satisfied enough to again attain my old benevolent state of mind toward mankind of the earth at large.

Friday Aug 28/42:

Finishing up today my 114th day as a prisoner of war. During hostilities, before Corregidor fell, I used to wonder how it would be to awaken some morning /117/ to something else besides the booming of guns, the wham of bombs, the blast of a projectile down a ventilator shaft, the smell of burnt powder, picric acid and blood. Well, I know now that one can awaken to worse things. And I can assure you that if I ever get out of here and have the chance to hang upon the wall a picture of our class (Bilibid 1947) it will never arouse within me any desire to return to my old Alma Mater for any anniversary class reunion, for I am sure, if we ever did come back as an old alumni group, they would sure as hell feed us burnt rice and water lily

soup or fish heads and that don't appeal to me even a little bit. Rainy and blowy all day. Everything soggy & drippy.

Word from STM today. Maj. Gen. Morimoto (ranking general here) leaves by plane tomorrow morning for Davao. They have some "high ranking" prisoners there. Identity of them I can't figure out. Cibu and Mindanao crowd perhaps. The 57 remaining Philipinos to leave here in next few days & released to home as "sick". /118/

Sartin had another conference with Nogi again today. Nogi says "So sorry - no meat." However, he insists that as soon as they can get organized, the hospital will fare better. We've heard that for so dam long that it doesn't register any more. Nogi says Japan nor Phillipines are milk producing countries so no canned milk forthcoming. Nogi says the plan is working out very slowly but eventually each of us will get 100 gms of protein daily. If this war isn't over before they get around to that, there won't be enough of us left to worry about. This rice, coconut, water lily diet surely isn't conducive to longevity. I believe even Mr. Mahatma Ghandi would agree to that. These water lillies are stalks of a marsh lilly that are about as big around as a green lead pencil and just about as tough and of similar texture. The native name for it is Kang Kong. It is this Kang Kong we dump into water and call it soup. There is no taste to it whatever and I imagine its food value is absolutely nil. A handful of weeds in water serves to wet down dry rice however. /119/

Early Spanish class today. Believe it is better to hold my classes early in the morning than later in the evening. Usual routine after that. Rumors came in again today. First in several days. From the Port Area we hear that we are taking Islands down south and in the Mariannas and Gilberts right and left. This has an old familiar ring. I can even remember when they were glibly putting out the recapture of Guam. Also hear that the Russians have launched a successful counter attack. Well - maybe I shouldn't be such a skeptic but after all, rumors are just rumors.

--- THE FORGERIES ---

The Japanese indicate that they want no more said about the forging of the death certificates. From where I sit it looks to me as tho Kusimoto and his gang were messed up in that affair as much as Gooding and the new regime may whitewash the whole affair and save the face of their own Kusimoto crowd. However, the "Field Marshal" is still in the Navy and forgery is a serious offense. Its a good club to keep over the head of a guy who can't understand any other kind of language.

Lists & more lists. Every day the Japs want new lists of some kind. /120/ Their last request is for a list of all patients, Majors and above "who are strong and VERY strong." Thats going to be easy. I don't recall any Sandows of any rank around here. You cant stuff rice & suck on a Kang Kong stalk and develop muscle.

Laid off elective surgery during this stormy period. Pneumonia is a deadly thing to court, with so much lowered resistance. Like our laundry we'll wait for a sunny day. Wilson folded up today with Dengue. Most of the staff is now in the upright but many still carried on the inactive list. Carey Smith just doesn't snap back. Think Carey belongs on the permanent invalid list. He seems washed up, but somehow I believe if something ever popped and I needed him he'd swing back on the job. A queer duck. Wade went under yesterday, but he'll be up & at em soon again. Al Smit looks better and has gained some weight. /121/ But he still couldn't stand any tou going. Ed Ritter still ails. Fever again yesterday. He just can't get well. Looks like hell.

The Goddam frogs are raising so much hell tonight you can't hear yourself think. Last night a big old hoarse throated grand daddy croaked and honked himself into a complete fatigue right outside our window in a ditch. You could hear him running down and petering out. But he certainly raised hell while he was going.

And now - to bed.

Aug 30/42 - Saturday.

--- FILIPINOS ---

"Tomorrow - Tomorrow - Tomorrow". Today being Saturday, in Japanese, the above means Tuesday. Was sitting over in the old stone building where the Filipinos are quartered, talking to Isodoro. Several of the boys were squatting about a low table, practically naked, playing "Diez - Veinte - Treinta" - (10 - 20 - 30) with a greasy deck of dirty worn out cards. It was raining hard and the place damp and semi dark. I was marveling, as I always do, how for hours and hours these natives can squat, actually sit on their heels in perfect rest & comfort. All have long quadriceps apparently. One of the Jap guards from "up front" came /122/ in with the news - "tomorrow, tomorrow, tomorrow, all Filipinos go out". All 57 remaining natives we have been able to list as "sick" and have given them some sort of Diagnosis and thus all of them will go out at first to some hospital in Manila and then to their homes and thus mess the propaganda and the constabulary training school at O'Donnell. Naturally they are very glad. Wonder how I would feel if I knew that in two days I would be free? However, being of the class '49 - Bilibid, Rah! Rah! Rah! I'll graduate a few years from now I hope - a finished product, no doubt - accent on the finished. Ho Hum! So what? As our old friend Omar chose to remark according to Mr. Fitzgerald -

"Think not lest existence, closing
Your account & mine shall know
The like no more - For the Eternal
Saki from the bowl has poured
Millions of bubbles like us - and will pour."

It has rained all day - hard. Very little activity around the place. Usual Spanish class in the morning, made rounds, stopped in & saw Wilson - not Dengue, looks more like an acute bronchitis. Also stopped in to look at Wade, Ritter & Smith. Ed Ritter looks lousy. All is looking better. Seeing Al Smith reminded me tonight that Alexandria has three next of kins of prisoners among us - Major King, Al Smith and myself. Incidentally, while scrubbing myself at our "Roman Bath" the other day, a youngster (corpsman) announced himself to me as from Virginia - Louisa. Louisa brought back memories to me of a hat after- /123/ noon two years and more ago, pulled up along side the road in "The Faithful" beside a corner general store just outside of Louisa and had a ginger ale highball, bought a couple of Ingersoll watches, and then South East to Richmond stopping on the way to drink cider from a roadside stand run by a little frackle faced lad and his sister. There is a lad from Norfolk here also. His forte is doing "talkies" with a guitar.

All kinds of rumors in the last couple days. The lousy is most optimistic. The boys here in the prison are again being hype-ed. They are now buzz-bussing over maps, locating islands, speculating on what can be, could be, probably and possibly is, and just having a great time getting us out of here in no time at all. It helps them - for a while - and when they sink back into the thorns of reality, there will be other rumors to lift them out. However, if they would lift their horizon beyond

their own nose, forget their own immediate environment for a moment and turn to a map of the Near East - Russia - and the Orient, and draw lines to indicate the axis positions and advances at present, I'm afraid they would hit a new low. It is really serious. We can still lose this dam war and prolong this dam stay for us in the reform school indefinitely.

--- RATION ---

Food problems still with us. Rice ration has been cut. Only 2 mo. supply of rice in the Islands. No crop can be expected for many months yet. Practically all the rice we have been getting has been coming in from Saigon and there doesn't seem to be as much /124/ coming in as heretofore. This business doesn't grow any rosier by the hour - When they start telling me they are running out of water lilies - that will be the pay-off. On some of these occasions when I have drawn the old belt up a little tighter and busied myself just a little more, or went to bed earlier, to get my mind off of being empty, I have recalled how from a small child I have been told how, during the Civil War, the South survived on a ration of a handful of parched corn daily etc. Well, I believe I could go a long ways on corn in the place of rice but I guess if it was good enough for Gen. Lee & Jackson, the short ration is good enough for me.

Tomorrow I must get busy again on my writing. Have slowed up a little lately. Haven't been putting out as much as I should on my literary stuff. Too many hours on Spanish. Again, to bed - which reminds me that I have had to change my toothpaste from Cashmere bouquet to plain coconut oil Casteel. Ugh! It doesn't taste good.

Aug. 31, 1942:

"Stone walls do not a prison make, nor Iron Bars a cage" - So hell they don't, and don't let Oscar Wilde Kid you about that, either. I guess I have just about soaring power as the next guy when it comes to flinging or winging or wafting /125/ me out of reality into the where I aint, but the futility of such mental meanderings has been very painfully and firmly impressed upon me too many times, and there are too many unhealed wounds in my heart to continually rub salt into them by continued spiritual aviation into the great outside. This spirit - aviation stuff would be O.K. if all the endings weren't forced landings, or a porpoise flop or a dead stick landing or something. Nope, Oscar, that dam whitewashed wall out there and those black bars that cast a hideous shadow on the stone deck as they stand out there as big as broom sticks against the moon do sure as hell look like a prison, and those little yellow bellied sons-a-bitches running around here in their droopy drawers carrying short rifles with a foot and a half of cold steel on the end of them aren't Hollywood extras either, just making up atmosphere and local color.

More rain and more rain. I even have a taste in my mouth like mildew. An American Naval artificer died down in the port area. The Japs are sending him in here for burial. In the meanwhile they are asking for an Army Medical Officer, 1 sgt & /126/ 3 corpemen for duty down there. More details about this later I presume. In the meanwhile, we have asked Maj. Breslin, the senior medical officer of the Army gang to designate the Army Per. Maj. Breslin is a smart alecky little Reserve Officer but he is the active senior and of course is the one to deal with. I can remember him running around at Bill Don's heels over on Corregidor when Bill (Breslin's Junior) was excec. Always reminded me of a red cocker Spaniel, only very ugly and not very much sense.

The Field Marshal is folding up a little sooner than even I expected. He has asked Switzer to take over his job. This run out was to be expected. It will be better than having the Japs remove him and there are many ways in which he may profit by such a move. However, the fact still remains, getting rid of him, getting him out of here altogether is the best thing.

More rumors today. From over the wall comes the word that Jap casualties are being received into hospitals in town with fresh shrapnel wounds and presumably they are from the south and coming in on ships. The port area is reporting a case of a Jap officer coming in from the south aboard a ship and on arrival here appeared quite battered up and hard used and he was very bitter - remarking that all the Americans on Corregidor should have been massacred. Nice boy, this guy. He's almost as blood thirsty as I am. Maybe we could arrange a little personal get together one of these days and "talk things over".

Routine stuff today - Rounds in A.M. - Spanish all morning. Taking a couple weeks out and plugging Spanish verbs. There comes a time in all language /127/ study when you have to settle down and get these verbs all straightened out. I have never done this with Spanish before, having always learned my Spanish from conversational methods and tactics, but I decided that this time, while jamming Spanish into these guys, I'd take time out and wrangle around with these verbs and really do the job up proper. And after all, I've got lots of time - One might say that I am majoring in Spanish, minoring in Japanese, taking a few hours of "domestic Science" (lab course only), a course in "Applied Economics". I don't know what degree this Bilibid has to offer. For our Class flower (Bilibid '49) I vote for Kang Kong (water lily). Incidentally our mascot here is a rabid dog. How appropriate. Even the dogs go "stir-whockey".

Knocked out a short Biography tonight. Have neglected that stuff lately. Must put more time into it. The Padre didn't come in today. He has cooled off considerably - in fact has completely petered out and actually accomplished nothing. Gestapo has him pretty well circled. Senile old Gent. No business in the major league.

And now - lights out time. Will amble out and sit in the cool for a little while if I can find a dry ledge along the wall. And then - To bed. /128/

Mon. Aug. 31/42.

A break in the weather - the sun got thru. Aside from this, today has passed like all other days. Have kept busy all day with my writing, Spanish, Disciplinary Board, read a little, and made the usual big Monday morning rounds on Wd 2. The cases before the Disciplinary Bd for investigation were insignificant cases which would never have appeared except for this P-B-I-C-K- Prince, Hede, who is the Field Marshal's Chief of Police. Hede is a good example of a no dam good for anything who got an appointment to the Naval Academy and suffered accordingly. We whitewashed the cases completely. Hell, this is a man's world not a dam kindergarten.

A truck got in tonight with some food "for the store". Soon after, the Sgt. of the new group here sent for Martin to come over to the store. The new regime is just beginning to find out this sub rosa store is operating. It has come to a show down as to what this store is to be. It has always been an outside personal activity of the Field Marshal's and his crowd. However, this new Regime accords more prerogatives

to Sartin and now, this store has either got to be legalized & allowed or else go. Sartin is recommending to Mogi that the Japs put in a store of their own here and that would really be the best. In the meanwhile, until the store situation gets cleared up, we are not/allowed to send an officer out to buy for us any more. Have been expecting this to occur /for/ some time. Frankly I believe we would fare better if the Japs ran the store themselves.

The truck has been passed thru by the new guards because they "thought it was stuff for the Filipinos, who are allowed to have stuff come in." This favoritism to the Filipinos has been in evidence at all times. In fact they are fed by a separate mess arrangement & have been getting meat right along. All the Filipinos leave here tomorrow and we will probably realize then that many of our favors have been possible only because of the Filipinos among us.

Medical detail got away to the Port Area today. Altman & Bernstein & 3 Corpsmen. Altman has failed at every job he has had since the war started. I expect him back here "sick" very shortly.

Tuesday Sept 1:

A clear day - and cool, and as evening came the long shadows of the sun, the feel of the air was like early Autumn at home. Things continually arise now to remind me of home. My only salvation is drive! drive! drive! All day! Never have a free moment. That could be desolating. Surgery renewed today with the clearing weather. Usual rounds. Spent several hours unwrangling the subjunctive mood in Spanish, worked on my Biographies, and have rummaged a bit over some poetry, a volume of which has been recovered from the scattered wastage around here. Found several of my old Familiars in this volume - "The Last Leaf" - "Vivamus, Msa-Lesbia", "No sun Tuulis erum sub negro Cynarac", "Barrell Organ" etc.

The last of the Filipinos left today. Isodoro came over to tell me good by and left me a kilo of sugar. All Americans here now and I'm afraid we are in for a squeeze. The general set up doesn't look good. In spite of all the talk and spoken intentions, the fact remains that we are still deeper in the throes of a food deficiency. Beri Beri still with us & deaths continue to occur from it and general malnutrition.

The Manila Paper of today, gives one reason to believe that the Allies have been air hammering Germany considerably, and it also appears that Hitler isn't expecting to gain much decisively this winter in Russia. Japan also admits 10,000 Americans in the Solomons. Same Rumor meanwhile, reports Americans in New Britain. We learn from working parties coming in that the Japs are now looting Eng. & American /131/ homes in Manila and taking out furniture etc. It still looks to me like a long tough haul.

Three more American Colonels arrived here today from the north, one of them an American Army Medico (Gillespie). He was in command of #2 in Bataan. I knew him just when he was Exec at Sternberg. They think they are on their way to Japan - and probably are. Col McCullough died today. Cancer Colon. I was quartered with him for a short while at Topside.

Sartin is asking the Japanese to relieve "The Field Marshal" as warden and drop him back as "engineer" on the hospital staff. Sweitzer is recommended for his place.

Sartin & Jones were invited up to the front office this afternoon "for tea" and it turned into a chow. Kusimoto was there, Togonaga, a Paymaster and the New Regime including Nogi. They got a good meal I understand. No particular scuttle butt. scandal or news brought back.

Was asked to see Sawyer late tonight. He developed Dengue with Temp 104 and for 4 days foot improved greatly. Then he went completely nuts. Today his temp. dropped to subnormal and his right foot went completely blue and ischemic. Other one doesn't look too good either.

Spanish Class tonight with Ed. Verbs verbs verbs! But they must be mastered. Once over that dull part and it will be O.K. again. He is doing damn well. And now, to bed.

Wednesday Sept. 2/ 42:

Christ what a long day! Overcast, & tonight /132/ rain as usual. Pysick arrived here from Cabanatuan for a few days. Brought me a note from Bob. He has had Beri Beri and has been jaundiced. Didn't say a word about getting his bedding role but mentioned getting my last note. Of course he still needs money. I am still unable to get my check cashed, but I have other money possibilities I am working on now.

--- DR. NOGI ---

A Navy Line Captain came thru this afternoon on an inspection trip. Just another one of those "visitin' Fireman" trips. About an hour later Dr. Nogi decided he would go thru and see all the patients - and did - every one. Nogi is just out of school three or four years ago and seems clinical minded. He studied in Germany which really marks him as a better trained, better schooled medico than those from Japan, where the course is very meagre, much below our standards and on the whole very poor. After inspection, Nogi stayed for evening chow - the mess would have been crowded had we all sat around our little table so we let Sartin and Jones do the honors. Rice - a gourd soup which had all the appearance and taste of garbage. We had some bananas, and they opened a can of sardines and Cec made some coffee for them. Quite a feast. The only trouble was, I didn't get any chow at all so I am just a bit empty tonight. However, I doubt very seriously if I could have stomached enough of the stuff tonight to do me any good anyhow.

The high lights of Nogi's conversation can be set down as follows: He said that /133/ while radios were prohibited in Manila/he was allowed to have one and he listened to Japan, London, Germany and U.S., and then didn't know what the hell to believe so what the hell good was his radio anyhow. The Kid is more honest than most of them. States that he didn't expect any war between the US - Japan until about last Aug. Then he thought "relat. was a bit strained". Has no idea how long this war will go on. Gave us some assurance that we will have a legalized store here. However, we insisted it would be useless unless we get money.

Sartin managed to get a word in asking for our Dental Officers up at Cabanatuan. Nogi reacted favorably. The matter of replacing the "Field Marshal" by Sweitzer was taken up and will probably be favorably acted upon.

Got my copies of the group pictures made here several weeks ago. The ones I was most interested in turned out poorly so Kusimoto reports. But I believe there are prospects of taking more later.

Our census tonight is 562 patients. Our maximum was 991. That was right after we arrived from Corregidor. The freeing of the Filipinos, deaths from Dysentery, Malaria, Beri Beri and general malnutrition have reduced our number in spite of our additions from Tyabas and the Port Area and other outlying concentrations. /134/

Worked over some Spanish this afternoon. Same old Subjunctive mood. No class today however.

--- COMMUNITY LIFE ---

It is interesting to watch the tempo and general attitude and tone among our officers here in our barracks. Community living comes natural to some people. Some learn how to successfully adjust to it. Others are wholly unfitted for it and will never learn how to successfully and happily live it even tho they are kept at it for a hundred years. Some love it. Some like it. Some don't mind it. Some can take it. Some hate it. Some can't survive it. Men are more clanish than women under a community life, women are more naturally community dwellers it would seem. The most serious conflicts that ever really arise here is some such question as to who wants the lights out at 9, or who wants to get up at 5 & rattle around making a noise, or who will use what stove, or "my bunk is under a leak and his is not. But these insignificant things can certainly assume momentous proportions in the minds of this bunch of caged male humans. There is no general harmony whatsoever. Everybody is grouped in small neoses [?] - chirography not clear; may be "areas" or "enclosures" and keep to themselves very closely.

--- CECIL WELCH ---

Cecil in his philosophy has spoken the terse words explaining much of their grievances - says Cecil: "There are some people who have failed to observe that there are a few simple basic principles which make the world go round, and failing of their cognizance continually stir an otherwise smoothly boiling kettle." This sounds like Cec'. He has certainly reduced life to the lowest common denominator. There is a lot in what he says

Cecil is moody - one of the moodiest people I ever saw. It is not noticeable to those who have not lived /135/ with him, because he is not a euphoric person who grows quiet under moods or growls and howls. He is a "rumbler" who becomes absolutely silent. In either mood he thinks to clear conclusions. It is enigmatic to speak of him timely and then recall the complexities into which his irresponsible activities at Canacao precipitated him before the war. The war saved him from serious plight, for one must admit, Cec' was certainly delinquent in financial judgement and where obligations were concerned. Even so, I like him, Goddam it, and of all the people here, if I had to choose a personal comrade - just one - for the rest of the war - I'd choose Cec'. As I write this he sits over on his bunk studying Japanese, as he says, "for want of something better to do", and in hopes that when they choose the Army of Occupation, they may give him a preference for knowing a little something of the lingo. To date he says he has learned that "a cat has a beard" and "a Fox catches chickens", neither of which helps him very much to date.

Speaking of "expressions", I found a word in Rupert Hughes "George Washington" which more aptly finds a use in our present life than any I have seen lately. The word is "myth-mill". With all the hundreds of fantastic absurd rumors that flood us - "myth-mill" is a swell word to know.

Sept. 3/42 - Thursday:

Rain - wind - usual routine - another day - let us hope, nearer life, and let us hope, we will still find some semblance of a life as we knew it a long time ago. There was a lot left to be desired in the set up of life back there before the war in our country - but one is a fool to expect any better after the war - but there was an individual happiness to be had there at home before I came out here. I had learned that. I had at least found how /136/ to be happy. I had found what I needed and wanted - All that I needed and wanted. Fascism, Nazism, Communism, Democracy, Socialism, these were all just terms and dreary states, all savoring of good and bad. The happiness I knew in my own world could not be assailed nor lessened by any of them. But will it be there when I go back? I am afraid to expect it. For I know from experience and my knowledge of the world and mankind that if I do find life as I left it, it will be the unusual.

--- SURGICAL SERVICE ---

Made my rounds this morning, then stopped in and watched Ed do a bone plating job on a tibia. Did a swell job too in a very workmanlike manner. I felt just a little glow of pride as I stood there watching the boys work, in the fact that I have been able to establish this Surgical Service and actually have some real good constructive work going on. For we are doing a really good job of reconstruction on these cases and not letting this prison time be completely lost to these boys. Many of them will be rehabilitated by the time they get home, others will be well on the way, others saved from more radical and permanently disabling procedures, and in other cases we are actually saving their lives. There in that dingy little room, a far cry from our white tiled beautiful clinics where the presence of a single fly produced a cry of horror from everybody from the bed pan rustling orderly to the Chief of Service, we are turning out a brand of work that compares favorably with the best. And it is good for the morale.

Looks like we are going to have to move. The word seems to be passed down from the front gate that the Japs want 25 Lt. Comdrs and above to move up into the big building at the front gate. This is supposed to be a friendly gesture /137/ but I still am a little leary of being up there in such close proximity to the Japs and jailors. I'd prefer to stay down here in the prison yard. The further I am away from the Bastards the better I like it. Nogi is behind this, of course. The other night when he was in here he asked Sartin where was his bed. Sartin pointed over to his board platform on which he sleeps. (The Japs would never let us have beds. Only patients can have beds, no matter how many are available).

Nogi asked him if he would not rather have a steel bed. Sartin is one of those who would be uncomfortable in a bed if the rest of us couldn't have one and told Nogi the board job was O.K. Nevertheless, I think Nogi didn't lose sight of the fact that Sartin ought to have a bed. This move up into the big front building would give us some private rooms. Well, I can't say that that is any great inducement to me. Of course, I am peculiarly constituted in that respect. As far as sleeping is concerned, give me ten minutes on the floor of a boiler factory and I'll be asleep. My greatest interest in a private room has always been in that it permits me a freedom of action at day or night to follow my whims or activities without disturbing the other fellow who isn't so blessed as to be able to sleep in the presence of a light or with a typewriter going or papers rattling. Just when the move is to take effect we do not yet know. We know it is in the wind, and Sartin believes it will be soon.

--- PROVO ---

A draft from Corregidor arrived tonight. Two groups, Filipinos and Americans. Eighteen were admitted to the sick list. /138/ Six of my Corpamen arrived in the morning. I will turn them over to Sartin who has arranged with Nogi to keep them here. Also with them came Callahan, and incidentally, the ex-1st Sgt. - Provo - the son of a bitch who went Japanese on Corregidor. That bastard will go north if I have anything to do with it. He and his Buddhism can do no good for us here. I remember only too well his dam insolence and the Thompson incident is always present in my mind, for it was Provo who had Tommy bound hand & foot and lugged off to Bataan. We heard they shot him. There is some question about this, however, and I once heard he had been seen in Bataan at a later date. Provo must not be forgotten and must be dealt with at the right time.

--- NEWS ---

The Corregidor crowd brought all kinds of radio news. If it is all true it sounds good. The Corregidor crowd has been listening to radio all the time. In general - Stalin says Hitler will be licked by 1st of year - we have 6 of the 8 Solomon Islands - naval victories down south, Jap Navy now running - we ruined convoy off Guinea, Our forces winning now in Guinea - now bombing Timor - Amer-Jap troops successful in China, Russia staging a come back - ships are seen & heard sunk off Corregidor - Germany being terribly bombed, - greatest convoy in history reaches Eng. & loss of 7 ships - American planes & Tanks out doing German makes in Russia - Hitler tells people to expect worst winter in history - tells Japan she's gotta do something. And much more.

In the meanwhile the Manila News reports either Admiral Togo or his son, foreign minister in cabinet, are resigning. There is a lot of this stuff flying fast and furious around camp tonight. Everybody takes a new lease on life. The Yanks and the Tanks are practically here in the minds of many tonight. Incidentally, /139/ Domei News is reported to have announced that "Fighting in the Philippines is to be expected soon". Well, it may be, but I still doubt that. But I'm glad I've still got my iron hat, anyhow. I may have need for it if the "myth-mill" has hit the jack pot this time.

Spanish class tonight. Verbs - verbs - verbs. However, it must be done. And now - to bed.

Sept. 4, 1942 - Friday:

Raining. The season should be closing, and it is petering off some.

--- GORDON ---

Today, the Corpamen, 6 of them, from Corregidor reported to me and after interviewing them I officially turned them over to Sartin & this command. They all look good and have been eating well. Corregidor has fared much better than we have in all respects. I was allowed to keep Gordon attached to me as my own boy. I have plenty for him to do. He is an O.K. lad. I knew him in Mariveles before the war and have seen him regularly all during the hostilities. He is a dam good boy. I remember him coming in off the Vaga, dirty ragged and unshaven, the Vaga crew working the ship night and day ducking bombs. He was always cheerful and seemed to thrive under it. I came over from Bataan to Corregidor on the Vaga one night and saw him then. I asked him how he was getting along. He allowed O.K. for the time being and every thing swell so far - but he sort of smiled and repeated "So far". After the surrender, he was at the Concentration Camp at Bottomside. I felt that he had taken a heavy shelling all during hostilities and I approached him about bringing him /140/ in to a better detail. He allowed he was doing O.K. and he didn't mind the going down there and believed himself better off for a little manual labor. He's a good kid.

Book II: 8-1-42 to 11-13-42

Our men continue to evoke praise & awards from the Army. Two of the Corpsemen arriving brought letters from an Army officer on Corregidor, testifying to the splendid work the men had done among the prisoner sick. I have endorsed all the letters with the recommendation that they be filed in their jackets.

A young Army Corporal was turned over to me regarding his story and report that the Senior Army Officer on Corregidor was turning over information to the Japanese he should not give etc. I talked with the lad and after hearing his story and knowing the officer very well, think it quite obvious that personal grievances are at its base. The officer is a little man - and like so many little men, has a "Napoleonic Complex". He is bombastic and quite puffed up with self importance and has a personality which naturally makes every officer & man on the rock hate his guts. He had already begun his pompous swaggering long before we left there. But the information alleged to have been given turns out to be one of those things that he couldn't very well help but tell - it being information as to whereabouts of fuel and oil on the Rock etc. Under circumstances better to just tell it. It has to be done by every body in our present state. With all his /141/ faults and as much as I, with many others dislike the man, I feel sure we have nothing to worry about as far as he is concerned as to which side of the fence he is on. However, in our game, all is fish that comes to our net and one must listen and hear many reports and stories that are of no pertinent value in order to get a grain of useful stuff.

--- PROVO ---

Provo has gotten himself securely ensconced in a job up at the front office with the Japs. I was sure he would. That son of a bitch will never reach the states alive. I understand he has done quite a right about face of late. No matter how much that Buddhism pervert about faces, he had good American blood on his hands to answer for, he is Jap & German at heart, he is a seditious, disloyal, traitorous Sgt. who is not American in spirit in this war and this must be remembered and kept alive in memory by every one of us. Our too lenient and lax system will not punish him in accordance with his crime. It must be done by those of us who know him for the nasty treacherous louse he is. He is worse, to my mind, than Hori. At least Hori is a Jap. This bastard is supposedly American. The Japs on Corregidor loathed him as a traitor and a no good. They used him, of course - then had him cook for them and serve them as a menial and their loathing for him was manifested frequently in public. Nobody (not even a Jap) could ever see anything in him that isn't foul. /142/

Sept. 5. Saturday -

For some reason I am so sleepy tonight I cant hold up my head. Have worked all day but that shouldnt make me so dull.

The President made a speech today it seems. Rumor has it that he remarked that "all fronts would be under control by the end of this month". And also that if the Japs didn't feed us and treat us better as prisoners, he would start reprisals on the Japs they are holding back home. That sounds Rooseveltian - He & Eleanor & Mr. Knox certainly do talk a lot with their mouth. They should have learned by the lesson the Japs gave us on Dec 8, last, that bluffing isn't in order. And this threatening stuff is a swell way to cut our throat a little faster than it is being out. However, the real truth of the matter is, the Japs threw so much static into the broadcast, nobody heard a thing.

--- St.M.---

St.M. is back in Manila. Our contact, however, for the time being is completely cut off. We must wait for a break. I have nothing to pass along to her of any importance and I doubt if she has anything of importance to communicate, except to give me the facts of what is going on, which I have often reminded her is better left unreported just for curiosity & academic interest's sake. I knew of her return by a prearranged signal - a marking on the truck bringing in wood. I have watched for it every day. Today it is there.

Too tired to even think. It is but 8:30. To Bed. /143/

Sept 6/42 Sunday.

Thanks for the memories! It was swell while it lasted - that life that reeked of "Old Spice", Sherry, American cigarettes, "Old Faithful", and love. Thanks for everything - sunsets on the Mansemond after 18 holes of Golf - twilights along the York in Summer - Cold crisp nights under the steely blue moon of old Tidewater in Ole Faithful! - The rains and snows we've driven thru, dinners at Dan's Log House, Ma Smiths at Yorktown, and our breakfasts at Shore Drive Inn - The Skyline Drive in late Summer - Carolina in early fall - Thanks for the Memories - Thanks for everything

Sept 7/42 Monday.

Labor Day. There is only one labor day I remember. In Carolina - several years ago. It was the day we tried to go fishing but the weather was against us. That was the day the old 70 yr.old Pop Beasley was bragging about his new born babe. I remember his blue blue eyes. I took a picture of him and later Jane sent him one.

Three weeks have passed and no padre. I never expect him at all now. All the Philipinos are gone and it was evident that his interest lay entirely with them. It is just as well. He was of no value to us anyhow and would probably have caused us more trouble than done us good. /144/

I passed up the soup today. They sent in some meat but it was foul. The soup stunk like Corregidor the day after the surrender. The stench of decaying flesh, human or otherwise is just the same.

Nogi wanted to know the English names for all the Surgical instruments we have, so he came in today and I had to go over the entire lot with him. Of course, we havn' a hell of a lot but when you start out alphabetically on an inventory of any operation room and have to explain to somebody who doesn't speak your language (and you dont speak their's) calls for one hell of a lot of pantomime.

There has been a considerable boost of morale here in the prison since the Corregidor bunch came in with all their news. There hasn't been anything since, but the stuff they brought in was enough to last a long time. Most of it came over the propoganda station of KGEI but it certainly did listen well.

Made the usual big rounds on Wd 2 this morning. Cases look good. That is my star service over there. Give the boys a big hand. An orchid for the lads.

Tonight they brought in an American /145/ prisoner who got away from Bataan & Corregidor in a Banca and made the China coast. They picked him up in Amoy or there-

abouts, and brought him to Manila and have had him confined at McKinley. Brought him here and he reports 3/4 of the Jap troops are leaving; Luzon tonight going north, supposedly "to invade the U.S. via Aleutian Islands". The story is so fantastic and in parts far fetched that not only do I disbelieve 90% of his yarn but I also consider this guy as worth watching. He also reports that Clarke Field was bombed by our planes last night. Possible, but hardly probable. I'll check this guy very carefully.

--- LUZON LANDINGS ---

Nogi came by our quarters late this afternoon after he had finished his "nosing around" among the property. Sat and talked for a while. Talking of the war he mentioned that he left Japan for here November 20, (the peace parley was still going great guns in Washington) and landed at Antolinan on the East Coast of Luzon. According to his story they met with some resistance, for he speaks of being wounded on landing and several near him being killed. They left Japan with the expectation of losing 50% to get 50% ashore. That is a very reasonable expectancy for a landing party but they didn't lose any members landing on Luzon. I do not know of any instance where they met any actual resistance to landing. However, Nogi leaving Japan Nov. 20 was a Johnny Come Lately for we have found diaries on Jap officers killed in Bataan showing forces having left Japan for here months earlier than that. Japs had actually landed and were ensconced in coves along the Bataan coast /146/ before Nov. 20. When I was making my prowar reconnaissance thru Bataan, Japs were already infiltrated into that area.

--- NOGI ---

Nogi got to reminiscing a little while sitting here. Remarked that now in Japan it is autumn and the leaves are turning brown. I remarked that it was that way in America, too - in Tidewater Va. There was a long silence after that and none of us spoke, but some moments later after a noticeable silence, when Nogi arose and quietly remarked "I go now - Sank you - Ooo by." I knew that all three of us has momentarily traveled far - Sartin to his land of live oaks covered with Spanish moss, in Southern Louisiana, Nogi to the Island of Honshu, and I - Tidewater, land of Ban, Romance and Rebellion, Land of the Elizabeth, James, and the York, the Rappahannock and Potomac, - my home.

Spanish session tonight - a long one. Ed hasn't been feeling well lately, however, and he hasn't really been putting in the time on Spanish that he should. However, we can't learn and absorb or concentrate any where near as much here under these conditions as might be normally expected. I know I can't cerebrate long nor do I savvy well or acutely. My eyes have perceptibly failed. I have worked under inadequate and very poor light ever since the war started and that, coupled with prolonged absence of Vit A in the diet, general avitaminosis, and living /147/ for so long in the semi-darkness or underground, all have contributed to seriously mess up our vision. Wilson found a box of spectacles at Bottomside on Corregidor and fitted me out with a pair which were just about my best correction and they have helped considerably but our lights are so poor even here, that to work at night or even late afternoon contributes a noticeable strain. I suppose I should "out Nathan Hale Nathan" and say "I am glad I have more than one eye to give for my country".

And now, to bed.

Sept. 8/42 - Tuesday.

"Carthage delenda est". So our ex-ambassador to Japan, Mr. Grew spoke, in referring to Japan. At least that is the substance. What he really said was, that Japan could not be starved out, that the idea of attrition wouldn't work. Japan must be

destroyed - the Japanese must be annihilated. Mr. Roosevelt, Gen. McArthur et al - take note. However, it comes back to the old fable about who will bell the cat. The annihilation isn't an easy thing for us to accomplish. We have been "militia minded" and "militia dependant and expectant". It has been aptly, and only too correctly stated in a volume published in 1926 "In every American war the patriotic laity has revealed a cowardice and panic that are inevitable when rabbles of well meaning souls find themselves in the presence of an organized enemy. The nation has lost its tens of thousands of lives and risked its very existence again and again from its addiction to militia. If children were taught a little more of the truth and a little less of the flapdoodle they would not be so easily victimized by the claptrap of politicians and the pious hussanias of /148/ the professional lovers of 'peace' which nobody loves better than men of higher and reasonable minds, but they realize that it takes strength to maintain it".

I have never wanted my boy to have to take up arms, but I have always wanted him to know the fundamentals of war that he might have reasonable chance for preservation in war should it come and at the same time contribute some service. I have always expected our Government to provide ships with a reasonable expectancy of survival and victory in which our boys must fight.

I remember some years ago while at a formal dinner on the Island of St. Thomas having to rebuke very strongly my host - a professional lover of peace who had baited me all evening as one of the military. Such pusillanimous ilk as my host of that occasion, were he still alive would be yelling to annihilate the Japs. Thousands of us would bell the cat if we had a bell. Years ago we should have annihilated such professional "lovers of Peace" as my erstwhile host. We would not have to bell any Jap cat today.

However, as it stands, I agree - "Carthago Delenda est". It may take years, but it must be done. Nothing short of complete annihilation of the Jap empire will suffice. /149/

The working party came in tonight with some more radio news. Another commando raid on occupied France, 7 German ships caught on way to Africa to supply Romel, Russians still hold Stalingrad, Americans & British bombing Holland, Fighting in New Guinea, we still have air supremacy there, Port Moresby raided again, no losses reported.

Rumor got abroad this morning that Finance Commissioner Rojas had reported the President as saying in his recent speech that the Americans would occupy the Philippines by Nov. 15. The Japs don't seem to be worried a hell of a lot about that and in not packing up any gear on the strength of that one.

Ed Nelson went down with Dengue this morning. Jones is also laid out with it. I hope my hard earned immunity holds. Have worked most of the day on my personnel reports of the war. Begins to look as tho the final total will read 17 missing in action following the fall of Bataan, one killed in action aboard the Canopus and one killed in action during the invasion of Corregidor. All 17 of these missing in action are believed at this time to be prisoners up north at the concentration camps.

Book II: 8-1-42 to 11-15-42

---PROVO---

Provo has been visiting Hogshire here today. Some bastards are such dam fools. I'll put a stop to that. Fraternizing with a Budhist homosexual traitorous son of a bitch isn't to be condoned. Hogshire is a Horras Ass any how and always has been. Which reminds me that Provo's arrival here has dug up the Thompson affair anew. The latest /150/ information would indicate that Tommy was shot. The reports continue to be conflicting.

In any event, Provo was responsible - a Sgt in the Amer. Army - a Jap sympathizer - immediately after the surrender, becomes a Jap handy man and interpreter, oppresses his American Officers & men, preaches Jap culture, and because an American officer reminds him he (Provo) is still an Am. Sgt and amenable to Court Martial, Provo has this officer hog tied hand & foot & lugged off by the Japs - and never heard of again except by rumor. Other reports - just as reliable, have him shot. Any American associating with that son of a bitch should be court martialed. To curry favor of such a louse is a crime.

The mosquitoes grow worse every day and not more than a third of the personnel here have nets. Flies we come to endure, mosquitoes just get worse and worse.

Dr. Ashton who came in with the Tyabas gang has been quite sick for a long time. Today I opened a rectal abscess for him. More comfortable tonight and his devers down. Rectal bleeding his greatest complaint. We will irrigate the cavity with Emetin. I believe it is amebic in origin. Once more - to bed.

Sept 9/42 Wednesday:

Another day. Very little to distinguish it from all other days. The usual rounds the usual slop to fill the empty spaces, the usual desperate attempts at keeping busy so that the barbs of sweet memories and longings won't creep in and sap the old morale. Did some Spanish reading and writing in the morning, had Wilson back at Spanish /151/ class tonight. Ed still sick. This afternoon I worked on the recapitulation of personnel and made another sheet showing formal disposition of all troops after the surrender. Can account for everybody but one & he is probably up north.

The Port Area reports today that the Japs have now forbidden all intercourse between Philipinos and Americans. The Philipinos however, when they come near Americans will start singing and give out any news they have made up into a song. Americans loaded a ship last night and 1500 Jap troops and equipment left here suddenly.

Have read some, today. Got hold of Longstreet's Book, "The last man around the world." Light interesting reading - on the comic side. Otherwise, can't say the day has held a thing worth commemorating. I have long since ceased to give space to such common instances such as chronic evidence of national innate ignorance, arrested development and lousiness of a people with whom circumstances insist that I mingle and have ever before me and under foot daily.

Sept 10/42:

Amputated a leg today - Sawyer's. First saw him a year ago and knew then that some day if he hung around out here I'd have to take a leg off him. In fact I'm not so sure I won't have to take off the other one before it is all over.

No news nor rumors today. The working party was kept under very close /152/ close surveillance today and not permitted contact with natives. Dry rice only was allowed them to eat. As a result of this no contact working order the working party came in empty handed tonight and miss their usual bit of Papaya, cucumbers, fish, a few eggs etc. They are getting tough.

Have done very little today. I couldn't go the stinking soup today so I slept most of the afternoon to dodge hunger. Tonight I wrote a little Spanish and had Wilson in a class session. Ed continues sick. Charley LeCompte also down now with Temperature. Jones continues bed ridden.

--- PERMANENTLY DISABLED ---

The Japs are now asking for a list of our sick Americans who are "permanently disabled" and those who will be disabled for the next two or three years." Immediately an interpretation was placed on this in the effect that they are doing something about returning them to the States. I am afraid the wish is the mother of that thought, too, and I consider it as just another list they want for their innumerable, useless grammar school variety of statistics. The Red Cross ship destined for the Philippines and for which the Japs at first gave permission to come, never left Frisco as the Japs changed their mind at the last minute. /153/

I expect very little help from the functioning of any international R.C. In fact, as I see the situation now, in spite of Nogi's individual attitude, we are to fare badly, and worse. Our toughest period is yet to come. Some facts which point that way are:

REVIEW
OF THE
SITUATION

1. Food in the Island of Luzon is getting low. 2 mo. supply of rice, 3 wks ago. Ships not getting in & out owing to our blockade.
2. Wider separation of natives from Americans limits our subversive source of food supply.
3. Reverses are producing a reprisal attitude in our captors.
4. Too many prisoners here to be turned loose in event of losing Philippines. Some disposition has to be made of them. What? The simplest and quickest isn't nice to think about. Another possibility - well, I don't want to go to Japan, either.
5. This maintenance of the Geneva Treaty by paying us is being taken out in talk. We are to be without funds. American Gold has become such contraband it can't /154/ it can't be cashed easily any more. The Japs are apparently waiting us out. They know we have more gold than we declared recently. They aren't going to deal us any bayonet money until our Gold becomes more evident where they can get hold of it.
6. In spite of talk and inspections etc., our food has become less in quantity and poorer in quality until now we are living almost entirely on what we can smuggle or buy ourselves. The old squeeze is on. And there is every evidence it will continue.

Sent 11/42 Friday

Boone & George went down with Dengue today. Shoved Wilson and Hagan into #6 to take their place. Carey, I have joggled him out of his lethargy to exercise a little active control over there. Made rounds and executed the usual routine. Sartin and I alone are left as non victims of Dengue. Here's hoping our immunity holds.

--- "CAPTAIN INCE" ---

The Japanese reported this afternoon that Ted Wallace (Capt Ince if you please), a Lt. Reyes - (Philipino) and two egts, will leave for Japan tomorrow. The reason behind this is not evident. It is of interest that Wallace is a broadcaster, one of the enlisted men is a radio man. Looks like a publicity stunt & propaganda job from Japan. An intelligence officer was in the front office when the announcement was made this afternoon. When Wallace was first captured and brought here he was worked over considerably and kept in solitary confinement at Santiago. He had done some propagand broadcasting /155/ and had, of course, not been any too flattering toward the enemy. On Corregidor, on "The Voice of Freedom", our propaganda station which we ran from there, Wallace did not perform but had a stooge broadcast for him as his whereabouts was kept secret. His real name is Ince, and as Capt Ince U.S.A. he got by for a while, but 5th column stuff so riddled us that it was inevitable that his identity would be known.

We are also expecting a prisoner draught from the South - (Mindinno - Cebu etc)- and "high ranking officers" at that, so the report goes. That probably means General Seals et al, taken there on their way to Australia. There should be some Navy in that crowd too, and some Army Nurses who were marooned there. The last plane load which left Corregidor, crashed up while landing and Australia never did see fit to send another plane north to take them off altho there was plenty of time and radio reported a clear way at the north end for days.

Rain - Rain - Rain. It has certainly been a wet wet season this year. Bataan would have been a mess. Our troops would have suffered more, the enemy being able to relieve their front lines at intervals, and their supply lines in better terrain. However, there was never any idea of mine entertained that we would go thru a wet season in Bataan. There was too much evidence to the contrary.

Speaking of Bataan, the Japs have asked for 20 Army Corporamen with equipment to /156/ go to Bataan for a 20 dn. detail. Just what for is unknown. We have heard that they are building monuments over there to the Japanese lost at certain points, building roads, and it has been reported that there are still areas littered with dead to be cleaned up. There isn't much left but bones of any remains out there by now. Whatever the purpose, they are to go.

--- ST.M. ---

A passing incident today, I did not fail to notice. While I sat nearby, Sartin was approached on the physical condition of a patient (one leg off) named Sanchez. It seems that Sanchez is being asked for up in the front gate office for duty. Sanchez was a go between for St.M. on previous occasions and has been mentioned to me by her previously. He is a Mexican and has been here in the Islands for some time. I see this move as a front gate contact in process. Just how she is working it I don't know at this time. I must wait until the system is established & I am approached I have an idea St.M. has made contact with him via "the hole". Also it makes me believe Isidore has seen her.

I learned definitely today that B is no longer to be allowed to come in here. The Gestapo have hauled him up short as part of their present plan of rendering us absolutely incommunicado. This bit of information I have every reason to believe originated with StM. Which leads me to believe more than ever that she is trafficking thru "the hole". She is playing me safe and letting me severely alone so /157/ far, which means to me she is not yet sure of her ground. And also taking my advice.

The Japs are without doubt bearing down on us to completely isolate us from the Philipinos and the outside world. There is a decided falling off of news or rumors and over the wall traffic is now practically a death penalty. Today a guard observed a prisoner moving to a native in a tree outside, threw a cartridge into his rifle and would have fired but the prisoner ducked among a group near by and lost himself. The little extras in the way of food, brought in each day by returning working parties missed, even tho the cost was terrific. More & more we are thrown back on the issued ration of stinking water filled with grass and water lillies and burnt moldy musty rice. Our "store" gets in practically nothing any more. Donations from people outside are no longer allowed. That was a privilege granted to Philipinos alone and was discontinued when they left.

Have been in a slump for the past two days. Wrote a little Spanish today, made some notes on a Biography and read a while. Tonight, had a long Spanish class with Wilson. He is a savvy boy as to construction but poor on pronunciation. Careless in speech as are most of us Americans. While reading some more of Rupert Hughes "George Washington" today, I ran across his letter to Martha Custis, written from Fort Cumberland /158/ soon after he & Martha were engaged. It was so eloquent in its brevity but fullness and "all said" character I could not help but note it down in my notebook.

--- WASHINGTON ---

But how different it is from the voluminous, wordy, and complicated syntax, passion and tumult, which mark his letters to Sally Fairfax at the same period. I disagree with many critics as to the why and wherefore of this - or rather I will say, the critics do not go far enough. Of course, no one who has ever read their correspondence now extant can ever deny that Sally was the one love of his life, and he married Martha - But - Georges letter, so eloquent and expressive in its simplicity and brevity, the letter so often quoted and referred to in any discussion of Washington's private life, was of its nature different from his letters to Sally, not really so much because of a difference in his heart as because of the difference in the two women.

Martha was plain, housewifely, buran, poorly educated (George always did her writing for her) and he wrote to her in that plain simple vein as one would write to a child. Sally was well educated and she herself scintillated with her pen in the flowery expressions of the day in both French and the King's English. George wrote to her accordingly, and no doubt, learned much from her in the art of chirography as of throwing the phrases around, altho he never did develop a respect for prepositions, and continued all his days, apparently, using them for periods. I claim this to be the chief reason for the difference in his letters to Martha & Sally because in so many other respects he did everything possible to convince Martha that she was the "O" & "O" that had it /159/ been proper, he would have thrown it high wide and handsome in ink in Martha's direction just as well. George may have been a very honest little boy but he outgrew it and could maintain a fast one in his adult life the same as any other politician - or gentleman - or man (or woman).

--- JAP GUARDS ---

The new Jap guards are entirely too "sharing". Ever since they arrived their curiosity and innate racial habit of borrowing has worked overtime. They are natural "borrowers". Just for the fun of it. They will borrow razors, mirrors, pens, pencils, rain coats, try on your caps, helmets, shoes, gaze for hours over your shoulder as you work on a typewriter and wonder at its miraculous behavior. They are continually in & out of our quarters now - Last night after everybody turns in - lights out by curfew, in clumps two of them, into the galley, turn on lights, upset everything in their "bull-in-a-china shop manner of placing a frying pan over a fire and with more noise than a regiment of skeletons on a tin roof proceed to fry eggs and dine - (How about a fried egg dinner - you bring the eggs). This clumsiness isn't appreciated to any degree by any of us but it hardly seems the time to lift them by the seat of the pants & the nape of their neck into an ash can. But the day will come. And I'm sure as hell gonna get an awful lot of satisfaction worked off so I won't have to remember so much so bitterly. All off my chest (lot to get off, too, damn) and then go home in a sweeter frame of mind. And now Ye old bunk - a bone fide original Bilibid Bunk, mintage of 1942 - a screen door and a couple of saved up /160/ refecters covered with a field bedding roll. Ye tango suona. Buenos noches! Hasta mañana.

Sat. Sept 12/ 42.

--- SIKIGUCHI ---

Sol y sombre - sunshine and shadow - and rain. The usual morning rounds and routine with the added detail of furnishing more lists to the Japanese. This time they want a list of all bed patients with diagnoses. They have hundreds of such lists from which to get such data. Every day a new list of some kind. This particular list is for Sikiguchi, Major Wickedness, the harassing insulting prasecox - laughing grinning son of a bitch who thinks everybody should learn Japanese. He arrived here yesterday and gave Sartin the usual going over. Sartin in his quiet way reminded him yesterday that he had no intention of learning Japanese, that he, Sartin, did not fix the policies of his country but like Siki he carried out his country's orders. Sartin also reminded him that such conversations were unfair since he, Siki, was a captor, he, Sartin, a prisoner, and there was a limitation on the prisoner's reply. I have an idea Siki liked the retort. Siki was very sarcastic when he asked - "What do you need? Food? The last word was accented and /161/ followed by his usual guttural heinous laughter. My first retaliatory measure on this low bastard when and if the time ever comes, would be to put him in a monkey cage and lock him up for ten complete 24 hr. days with the following diet:

Carbohydrate	0.00
Fat	0.00
Protein	0.00
Vit & mineral	0.000

That is plenty to sustain all that is worth sustaining in that stumble-bum. And I want his sword. Nogi came trundling in soon after Siki had gone and wanted to know all about the visit, hoped that Sartin would cooperate well with Siki as Siki was his boss and on the high staff down town etc. - left 2 pkgs of Chesterfield cigarettes to sort of smooth over everything. Then Nogi trundled off to get the three Americans & one Philipino off to Japan. They left this afternoon.

---CAREY SMITH ---

/162/ Over in the next Barracks, Carey Smith is the news digester, commentator and refurbisher par excellence to the amusement of the crowd. He can take a choice rumor and by the time he mauls it over/and throws it back into circulation, Pal, it's a honey. Of course, he isn't averse to whipping up a little satire in some quarters. For example, recently the rumor was about that Port Moresby and Darwin had fallen and McArthur was enroute to New Zealand. Carey in his best mid western twang in imitation broadcasted:

"My Friends will be glad to learn that I have established my headquarters in Little America, where for 50,000 pesos a year I will train an army of Penguins to ably defend the country - McArthur"

Then came the rumor that Romell had surrendered. Immediately Carey explained it - "McArthur was in the Mediterranean." Sweitzer heard Tokyo news broadcast today. No news however. Spent most of their time crying "where is the U.S.Navy!" That sounds like a come on or a cover upper to me.

Worked on a biography this afternoon and did some Spanish history writing. Good practice. Has Spanish Class for Wilson tonight. It wasn't exactly pleasant and thin we can temporarily dis- /163/ pense with these lessons and vocabularies dealing with steaks, salads, soups, vegetables and wines. One of the requirements to hurdle last night's lesson was to write out "un lista de comidas dando todas las comidas que le gustan especialmente." Well, I got thru the castillas de cuerda, patatas asadas y salidas de tomatas y caballas con lechuga, vinagre y aceite con sal, but when I tried to get over tomates friadas I quit. I was drooling. Just turned the page to escalera, balcon, excusado, y cuarto de baño.

--- RED CROSS ---

Well, don't know what to think about this new wrinkle. Kogi, early today said something about seeing the red cross for us and telling us we were to get a volley ball, basket ball and soft ball. (We can't eat those). Then, later in the morning they move in a piano I hear. While we were at chow tonight in comes a box from the Red Cross in which we find 9 tooth brushes, 6 cakes of soap, 4 towels, 15 packs of dhobie cigarettes, two cartons of matches, 5 undershirts, 5 shirts, one suit of overalls, 1 pr. dungaree pants, 5 tubes tooth paste. Our problem is to divide that bird dropping among 900 people. /164/ However, it is significant that anything arrived at all. They have previously denied us any Red Cross contact whatsoever. I am inclined to think this is a trial balloon and may mean the opening up of more Red Cross contact. On the other hand, very often these pitiful demonstrations of generosity on the part of our captors is the salving of some severe denial or reprisal measure. One certainly is leary of a Jap bearing gifts.

The pittance will go to the patients of course. I certainly would like to have one of those tooth paste tubes. I don't think I will ever like Palm Olive or Ivory or Fels Naptha tooth paste. However - the patients come first and it will be a hell of a while before I get a luxurious mouthful of Ipana, Squibbs or Listerine. My brush is about gone too but I still have 8 fingers. (I don't think the thumbs would work so well as tooth brushes). /165/

Curfew time - hot night - mosquitoes bad - nothing to do about it - To bed.

Sept. 13. - Sunday.

Services today in the wards and al fresco under the trees. This is a new concession here altho they never did object over at Corregidor. I attended services in wd 6 at 10 a.m.

A hot close sultry day with the ceiling low with heavy thunder heads. It does this all day now, and rains like hell at night. Sweitzer heard States Side news. It was encouraging, if true. However, within an hour after he had reported I was receiving such reports as "Rommel surrenders" "Rommel sues for terms" and then it grew to "Hitler sues for Peace". Of course that rumor hops up ever so often and was about due. Roosevelt seems to be promising Japan a dose of bombing soon. That's when they put the squeeze to us. We are certainly sitting in a tight spot. I feel like I've been living on the bulls eye ever since this news began.

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Have written considerable Spanish today. Knocked out a biography, and made an official chart of the personal citations and commendations received and recommended for my troops during the campaign. The percentage is high. For example, out of about 93 corporals thirty odd have been personally cited for gallantry, and in some instances the same man has several commendations. It is a good score and one any command may be proud of.

More school child bickering in camp. These guys sound more like split tails in their teens during their first 6 mos. of boarding school. Ordinarily a good gripe or growl is healthy and could be cured by a rough liberty or a "72" but this sophomoric whine stuff is from the type that wouldn't know what to do with a good liberty if they had the opportunity. To be turned across the knee and their behinds paddled would be punishment in kind, or maybe put to bed without any supper. My mamma use to tie me to a table leg when I needed dignified disciplining.

Sat on Disciplinary Board to- /167/ day (speaking of discipline) Usual offense - and one which I can't see holding any element of crime except that they got caught. Traffic over the wall is forbidden. (By the Japs) We go thru this form of attempt to curb it to keep it out of Jap hands. But the men must cooperate more. They are getting caught too often. I have instituted measures to help that.

Sept 14/42 - Monday.

Another hot humid day. Last night, about 30 prisoners from Cabanatuan arrived. Looked to be in pretty good shape. They don't know their ultimate destination but they believe they are enroute to Bataan as a working party. Another idea abroad is that this working party to Bataan is to excavate the destroyed tunnels and ammunition dumps over there. This is very plausible. There is still steel and metal of all kinds out there. The Japs have just about stripped Manila of all metal and such and they are probably after the scrap in Bataan.

Conditions have improved up there. Their death rate is now about 7 per day. Understand that that bunch of boy scout civilian guards who passed thru here recently are doing guard duty up there and there is much strife between them & the army. They can't get along somehow. (Just like our Army and Civilian agencies). A bayoneting is reported as occurring - one of their fracasas.

--- DUAL CITIZEN ---

This little interpreter we have with us now, Yokushiji has lived in the States a lot and /168/ he told us today that he had a dual citizenship - Jap-American and just happened to be caught in Japan when war opened. He still hopes and expects to return to the U.S. to live when the war is over. He seems quite unconcerned and feels very satisfied that he can return with impunity and everything be o.k. as before this fracas. If he can, and does, and such conditions persist in our country which permit him to do that - and like it - I don't want to stay there. And I certainly never intend to fight in any more wars for any such policy holding country. This little guy as an individual is O.K., or has been to date, but he is at heart, by blood & breed Japanese and therefore our natural enemy and the antithesis of all we claim to be & the kind of which he is is incompatible to decency of life on this globe.

Incidentally, Sartin asked Nogi today again, why we are held so severely incommunicado. Of course, I have known the answer for a long time but today was the first time we ever got an answer. As Nogi says, we are in a foreign country and it is the Jap policy that Amer. prisoners in a foreign country are kept that way. Were we in Japan we would be allowed more outside contact. Of course this is to reduce the American influence among the natives they are trying to indoctrinate. Very smart of course, and the thing to do. We would do well to put a little absolutism into our /169/ policies for self defence. We wouldn't be toasting our heels in prison camps and being slapped around all over the South West Pacific if we did. The old fire fighting with fire is a good, well proven adage.

A couple of "visiting firemen", whom I think were Jap warrant officers came in Today To look around. They asked Sartin if he was anxious to get back to America. Sartin says "Yes, after 2 years out here, I am ready To go". The Jap says "Better chance". And that was all. And now dope that one out. Ill bet if I tossed that morsel to the Boys out there in the bull pen they would haggle and haw over it and when I got it back I'd have seventy different interpretations of it. The wishful thinkers could get a lot out of those two words, and the chronic defeatists could make replies sufficiently poignant as to start a dozen fights.

Personally, I just skip it. If the guy meant that we had a chance of getting back any time soon, its pffle, for experience has taught that all Jap assurances of an early return to the states for us is always based on their own belief that we are about to fold up and the Jap victory is practically in the bag - just around the corner. And they believe it, too. The Japs have a propaganda system that completely lulls the troops into the absolute belief in the /170/ invulnerability of Japanese arms.

Having mess kit troubles. I made the big mistake a few days ago of dipping up some soup from the gasoline tin without smelling it first. The result is that soap, water, and boiling hasn't eradicated that ten days old smell of a slaughter house from my canteen cup. Every time I take a drink of water out of it I think of Salome and John the Baptist, and a book I got in Shanghai, all about the sadist orgies of tossing raw foul rotted meat to caged prisoners in China and watching them fight over the guts and gizards. It certainly isn't "Old Spice" and attar of Roses. I think Ill bury the cup for a couple of days in the ground and then boil it to kill the worm eggs it will probably have.

Five Generals and about 25 Colonels arrived from Mindanao today. Old fatassed (and fat headed) General Seals was among them. Understand Mrs. Seals is in Davao but I think that is probably wrong as I have definite information that the captured women have been brought to Manila already, including the Army nurses who were on their way to Australia when their plane cracked up. This came to me by "the hole" from Leach, with whom I am now in fairly frequent contact. Mrs. Seales, the wife of the General, had no more ~~dam~~ right out here than any other wife or dependent. And she was underfoot and a dam nuisance from the very beginning. Her place in that plane going South could have been used by some valuable officer or man for evacuation & retaining him active & fighting. When the families, servants, yes men, /171/ loblolly boys and "aids" were all provided with space for evacuation there wasn't any room for troops with something to contribute. McArthur, Sayre, Quezon, all set excellent examples, and were the worst offenders. Then came Seales and a long line descending in rank and rate sufficient to make the ultimate defense line more of a refugee camp than a fighting outfit.

--- HOT NEWS ---

This gang up from the South had some news, of course, and it sounds "hot" but I can't forget that the experience on Corregidor was that the poorest source of information was that same group. According to them, Gen. Drum has replaced McArthur and has been given until Nov. by the President to retake the Philippines. Also "Major" Roosevelt and his Marines have taken the Gilberts, and Marshall Islands.

I understand Jack Slain is with this bunch. Jack was with Cheek in Navy Intelligence. I haven't seen him but I hear he is with them. I remember when he left Corregidor by sub headed South.

--- MRS. NORTON ---

The contribution we received recently and which we understood was from the red cross, we now learn from Nogi, came from "an old American woman" and we identify her as "Mrs. Norton" who has been very solicitous concerning American Prisoners ever since Manila fell. So that turns out to be less of an indicator than at first believed. However, San Tomas continues to fare ~~dam~~ well and they are eating well and are very comfortable and satisfied. This /172/ comes to me thru "the hole". The civilians at San Tomas and the Army & Navy Nurses are receiving every consideration, it seems. Naturally I am glad to hear this but I know very well it is the insidious ingratiating, face saving, character making effort of the Japs which accounts for it. Proof of this lies in the repeated requests of the Japanese for written testimonials by Americans stating how swell they have been treated. As they put it "I do not want the testimonials for publication but just for my self." Some Americans do it. The Field Marshal wrote such a one for Kusimoto here. A U.P. correspondent here with us has been repeatedly solicited for an article. To date he has done nothing on the grounds he is allowed to write only for U.P. and so far he has gotten away with it.

--- 8 BALL ---

I have never been able to figure out or understand just why it has been that our Medical Department & sick have always been the poorest cared for in every respect than any other class of prisoner. We have been more poorly fed, and granted less privileges and more severely policed, rifled and robbed than any other outfit. /173/ It may all emanate from the prime Son of a bitch Sigimichi who seems to be the big boy on the staff of the Medical Dept. Whatever the cause, the fact remains, that thruout the entire area we have been behind the 8 Ball and have taken a shellacking. It may be the old "Line & Staff" stuff, for our own Line certainly hasn't been of any help To us.

8-1-42 to 11-13-42

Have worked on the Citation and award sheet today, and got interested in my Spanish story which I am writing and thus put thru the afternoon after making rounds in the morning; with my big rounds on wd 2 and the rest of the morning seeing consultations for the medical service. Tonight had a Spanish class with Wilson. He progresses well.

Tuesday Sept 15, 1942:

The usual routine of the day. The same chores, the same effort to keep every minute occupied that thoughts will not come, that memories can be ignored, that hopes will not be born to rise too high and "like Hebes fall upon the 7th day". That quote is from Tennyson's Princess and speaking of /174/ memories, that quote alone could call up many. The years I played the Prince in that opus will never be forgotten. It was my greatest dramatic success. Not that I was ever a Barrymore but I had my Thespian moments. Just before leaving Frisco I remember making a record of "Absent", accompanying myself. I remember "Tears Idle Tears" from "The Princess" to the same tune.

---ATHLETICS---

Worked on my Spanish Opus much of the day. I am finding time however to get some physical exercise every day. What physique I have left I mean to keep it at tops for if the day ever comes that we do get out of here, I want to be O.K. for snapping right in. I get a ten minute setting up work out every morning and LeComte and I do a base ball act every afternoon and finish off with ten minutes of setting up exercises. I enjoy physical exertion and exercise when there is a game involved, but frankly I hate exercising just for exercising and just because it is good for me. But I drive myself to it every day. Keeping in as good a /175/ trim as possible is our duty as I see it. One must be careful how ever as most of us have had some heart edema with our beri beri and all the more reason to do graduated calisthenics in hope of restoring tone. Competitive athletics at this stage of the game could be permanently damaging or even fatal. I certainly feel better as a result of this daily routine and as long as I am here I hope to continue it. I can never expect to develop any great endurance while I am kept on this diet, but I'll have my optimum power with what I have to work with.

--- PROPAGANDA ---

Today I received copies of the propoganda literature which the Japs are using thruout the Islands, and perused them. I have had others and their leaflets which they dropped from planes. These, on careful examination can best be summed up as manifestly untrue in substance by 1. Over assumption, 2. braggadocio 3. wilful falsehood. In the first two instances they take an essence of truth and pull out the loud stop and step on it. In #3. - they invent, and /176/ and wilfully give mis-information. On the whole, these pamphlets are very poor examples of propoganda. They are written in a manner which suggests high school compositions and poor psychology is used in the "talking down to" style. There is a distinct lack of understanding of the soil in which they wish to sow, because the Philippines has a well informed populace, even into the hinterlands and the Jap overplay of substance and words lessens the value and force of this propoganda considerably. Some of the titles are

- (1) Address to the Filipino people." This is the typical politician yell of the "My Friends" type, and has the substance of "We are here for your good, not ours".

- (2) "Essays on the Coprosperity Sphere." This is apparently a series of prize essays written by children in some school for imbeciles or by adults with minds of the above. In fact, we know the source is from the latter. This opus serves very well as a gauge of the degree and type of mind of Nipon. It is devoid of any adult reasoning.

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- (3) "Greater East Asia" This extols the virtues and capabilities of the Japanese people and their accomplishments. It is the 100% egotistical ranting of the inferiority complex which characterizes the entire nation. It is the chest beating, strutting, spluttering euphorisms of a defense mechanism overworking. The opening lines are:

"When, on December 8, 1941, Japan completely destroyed the United States Navy ---- "

This quote, I am sure, is enough to convince anyone of the pure rot of the rest. It is a giant wind balloon made of dam poor rubber and very thinly stretched.

Information from the Mindinao contingent I noted today. Commander Tisdale and Lieut. Bullock were killed. Tisdale was met by a party of Japs on the road and on his attempt to get away into the bush was wounded in the leg. He hid in the bush, the Jeeps went on. Later, a Morro stuck a knife into him to get his gun. Bullock was accused of planning an escape after capture & was executed - beheaded. The other American prisoners at the Davao Prison were asked if they /178/ desired to witness the execution. For some reason, no one did. Johnson, the officer we were trying by general court when the war began, and Layman (who should have been tried on the same court) are both in Davao jail. Dr. Cohen got away to Australia, the on medical officer in the area (except Adams) to get away. And incidentally, he was the last M.O. to arrive out here, just before the war broke.

--- BULKLEY ---

The Jeeps went thru that gang like a highway robbery gang. Even stripped officers of their underwear. Young Kelly in the torpedo boats got away to Australia. I had heard this before, and also that he had returned to the States. Bulkley got back to the States, I know, and was given the Congressional Medal of Honor and has since returned to sea. Bulkley is a real hero. Cold steel with a brain, courageous but careful. No foolishness. A dam fine man & officer. Everyone would follow him. I would place him as #1 among our Navy out here in this theatre of the war. Understand they made him Lt. Com.

There seems to be some question about this General Drum rumor and his taking over from McArthur. I never did accept that as good dope. Must wait on that one.

These Generals and Colonels who are here from Mindinao are on their /179/ way to Japan or Formosa. They are allowed to take an orderly. There is a practice extant just now for them to ask for officers as orderlies. Slain (a reserve (JO)) is now acting as Dog robber for one of them. This might be o.k. from the standpoint of taking a friend along with you but it can't help but let us lose a hell of a lot of face in the eyes of the Japanese and lowers their respect for our officers in general. It is a lousy practice and to my mind should be discouraged. It all revolves

about my long held and expressed contention that our officers are not officers because they are, but by the consent of Congress and a bit of gold. The lion is King of the Forest because he is a King. No officer is an officer solely by the consent of Congress. No real officer would Dog Robber to dodge an exigency of war, when it would endanger the integrity of his Service.

--- PROVO ---

Provo has been expressing his ardent desire to go to Japan with this draft. He remarks that he fully expects us to be in American hands in a few months and he feels he "could be of greater value to Americans in Japan". The Buddhist Pervert, Mr. Provo, no doubt sees much writing on all walls. /180/ With some change in the trend of the war, it does appear likely that the complete Japanese victory expected, believed in, and hoped for by this Bastard, may fall short about 180 degrees. Mr. Provo must be quite aware that the betting is 10 to 1 that he will never reach the U.S. alive in event of our ultimate victory and release. And even should he do so, he cannot help but realize that there are those of us who have no intention of permitting the Department to remain uninformed as to his record. Mr. Provo is making tracks toward his very best move. In the meanwhile, he approached Sartin with this idea. Sartin was non committal. However, we all feel it would be the best move at present for the greatest number to get him out of here but it certainly galls like hell to see him get that far away. It will be a little more difficult to get at him some day, but he must be gotten.

The "Field Marshal" is very glad to get him out of here and offers his assistance to Sartin to help get him under way. The "Field Marshal" feels nervous about him. He has sense enough to know that this Provo will eventually push him off the throne. It is a world of constant intrigue with dog eat dog and the devil take the hind most.

Tonight, as we sat around our little board table taking our rice, it was raining hard, a sudden torrential down pour. Overhead we could hear the drove of a plane. It was /181/ missing badly and apparently following no continuous direct course. There came a "boom", some distance away, and immediately, the motor ceased. Within a few minutes we could hear the roar of sirens as ambulances passed the prison toward San Tomas. We can only surmise what happened. Flyer caught in sudden heavy squall. Rain beat him down - lost his position - motor doing badly - forced landing, necessary - dropped his bomb in the bay and tried his landing - crashed. I hope so.

Spanish class as usual tonight. We received 400 Filipinos from the north for a night stand. They are to go out on this Bataan work party. They all look in fair shape but a great number are running fever of 102 and over. Malarial malaria no doubt. The Japs deal out a/gr. Quinine pill every night to them. The Jap idea of practicing medicine can be expressed in that one line. The general talk now seems to be that they have discovered many "Jeep" dead in Bataan, and they are going over to bury them. This sounds very plausible. They were all over the dam peninsula at one time. There was once that they hung so thickly on the barbed wire that they made a complete curtain along the front. And did they stink! /182/ The stench was terrific after about 2 days of curing on the wire under a boiling sun. The Jap infiltration tactics necessarily tended to many isolated groups of dead in various isolated cut-off areas of the terrain. It is quite probable that this is the mission. They leave at 6:AM tomorrow.

As I sign off for the night the last wild rumor of the day comes in that Wall street bets 2 to 1 the war will end in November, Lloyd bets 29 to 1 in will end in December. My number book tells me that Lloyds was better 10 to 1 last April that the Germans would fold in 6 wk. Lloyds certainly must be slipping.

Setiembre diez y seis, mil nueve cientos cuarenta y dos. [Sept. 16, 1942]

El deseo cambiar dinero continua. Nosotros paracemos a ser los personas solo que desean dinero Filipino y dinero de guerra. Todo el mundo tiene ganos de dinero Americano. Los generales de Mindinao y del Sur tienen muchos pesos y preguntan cambiar por dinero del oro. Ellos van norte a Formosa o Nipon y no pueden usar los pesos. Sin embargo, hoy tambien un interes locale cambiar. Algunas por nos creen que significara que los Yanque vienen pronto. Yo temo que serian un pos demasiado lijero. [Transcribed without the corrective aid of a Spanish dictionary.--BFD/]

Today, had a conference up at the main gate with Nogi. My first official contact up there as it has been a part of a closely ad /183/ hered to plan that I should remain as obscure and in the background as much as possible. Today, however, was a purely clinical proposition and a matter of supplies. Only Yokusiji & Nogi were ther

However, on my return to quarters here, we went into executive session over a more poignant matter. Nogi has taken up with Sartin again the matter of distinction of personel under the terms of the Geneva Conferenca. We have been directed to submit a list of those covered (another list) by the Geneva Conference and underneath their rank or rate & duties etc. The Japs will then decide as to their status. We broke out our copy of the Treaty and have listed our staff accordingly - medical & non medical. This may have some significance but I have gone thru this same thing severa times only to find it has been a cover up for a "squeeze" in which we get less food, less privileges, less comfort. The softer they talk, the harder they bear down. Its an old Oriental custom.

--- PROVO ---

Our concerted plans to get rid of Provo on this To Japan draft has hit a snag. The Generals and the Colonels have come in To complain to us that they dont want the bastard (and you cant really blame them) and the brass hats insist on having officers for flunkies. I cant see that. Request for volunteers among the enlisted prisoners has been sent out. However, I still hope we can unload Mr. Provo. /184/

Out of the 400 Filipinos who arrived as a working party we had to hospitalize. 14 of them with fever over 103. When the working party left today we kept them in the hospital as sick. This afternoon at 5pm we received word from the Japanese that regardless of their condition we would have those 14 up on their feet and ready to travel at 0800 tomorrow morning. The word has been passed. Just where they are taking them is a matter of conjecture. I am sure the war wouldn't be decided one way or the other if they told us but the Jeeps have this mysterious incommunicado stuff.

--- CUCUMBERS ---

Usual routine today. We managed to get hold of some giant cucumbers today, and some calamancias. Fresh stuff! My God but it was good. Ate cucumbers like apples and made juice out of the calamancias and it was swell! Starved for fresh stuff, all of us. Bananas, or rather a tough fibrous little plantain that passes for a banana has been our fresh stuff only - and of course /185/ we only get those when we can buyth

Nelson has recovered from his Dengue. Jones is also up and about but he looks a little wild eyed and has a peculiar mental attitude. There were several days around here I thought he was going to have a relapse into his manic psychosis, a repeat of his Shanghai episode for which he was brought to Canacao just before the war. It was his going balmy that loaded me with the job of Regimental Surgeon for the 4th Marines.

--- Joses ---

Joses is a funny duck anyhow. A pituitary type with a gigantism - huge build and height, heavy facial contour - thick lips and jowls - wide eyed. He is probably Mexican in name "Joses" - has a negroid appearance at times. Comes from up in Amador County, California.

Bitter at last seems on the mend. Gaining a little weight, has cleared up from his jaundice and feels much better. All Smith is up and about, too, but I still think a good male hike would /186/ throw him under.

Messed out on my exercise today. Too busy to get around to it. Tonight I am restless, fretty and irritable. It is humid and hot and the night breathless (sin aliento). I hate the idea of turning in but it is past Curfew time, and the mosquitoes are too thick to stay from under the net. Por eso, me voy a cama. Buenas noches.

Dio Santo, tenga misericordia por nos y lleva nos de nuestro incarceration pronto.

Thursday Sept 17/42:

--- INSPECTION ---

A hell of a day. Received word early Today that there would be an inspection by the Senior Medical Officer of the Jap Army at 2pm. On next Sunday would come the Big Boy - the Lieut General - ranking Army Officer Commanding in the Philippines. At 2pm. Sartin, Joses and we Chiefs of Services went up front to meet the inspecting Officer. Instead of a Col. of the Med. Corps, a Major General steps out of a car at 2:30. Usual saluting etc. We then stood at attention from 2:30 until 3:30 while the General sits down in the office and proceeds to drink tea and order all the furniture moved about and the entire interior of the Office rearranged, interpolated by making speeches to the /187/ Guards, who had to stand before the General and recite their ritual and creed. Then there was a drill for the American office force as to the correct manner of salute & bowing to the Japs. At about 3:30, Nogi and the Med. Col. and Takasiji arrived and we started thru on inspection. Some irate talking in Wd I as to the proper manner of greeting a general etc. The salute, the bow, the call of attention etc., but the thing Miramoto the General objected to, every body didn't face toward him. That is a very important item To these boys.

The inspection party passed thru only three wards. About 4:30 we learned that this was only a dummy run for the big inspection of Sunday. The impression I got was that our Army & Navy are not the only services which have Admirals & Generals who find it necessary To find fault at inspections and manufacture their own importance of the moment in overwhelming themselves in piddling unimportant details and exhibit a total lack of sense of values. Low pressure stuff we used to call it when I was in tankers.

I was amazed at the rumor that was rampant in the camp immediately after inspection that a German officer had accompanied the party. Having been with the inspection party from the time of their arrival I knew that couldn't be. Later I learned the origin of the rumor. My only clean clothes was my dyed blue /188/ shirt & shorts and a cap cover. This made me the only one in blue, the rest in Khaki. With my jhadpurs I guess I did look a little prussian-istic. Anyhow, I was the German officer, in blue.

Once back in quarters, Sartin decided we should hold some sort of drill and instruction so that our men would properly render military courtesy. It gave me my opportunity to ram home what I have preached ever since I arrived here and before I arrived here, what I have always preached ever since I have been in Service -

---DISCIPLINE---

Discipline. I voiced my opinion that I was very strongly against instructing and demanding of the men a military respect for the Japanese unless they were required to equally render it to American officers. I reminded Sartin that he and his officers must be accorded equal military courtesy with Japs or lose all respect of the men. (It is already lost as a matter of fact). I have demanded the courtesy prerogatives of my rank where the slovenly system prevailing here allowed such things to not be expected. I would not give the impression that I am rank struck or snobbish about this sort of thing. I am convinced however, that /189/ that is only thru a strict iron bound discipline which acknowledges rank that proper execution of military function can be attained. And I certainly cannot agree to any system whereby our American troops are taught obedience & respect of a high order to the Japanese and neglect the issue in regard to American Officers. It is just another instance of our appearing sloppy, inefficient, unmilitary and unsystematized as compared to the Enemy. Again we lose their respect. Under proper training and policy good discipline will not break down even among prisoners of war. Of course, as usual, I found myself telling the Senior Officer Present that the fault lay at his own door. And it does. It was necessary for me to explain that unless he insists upon salute & proper respect, the rest of us cannot expect it except by demanding it and thereby being sons of bitches. Again I would like to correct any wrong impression I might give by the above. Our American Navy personnel are glad to pay proper respect & courtesy to their officers. But when it is belittled by officers who do not appreciate the essentials of leadership, who do not know the psychology of masses, who /190/ are not officers, you cannot blame the men, you cannot expect them to properly evaluate the basic principles of military command if the officer does not set the example. In spite of the fact we cannot expect this of our men under such circumstances, I am sorry to say, the men have, in many instances made our officers look like bums in matters of military principle, and anything I have ever said or written on this subject, the odium has been directed at the officer personnel and not the men.

I do not believe there is an officer more interested in the men of our Navy than I am. I do not believe there are many who have enjoyed the associations and service with them any more than I have, and I would be the last to abhor any undue harshness or unreasonable demands upon them. But the military service in function is not a democratic communistic machine. Its basic principle is class distinction and Command & Obedience is what makes it go. And unless this begins in the small things, it will not endure thru the big things. The military is for war. You cannot put on a uniform and play soldier in war. Severe military courtesy is not playing soldier. It is training for war. Our talk of it has contributed greatly to our being Kicked around out here both before and after the surrender. But we will never learn. We /191/ We are not a military people. We laugh at China and how she has been smacked around the world. She just isn't by nature a military people. We are a close second.

Well, Mr. Provo has been elected to go to Japan. Everybodys isn't happy about it but as it stands now, he will go. I believe that for the good of the many, this is best, but later - well we must and will not forget Mr. Provo.

Today there was posted on the wall of the "L" building, a front page of the Manila paper which told of an International Red Cross ship with relief supplies for American prisoners here in the Pacific. Something like 2200 tons. Also another ship under way, and more Red Cross supplies in S.A. destined for here. It seems that the supplies already here come out on the exchange ship which brought out Nomura and his gang. It all sounds very good & we certainly could use them. Ill take a tooth

brush, some tooth paste and a pack of American cigarettes. No Knitted Sox or sweaters need apply. From this account it would seem that there are also individual boxes and baskets for the prisoners. It all sounds very good but I've experienced so many of these promising publications and stories with nothing but grief tacked on To them that I am afraid to build up any great hope. /192/

Today, of course, has been considerably jammed up by the "Inspection" rehearsal. Have found time to do the usual work and have knocked out some Spanish and other literary stabs. Interviewed Mindinao arrivals. It seems that a couple of Colonels were executed as a reprisal measure following the escape of several officers down South.

--- FATHER ROMAN ---

About 6 pm. in came a white robed priest with Khaki underneath. He was brought in to be kept here, for the present at least. He turns out to be Father Roman who was taken prisoner in Mindinao. He was brought out here by Quezon to organize the Chaplain Corps for the Philippine Army but retained his civilian status and was never given a rank in the Army. He reports about 25 others taken down there. He made the trip up in a slow 5 Knot motor barge, five days on the way. Afraid to drink water aboard owing to much dysentery and has eaten very little enroute. We fed him and gave him water and got him bedded down over with Chaplain Cummings. It just happens that Roman is really Cummings' boss.

Rumor has it that Adm. Towers has been placed in command of Air Corps in South West Pacific.

Friday, Sept. 18/42.

Cloudy, dark, overcast, with intermittent rain. Have spent most of the day writing but felt the need of stretching about 4 pm and worked out with Baseball in a light drizzle. Word was passed that the Commanding General Tanaka will inspect tomorrow instead of Sunday. The general plan seems to be that it is to be a very formal inspection. Nogi says the General will receive his report and then proceed To visit wds 1, 2, 3 and call it a day. They had a dummy run for about 2 hrs over there in the wards today as to what honors to give the General on arrival. After a series of conflicting instructions, it all boiled down to doing exactly what we have done in our service for years. The Senior Officer calls attention, the officer salutes -- and that's that. There are one or two little formalities peculiarly Jap -- One keeps the eye on the General always -- and one holds the salute until he passes. There is nothing complicated in the matter except as everybody has made it so.

--- YAKASIGI ---

This Yakasigi interpreter guy is a hot one. He bemoans the fact of how much money he's losing in Seattle by this war and when his son suggested he get a dual citizenship in Japan as well as American Yakasigi slapped his face. Yakasigi got his start in America by going up & down the West Coast buying up second hand broken down trucks & /194/ shipping them out to Japan where they reconditioned them. He made 100% profit on every deal. He then took a first mortgage on some property in Seattle and eventually foreclosed. From then on he was in ^{the} Real Estate game in a big way. He now has blocks of property, movie houses etc. However, he sits on top of the world as far as I can see. His dual citizenship protects him in the States, and he is in a Civilian Corps with the Japs (not a combat corps) so it looks as tho Mr. Yakasigi wins hands down. He is loaded down with American Defense Bonds, so he says.

--- RATIONS ---

Very thin rations of late as issued. Water lillies from the mud flats of the Pasig are neither tasty nor sustaining. The meat, the little bit that comes in for soup stock, its 95% stink anyhow. They send in a whole batch of little fish about the size of my little finger. When you deduct head and tail there isn't much left, leaving room for bones. But, on paper, when you figure out calories, proteins, fats, etc., it would look as tho we are getting a good sustaining ration. The figures may show it but the proof is in the eating - and there isn't anything to eat. We are managing to still obtain some few extras, without which we wouldn't do well. A few duck eggs have been available @ 12 Centavos each. We ground up some rice and made flour, got some grease, and with Eugenol, Oil of Cloves, Tr. of Ginger, we spiced up a cake. Tasted like Sloan's linament but at least it had taste. Sprinkled the inside of a coconut over the top to at least make it look like a cake. It was filling.

Spanish class with Wilson tonight. We have reached tough going now, and it requires a little grinding. It is no longer easy /195/ stuff that can be glibly handled. Finished another Biographical report today. There doesn't seem to be any reason to believe that I won't have time to get them all completed before "Drum comes back with Tanks & Tanks" and graduate us from Bilibid. To Bed.

Saturday, Sept. 19/42.

--- FIELD MARSHAL ---

Soon after I turned in last night, much disturbance and noise in the prison yard. Between 300 & 400 prisoners from Cabanatuan arrived. The Field Marshal was drunk and abusively yelled and ordered everyone about. Under his Dutch Courage he forgot that he was a Warrant Machinist only, forgot he is an admitted forger, forgot he has been very "Japanesey" in act and expression against his own people, forgot that in our buildings under Curfew of his own making we could still hear - forgot that we do not easily forget.

--- CABANATUAN DRAFT ---

The new gang is a mixture of Army, Navy, Marines, many of the Canopus Crew, PBY crews, many of them technical men. They tell us that about 500 more came down with them but went some where else. They have reason to believe that they are on their way to Japan. The Guards up there made up their own little package for travel & told them they were "going home with us", "they will give you clothes when you get there" etc. It is something to think about. I have long known that in event of evacuation here they would never leave their prisoners. Just whether this is the beginning of a gradual move of all prisoners to Japan, or whether it is weeding out the technical men for removal to more secure areas, it is hard to say at this time. But it is something to consider. /196/

These Cabanatuan prisoners look in pretty good shape. The Camp conditions have greatly improved. They are eating much better than we are, they have reduced their death rate considerably. They have a prize of 3 cigarettes for every can of flies they kill. They have a ball diamond, volley ball courts. The tension has eased off considerably.

In spite of general good appearance however, there are a great number of fiery red tongues among them, like a Pellagra tongue. It could be a sprue tongue but there are no bowel symptoms with it. Some fresh meat & vegetables would clear them up. (Wouldn't do any of us any harm).

Three prisoners shot as a result of their unsuccessful attempt to escape. Caught and taken to a prominent hill where all might see and executed.

--- GENERAL TANAKA ---

The Commanding General, Tanaka, arrived at exactly 10 oclock for his inspection. Martin Jones and we chiefs of Services were lined up to receive him, gave him the usual honors and then proceeded to a desk where he heard Nogi's formal report of the Hospital. Then we proceeded to pass thru three wards, and off he goes. Tanaka is elderly, with a coal black handle-bar type mustache, quiet and dignified. He is reputed to have been military attache at Washington once upon a time, has been reported in the Manila Papers as a "humanitarian" fellow and a poet in his own right. All of which may or may not be true. He speaks very good English as was manifested on several occasions /197/ as he asked questions. His only remark to us was "Hondo" delivered in acknowledging our salute. It was a formal gesture, the whole thing, and coined out as a perfunctory ceremony. The only comment Nogi reported to us was that the General believed "we were kind" to the sick. I wonder how he guessed that.

Kusimoto was in the Prison this afternoon telling several of his local buddies goodbye. He leaves tomorrow for Japan and judging from his general manner I don't think he likes that very much. He doesn't seem at all pleased about it but it permits of too much conjecture to hazard why. He has told several that these Cabanatuan prisoners are going alive - and the Generals and Colonels. A check on these Cabanatuan prisoners reveals that everyone of them are rated men in some specialist rating, machinists, electricians, etc. Our in-communicado status grows dam tight. Very little getting into us now. - except what they want us to hear. We are not even getting rumors to any extent.

"The hole" is not functioning well and is not dependable. It is too much of a common line to make it wise for me to be identified with it. I am alone here now without a bonafide undercover guy.

Japanese Intelligence party came thru early in the afternoon. I recognized the group and learned they were on their way back to Japan. They seem to have /198/ some rapid promotion rackets in their Service also. The Col. of the Intelligence group was a Major just two months ago when I saw him and if our records are correct he was a Captain before the war began. Incidentally, with the General's Staff today, I recognized one Major who has been here in the Islands for several years in a civil capacity. He was known to us before the war - as usual, nothing was ever done about it. These Islands were taken by the Japs long before the first bomb fell - so riddl with 5th Column stuff you couldn't have held them with a hundred thousand tanks & planes.

Knocked out several biographical reports today. Did some Spanish, had class tonight. Manage to keep up my routine output of each day. To bed - to bed - to bed

Sunday Sept 20/42.

The day began like one of those clear sunny days at the seashore - and ended in a young typhoon of wind and rain and all messed up. I made rounds in the morning and studied some Spanish. In the afternoon, Knocked out three biographical records and worked on my personal memoirs.

I still fight to keep busy, to fill every moment that I may not have time to think. The absence in these pages of reference to those who are dear to me, to the things that mean everything to me in life, is not due to my negligence but because I am afraid to mention them, to think of them, /139/ or to talk about them. For the time being I must bury such things. There is still a long long time ahead that I must fight loneliness, worry, and concern, and I must not start thinking too much now.

--- JAPAN PARTY ---

The detail left for Japan today. They filed by about a pm. Also, the Colonels and the Generals departed - and Provo. And then, tonight, word got to us from the Port Area that in the harbor lay a cruiser and several destroyers, while 15 transports were landing and some 7000 troops and Japanese civilians were going aboard. As soon as this news got around, within 15 minutes the wishful thinkers had it all spread out that the Japs were already evacuating the Island.

They brought in a few more doctors from Pacy today - a West Virginian. Probably a corporal. Main cause, they gave very poor medical care over there at the camp. A Japanese doctor drops in on them occasionally and they have two Army G.I.s with them which is the same as being nothing. The Pacy prisoners are being sent to work on Nichols Field - pick & shovel stuff. We understand that is a hard detail. One either works hard or plays or feeds is not forthcoming.

Our own death rate here has eased off considerably. Only nine deaths so far this month which gives us an average of about only one every other day. /200/ This is still too high for our complement but I wonder why it isn't even greater up til now.

Back home, the schools are opening up again for the autumn season. The leaves are beginning to turn. Soon the thud of toe against football leather will be heard on every campus and school ground. My boy should be playing football this year. The nor'easter will soon begin to blow and in the Shenandoah the blue haze hangs heavier over the blue blue hills. Oysters are running good now around Lynhaven, and the Golf courses end in a golden glow of late afternoon along the York and Nansemond. What is that verse of Omar Khayyam which says something about

"Yon moon which will wax and wane, and search thru
this very garden to you and me - but search in vain!"

Monday, Sept 21/42

The usual big crowds on Wd 2 this morning. The cases are looking very well over there and we are all over the hump with them there. There are still problems of course, but we are more in control of the situation now. Proper food, of course, is not forthcoming, to help us and our vitamins & food deficiency does make a difference in our bone jobs but in /201/ spite of that, we are cleaning up the wreckage faster & better than even I had anticipated.

The usual day of this time of the year - "Sol y Sombra" - Sunshine and shadow - and, of course, some rain. I knocked out three more biographical sketches yesterday and did some Spanish Grammar research, had class tonight with Wilson as usual. So thus went the day. About 4 o'clock, there was a break in the rain and I was able to get three or four together for a fast go around with the Medicine Ball followed by some calisthenics and a bath. Always feel better when I can get my work-out.



Book II: 8-1-42 to 11-13-42

The Port Area Detail came in today for a brief period and brought in the first scuttlebutt which has gotten into us for some little while. The "news" as given, was reported over KGEI and is to the effect that Wake & Guam have been retaken, that Stalingrad still holds out and that the Germans have been drawing their planes from Libya to the Russian Front, that the Allies are still bombing hell out of Germany, that the Gov't. has evacuated Berlin, that there is still much fighting in New Guinea, all Aussie troops, however. It all sounds very hoty-toty as they tell it but KGEI is such a dam Propoganda station, and individual coloring of the news does so much to it, that such reports are best just recorded & noted and then wait and see. But, as usual, to many here, such news is mana from heaven. It is the talk of the camp tonight with all the back seat strategists holding forth in much /202/ detail. Personally, I still think that I have a long time to go yet in which I am to run about practically naked, wear my wooden clogs only, eat water lily soup and dirty rice and fight down a nostalgia and concern over how things are going back in Tidewater.

We seem to be getting out from under the homosexual gang control but the Jewish combine remains. Gooding is half Jew and has gathered a Jewish group about him that have had things very much their own way - Kornbloom, Brau, (and I suspect Hede) and several other Jewish boys who work for him. Ever since I've been a prisoner I've been subject to the influence of homosexuals or Jews. And while Nogi has been a very encouraging reversal of affairs on the part of the Japanese, and has told Sartin that Gooding is subject to Sartin's Orders, the fact still remains that Sartin ~~isn't~~ running the show. "The Store", outside contact purchasing, and such activities must be taken from that group in the "L" building and placed over here where it belongs. Calahan is still around here and would make a dam good warden and Police Officer. It has been suggested several times to Sartin that we try to work it. We still hope this can be done.

Tuesday, Sept. 22/42:

A bright sunny day all day. Worked on my Spanish in the morning & some biography in the afternoon. Very little to do today clinically. A volley ball game between the warrants and the Corpomen in the afternoon. I got a work out with the base ball, medicine ball /203/ and some calisthenics.

---KGEI MYTH MILL---

A draft of prisoners arrived today from out in town. They have been serving as truck drivers and they report that the Japs have discontinued the bus service because there are no longer enough Japs to haul around. They gave out so much information purported to be KGEI reports, and it was so ludicrous in spots, one wonders whether any of it was worth a dam. I noted it all in the rumor book but in my mind I classify about 99.5% of it as chaff from the myth mill. For instance, Roosevelt to resign if Americans are not free in Philippines by Jan 1. Mrs. Quezon broadcasting from Australia that Philippine Govt. will be reestablished by Dec 1. I know the old Cal isn't there, and I know she couldn't broadcast over a radio. There were other similar reports, all equally as ludicrous.

A certain amount of "news" however did arrive. The Jap newspapers are admitting that New Guinea has been evacuated by them for strategic purposes. Also, several Naval Officers arrived in Negros. Dockweiler, Davis and Anderson. Davis was the Engineer officer assigned to me as a Sanitary Engineer in my early days of Reconnaissance before the war. These officers report that there are two well organized Guerrilla bands operating in Negros against the Japanese, and are commanded by

Book II: 8-1-42 to 11-13-42

Filipino Officers who escaped from Baguio. The Jeeps have a garrison force of about 200 on Negros and can only travel about in armored tanks. Cebu continues to be the Devils Island of the whole works down South. The Japs have always resented our burning of Cebu before the Japs could get in. They have around 50-60 naval officers & enlisted men there who are kept jailed and are being given reprisal treatment for the burning. Prisoner treatment is therefore harsh and jailed in dungeon like cells, being fed a ration which can only ultimate starvation, some of them wounded and receiving no attention, gives us a picture as hideously Oriental as the days of the Moors & Saracens. /204/

The old water bursting cure on about 10 for 1 is the first thing we should do when our time comes. I feel quite capable of exhibiting as much ingenuity in the cruelty line as any Oriental that ever existed. But there will be soft soap and white wash act and "hands across the sea" act as soon as the Politicians have a chance to work again, or rather, as soon as it is safe enough for them to come out of the hole again. Disciplinary Board met today. There is a gang to be broken up and I think we began it today.

Sept. 23/42 Wednesday:

Woke up with a nasty headache. I am afraid my eyes are being overtaxed. Lights have been so bad ever since the war began and low Vit.A. hasn't helped a bit. And while these glasses which Warren Wilson found for me on Corregidor do help, they certainly weren't made for me. Have done practically nothing all afternoon but lie around on my bunk.

Hogi went thru today and saw every patient we had reported as permanently disabled. They are working hard on this "permanently disabled" business. With the general trend of prisoners toward Japan, I am inclined to think there are general plans afoot to get practically all prisoners to Japan or Formosa except the permanently disabled. The wishful thinkers can see a red cross ship already tied up at the pier and evacuating them to the States. That is ridiculous, of course. Some more baby talk. They are also talking about expecting big things on the wane of this moon. I've heard that on the wane of every moon since I can remember. One will never be able to convince these children that war has its /205/ principles, if not its rules, and if they had the slightest conception of the principles of the Art of War they would realize the folly of all this expectancy from the South. The real fancy scuttle butt of the day is to the effect that Formosa has fallen and Hirohito is asking Roosevelt to permit Tokyo to be an open city. My! My!

Volley ball has at last become available and every body has gone in for it in a big way. Every building has a team. Even the Chinese have gotten a team together. In another day or two I expect to see the Jap Guards swing out with a team.

POW GANGSTERS

Our recommendations in the case of the last Disciplinary board are being discussed abroad, which of course, is exactly what we want. There is a prisoner ring up in Bldg I which is involved in every type of shady deal imaginable and strong arm methods have begun. The only way to handle that is strong arm 'em back. Besides a solitary confinement we confiscated every thing he had and it is to be sold at auction for the amount stolen and the amount given to the victim. Only his barest necessities left him. Any more of this gang stuff and I'll take a page from our honorable George Washington who had some very good ideas about handling mob culprits.

In spite of my headache, did make consultation rounds on S.O.C. There are some jobs to do in there, and also some ninnies and fuddy duddies to get moving. Have to build a fire under them. /205/

Sept. 24/42 Thursday.

A warm still night and a low full moon that rides just above the old Spanish guard box on the prison wall. A frond of jet black palm falls across the moon to slash it like a giant Knife. It is like out late spring nights in Tidewater, like it, but not it.

Have felt better today. Guess I just needed a lay off yesterday. I've been hitting the ball pretty consistently and I guess I needed a lay off for a day. Today I made rounds, saw some cases in S.O.C., worked on my biographies, wrote and studied some Spanish, worked out with the Medicine Ball and Baseball to keep limber, held Spanish class with Warren tonight, and -- here I sit.

--- GOLD ---

The outstanding event of the day, I think, was the financial affair. The Gold which the Jeeps took from us in Corregidor and turned over to Cooper, and which Cooper turned over to the Japs here at Bilibid, tonight they sent us a paymaster & returned every dam dime of it to the rightful owners, but remarking as they did so that it was only so much paper and no dam good anyhow, which, for the time being is sure as hell correct as I am learning, for it is non negociable in town and you can only redeem it by getting hold of somebody who is leaving here and cash it for pesos or contact some Chinese guild like that which was working thru "the hole" last week and crying for it. These guilds want the gold to stow away, betting on our early victory and having real money when that time comes. But to use the Gold in trade - impossible. It is contraband. There has naturally been a lot of speculation as to what prompted this sudden return of the gold. We haven't heard anything about it for a long time. Practically everybody had written it off the books as lost./207/

The wishful thinkers, of course, immediately jumped to the conclusion that the boys see the writing on the wall and are making face. Hope springs eternal in the human breast. These stir whackey boys have been hit with so many rumors that they are hanging on the ropes and groping for the referee's suspenders for support. They don't know the Jap psychology if they believe the Japs are moved by any feeling of need for face making at this time. After all, a gang that still holds all of East Asia doesn't have to make any friendly demonstrations yet. Some have the theory that by dumping this gold back inx here they can put off paying us in accordance with the Geneva treaty and still hand us enough coin to subsist on - and yet admit we can't use it. When the Jeeps had us declaring our money recently, they only got about 1500 Pesos or thereabouts, reported. They weren't pleased with that. I am wondering now if, after returning this Gold they might get out another questionnaire for declaration and this time, collect it, "for deposit so you will have some money when you go home" etc.

Out of this refunding episode came an instance which is so dam typical of what I have seen that I must record it. One Dr. Greenman had \$1300 in the "Gold Pot" and his money was refunded. He came to me tonight to ask what the Command would think of it if he loaned out some of this money to people around camp "at a fixed rate of interest all business like and above board". It didn't take long for me to tell him what I thought about that. The Son of a Bitch! With his shipmates fighting like hell to eke out an existence, and this son of a bitch talking of lending out money on interest! An American Naval Officer with pawn broker propensities! Typical of such that

I have seen. I have never been able to decide whether Greenman is a Jew or not. Somehow I cant help but think he is not. A Jew wouldnt be that crude /208/ with his throat cutting. And that's the crap we commission as an officer and a gentleman. They can have my suit any time.

Few weeks ago I mentioned hearing an explosion in the air about evening rice tin and ambulance sirens etc. We know now that two Jap planes crashed in the rain squall and were completely wrecked with loss of the crews.

About a hundred prisoners arrived from Cabanatuan tonight. No dope on them as yet. They looked in pretty good shape as they filed by in the moonlight. Destination unknown to date.

These other groups who left for Japan were thoroughly checked before leaving here. They were examined by both Japs & American doctors, given cholera injections, stools examined for parasites, ameba, etc. When that begins you can be sure they are Japan bound.

Sept 25, 1942 Friday:

--- "FORTY THIEVES" ---

Ala Baba and his Forty Thieves are back. When I got up this morning I took a look out of the barred window and saw the guard changing. Our meddlesome, prying, "help yourself 'Togos" are taking up the guard today. The word passes to batten down everything - get your razor, pens, mirror etc. out of sight. This particular gang is a mess. Just like a bunch of dam hoodlums or a pet coon - into everything and wanting everything they see.

Have been busy all day. Little Gordon (my "fireball") is a dam good little worker and I am really getting things done, and he is learning to spell. Everybody wins - nobody loses. /209/

The rainy season has apparently definitely broken. Bright sunny days - beautiful mornings - the nights right with moonlight. The middays are hot but for the most part less humid & quite comfortable. The flies continue very bad. The Japs now offer two bottles of beer for every can of flies killed by a prisoner. The practice has been in force up at Cabanatuan where 3 cigarettes were given per can.

Remark heard back at the Cooking fire today - "Seven days (without food) makes one weak." No argument there.

Nogi sent in the 5 doz XRay film as promised. They are too small for anything but very local stuff - and spoiled. No netting for the O.R. yet as promised but we go merrily on, operating daily, and to date we have not had one O.R. infection.

Another draft arrived tonight from Cabanatuan and are getting out of here at 5am. which means 3am reveille. Looks like they just dropped in for a rice ball. Dope is that they are civilians and on their way to Baguio.

--- CO PROSPERITY ---

My poor, but still incidental contact with the outside brings me the further story today of "Nipon Co" in the Philippines. The Yellow boys have this CO Prosperity Scheme worked out to its very finest points. As I have mentioned before, as their Conquering Army moves in, their civilian colonizing group comes right along with them as what they call "The Civilian Military". It includes interpreters, church heads, school teachers, merchants, bankers, /210/ shipping agents, lawyers, and

some just plain people. There are propoganda corps, Gestapo, and statisticians. The puppet Government is so infiltrated and enmeshed with interppesion of Japanese, it runs like a pianola. The press is completely taken over as a Coprosperity Institution.

The latest move now reported to me is the intermarriage act. The Japanese have learned that the Filipino people are great family people and hang closely according to blood tie. They can see that the one way to induce a real sympathetic attitude toward Japanese is to get Japanese into the families. Moreover, intermarriage with Filipino women will spread the ever increasing population of Japan which is overpopulating Japan at a rate which is in itself a self limiting measure. A Japanese mestizo population on the increase here can do much for the complete indoctrination of this Island. It is a measure which insures a Japanese conquest to some degree at least, of these Islands, no matter whose hand the referee holds up when the last bell rings in this fracas. The order is out from Tokyo for Japanese Officers & men and civilians to marry Filipino women - and plenty of them. My informant also tells me that the Jap Secret Police were sore as hell yesterday about having to return our American Gold. Apparently it was by an order from "higher up". The motive is still unknown to us. This attitude was noted in their very office, and was quite a different face as shown to us here during the refunding, when the Jap Paymaster during repayment repeatedly emphasized /211/ that the money was "so much paper and would never do us any good". While this report came from within the Gestapo office itself, unable to learn what is behind the refund.

--- SABOTEER ---

Saboteer is a Spaniard and an optician in Manila and has done a big business for years on the Escolta. Lately, he has been allowed to come in here and fit some badly needed glasses among the Generals & Colonels who were here. He was in again today. He is a changed Saboteer. He is not coming back. Saboteer was among the Spanish Group who cheered the arrival of the Jap Troops in Manila and considered this conquest of the Islands as a liberation from the American Conquerors of 1898. He went 100% Jap. However, he has developed a fear. He is not a very subdued and and frightened "Spick". His fear lies in his having forgotten the word that when the time seems right, the Filipinos are to open up with bolos on the unfaithful and the remaining enemy here. And it would seem that Saboteer now believes that day will really come, that the Filipinos will not remain in Jap hands forever. Pobrecito! I hope his fears are not ill grounded - The Son of a Bitch.

Just after dark tonight several of our inmates ambled up near the front wall and from there, could hear a radio playing in the big Headquarters Bldg out in front. KGEI broadcasting could be distinguished. Snatches of news were reported - Knox reputed to have said our control of the Pacific could be expected in Nov. and not December; that our ship building had not only doubled but redoubled our expectations; that we have 8000 planes in Australia & 5000 planes in China; /212/ that we are dumping 500 tons of supplies daily by plane into China. Then they switched over to a Tokyo broadcast, in Japanese.

It is cool tonight but I am not sleepy. And as I write this under a faint closely shaded light in a boxlike water closet I can hear the already turned in crowd tossing and pitching in their beds. Everybody is restless tonight. There is an uneasiness & it is contagious. Zoo Keepers have noted it among their animals. An unexplainable restlessness, for no apparent reason, starts in a few and runs thru the entire populace. I have a feeling I am not going to do well myself tonight.

Saturday, Sept 26, 1942:

--- ESCAPE ---

Sooner or later I knew we would be up against an escape job and have our troubles. I had very good plans for a getting away but couldn't get the necessary inside hook up to cover my absence. After a conference it was decided that while it could be done, it wasn't worth the risk to the remaining prisoners so we gave it up. But sooner or later I knew some body was going bybye. A fat head Army private who has been on working party details, took French leave during last night. The Bango count at 10 pm. showed him missing but nothing was reported until this morning. The day has naturally been filled with bango counting, visits by Jap headquarters officers, and many visits to the front office by medical officers as corrective measures are ordered by the Japs, threats of reprisal etc.

The reprisal measures at Cabanatuan, Davao, Ilo Ilo et al., is to line up a half dozen remaining prisoners and shooting them. It hasn't been an easy day and I'm expecting to have curtailment of what few privileges we now have. The route of escape was easy. Anybody can get out of this place, but one's troubles only begin then. It is our business, and to our advantage to discourage such escapes.

To get out and get back on missions of value and importance are one thing. Individual French leave at the expense of the Camp is not good. This escape is the fault of the same lax system I have cried out against ever since I arrived here. When our present bango system was instituted some time ago I pointed out that since the Japs had turned the policing over to us to that extent, it was our job to make a thorough enough job of it that they would keep hands off. And since the system made every ward officer responsible for his particular patients, I recommended that the Command issue a directive that Medical Officers conduct their bango counts and not relegate it To Corpsemen. I could not get Sartin to be that explicit. The order required only that the M.O. "sign" the count, supposedly and assumed to have been made. At that time, in passing the order to the Surgical Service, I told them, that the order did not direct the M.O. to make the bango, but I advised them for their own safety to individually and personally do it. The reluctance of some people to issue orders is difficult to understand. One isn't asking favors in this game. Goddam it, somebody has got to run the show - and I mean Run it. Weak, inexplicit directives are not directives.

Last night was a bad night all around. I was awake damn near all night - restless, and eyes wide open. Everybody in the barracks was tossing or talking in their sleep. Several would get up periodically and have a smoke. The draft that arrived late, had reveille at 3:am. The Chinese had the galley going all night and they can clatter & rattle & bang tin cans to more disturbance than anybody I know. The draft departed at five a.m. The Japs were in & out of here from 3:am on getting clean bills of health on them. It was just a bad night all around.

Cleaned up several more biographies today, and worked on some Spanish composition. Had Spanish Class at night. Have just finished it. Wilson progresses rapidly. Ed never has shown an inclination to begin again. Tonight is hot and sultry. The moon is just past full. The mosquitoes are hellish. Mosquitoes and the curfew drive us to my bunk each night.

/215/

A STORY OF WORLD ONE II.

M A N G O C H U R C H

Sept. 27/42 Sunday -

In the shade of a mango tree, in the roadway that leads to the upper compound, thru a line of high stone walls, we held Services this morning. The maimed, amputated and none too strong, sat or laid upon the narrow grassy strip along the wall. The rest of us stood. The Chaplain, like the rest of us was in loose tunic and bare feet shoved under the canvas strap of his wooden block "go aheads". A young officer had a violin, and with his music nailed to the trunk of the MANGO TREE, he played "Ava Maria". His back was to us. A deep long gash marred the back of one leg and scars on the other one was still red with their recency. Little papaya trees lined the wall on the opposite side. As the Chaplain dedicated that spot of shade as a holy temple the bright tropical sun neared its hot noon.

I looked down the road thru the papaya and plum trees and out to where the hot glaring sun scorched the zenith and then at the Chaplain there under the great MANGO in the cool shade, ringed by his few gaunt, bewhiskered, and bedraggled listeners, and I thought of Sidney Lanier's beautiful poem, "Ballad of the Trees and Master", and I remembered the scattered lines:

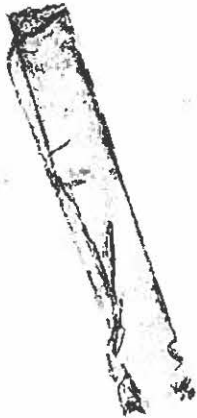
"Into the woods my Master went,
Clean forspent, clean forspent!
And the great green trees had a mind for him
And the little green leaves were kind to him
- etc (216)

THE ABOVE STORY IS A PAGE FROM THE DIARY (BILLIBID NOTE BOOK)

By

THOMAS H. HAYES, COMMANDER (MC) USN.

Book II - Page 81 - Hospital Corps Archives Folder 15-II.



Sept 27/ 42 Sunday -

--- MANGO CHURCH ---

In the shade of a mango tree, in the roadway that leads to the upper compound thru a lane of high stone walls we held Services this morning. The maimed, amputated and none too strong, sat or laid upon the narrow grassy strip along the wall. The rest of us stood. The Chaplain, like the rest of us was in loose tunic and bare feet shoved under the canvas strap of his wooden block "go aheads". A young officer had a violin, and with his music nailed to the trunk of the mango tree, he played "Ave Maria". His back was to us. A deep long gash marred the back of one leg and scars on the other one were still red with their recency. Little papaya trees lined the wall on the opposite side. As the Chaplain dedicated that spot of shade as a holy temple the bright tropical sun neared its hot noon.

I looked down the road thru the papaya and plum trees and out to where the hot glaring sun scorched the zenith and then at the Chaplain there under the great Mango in the cool shade, ringed by his few grunt, bewhiskered and bedraggled listeners, and I thought of Sidney Lanier's beautiful poem, "Ballad of the Trees & Master", and I remembered the scattered lines:

"Into the woods my Master went,
Clean forspent, clean forspent!
And the great green trees had a mind for him
And the little green leaves were kind to him
- etc. /216/

And then it came to me that Sidney Lanier had been a prisoner of war, having been taken prisoner while serving in the Confederate Navy.

Have plugged thru the day and night with the routine work, worked over some Spanish, knocked out some biographies, held Spanish class tonight, did a crayon, pen & ink, quick note of the view from my bunk thru the open door.

--- GRAPEVINE ---

Tonight the grapevine got thru again. There is definitely a move and intention of evacuating the Red Cross, Press, civilians and nurses to the U.S. Santo Tomas group is expected to be back in the States by Christmas. In the meanwhile, the two letters I wrote the night before the surrender and which started out for the States without benefit of censor, never reached their destination. The messenger was in the plane which cracked up in landing at Mindinno. The messenger survived but had to destroy the letters when captured a few days later. I had great hopes of those letters getting thru. They would have foreshadowed and told enough of the real situation to have given the truth but there was also enough encouragement in them of sound basis to have done good. I also learned that attempts to contact me are failing frequently. StM. has wisely given up trying as a regular thing.

Much rumor is rampant tonight. The Interpreter at the front gate is reputed to have said that Manila was to be declared an open city by tomorrow night. This rumor had been in the wind in some form or other for several days. I have been unable to find any basis for it, however and it would seem that it is the outcome of the wild rumor that Hirohito has requested Roosevelt to keep Tokyo an open city and Roosevelt is supposed to have replied "Get out of Manila". The fact is, the latest report is that the /217/ agreement is that the Japs are to evacuate Luzon by Nov. 17 and Tokyo will not be bombed. This still has a lot of marks of the myth mill. Frankly I hope it is not true.

If Japan is requesting this, we are hurting them, and badly. We must continue. To lay off Tokyo means to prolong this war for years and no matter whose flag remains in the field, Japan will win in a degree which will permit her to still exist. A war of attrition will be long and indecisive and will not permit real & total destruction of Japan. No matter if it does put the squeeze on us here in enemy's hands, no matter if it does subject us to the fire & blast of our own bombs--no matter if it does mean prolongation of our unhappy conditions, I can never hope or wish for a war of attrition. Give em hell! Destroy them! Bomb every dam evidence of Japan & Japanese from the face of the globe. To keep wild animals in zoos and crazy people in asylums, and allow Nipon to run loose marks us with a lack of brains that almost evidences us as worthy of no more than I advocate for the yellow boys who wave the red meat ball.

Raining again tonight. Began about sundown. Looks like an all night job.

Sept. 28/42 Monday:

It has been raining for the past 24 hrs and growing cold. Looks like a Typhoon sure as hell. The wind is already up and increasing with every gust. The rule seems to follow here in regard to Typhoons as it does in the West Indies in relation to their hurricanes, that the worst ones come "out of season". We are pretty well along now to expect a Typhoon but there is a well remembered /218/ tradition out here that the worst typhoons of recent memory came in December.

Made the usual big ward rounds on wd 2 this morning and planned the Surgery for the week. Studied some Spanish in the morning and worked on Biographies all afternoon. Had Spanish class with Wilson early in the evening.

--- MUTTON ---

After several days of dam short rations the Jeeps sent in some sheep carcasses and tonight we had mutton soup. Fortunately I like mutton, and having not eaten much lately I went for the soup in a big way. There was real mutton flavor to it and apparently this was some captured stuff which had been doled out to us. I understand there is enough of it to give mutton soup for several days. It will probably be a little gray by that time.

Tonight a contingent of 100 arrived from ODonnel. They are on their way south to Davao where they are to be put to work on the plantations and clearing away the jungle for saw mills etc. Another mass murder project probably. Much malaria in that area. Shades of days of the Tripolitan Pirates, days of the Moslems and Turks, when our seamen died & rotted in Oriental prisons! The white man is sure as hell serving in bondage to the Yellow boys today.

--- MORTALITY ---

I interviewed some of this gang. Some have been up in North Luzon on working/219/ parties. The death rate has been high on those details. The Guerrillas are still active in the North, led by Col. Cushman or Cushing. The Japs are holed-in up there and losing plenty. Drs. Raider & Osborne arrived also from ODonnel. Talking with them reveals the figures of at least 25,000 Filipinos have died up there since the surrender, and 1500 Americans. There are still 1200 seriously sick up there and they are continuing that hospital there temporarily. Duckworth is still there but it is reported that he & Col. Shock (Dental) are destined for Japan. Apparently Duckworth ducked the Davao detail and sent his boys Raider & Osborne.

--- GENEVA CONVENTION ---

One can not properly appraise the Japanese attitude toward the Geneva Treaty. They have worked our American prisoners in handling ammunition and repairing air fields. They have given reprisal punishments. They have treated the Medical Forces with a severity even greater in many instances than dished out to combat prisoners. They have looted us of personal property, held us incommunicado, subjected us to indignities and have not observed our accidental rank. Any officer is subject to a Jap private's least whim. The first day of the surrender I was put to work hauling machine guns up the mountain side to load them in trucks. We have eaten garbage and been kept on a ration insufficient to sustain life and have only survived because we have had a little money and have been able to surreptitiously buy some extras out side.

But it is wrong to assert that the Japs pay no attention to the Geneva Conference. They pay much attention to it. They pour over it /220/ constantly to find loop holes and to build alibis for their violations of it. Their great stunt is to obviously act with much show, comply with some provision of it, or more often they promise To comply with some measure of it - and then - bam - violate some other principle where it hurts. Any demonstration or words indicating compliance with some provision of the treaty is a sure sign for a violation some where and soon.

A little talk with Raider was enough to convince anyone that all this rumor hooey is the bunk. I am afraid he has destroyed many hopes among the boys. He has had constant radio access and has heard practically all that has come out and the whole truth can be summed up into StM's last contact msg To me:

REVIEW
OF THE
SITUATION

1. Everything quiet and unchanged in S.W. Pacific.
2. Germany being bombed heavily but no reason To expect her to fold up this year.
3. New Guinea, Guam, & other Island recaptures - hooey.
4. China doing well. Air fields near Tokyo being established. Supplies getting into China by air. /221/
5. Only about 600,000 troops all told beyond Cont. limits U.S. No new front intended this year.
6. Roosevelt thru Hull has protested treatment of Amer. Prisoners by Japan.

All of which throws us back To my original prognostication of no Allied Front in Europe until England wants it - in 1943 - And nothing of an Offensive nature ever to be expected in the S.W. - McArthur in Australia purely defensive.

St.M. has reported the above situation very accurately to me. Guess the boys will have to join me and settle down for at least a year or maybe more. Ill admit its a hellish long haul but I cant see, & never have been able to see any brighter prospect

Incidentally, all rumors to the contrary - Manila did not become an Open City at 6 pm Tonight. There were those who really expected that, incident to all the rumors of yesterday, last night & this morning. Even the Jap Interpreter up at the Front gate is reported to have reported.

The only one chance I see for anyone now here in Bilibid is the possibility of our permanently disabled being removed to the States along with the Nationals (Red Cross, Press, Nurses, Civilians).

And of all this dam Prison Camp, /222/ There isnt a dam soul, man or boy, as homesick as I am. That's why I never mention it - much. I am not masochistic.

Sept 29/42 Tuesday:

We are being whipped around in the tail of a typhoon which has been tearing things apart since last night, and growing in intensity all day. Solid sheets of rain are falling. No great damage has been done so far. Gear and loose stuff about the prison yard has been knocked about a bit. Noise is the worst part of it. The rattle, bang and constant din in this slattern shambles of a barracks building makes conversation, sleep or routine activity impossible. Too many loose moving parts to boom and bang. It is quite cold and of course raw and wet.

Think I may have mentioned that after several days of dam slim rations they brought in about 17 sheep carcasses all frozen, and we had some mutton soup that was really good. In spite of the garbage they put in it. Well, I knew dam well there must be a joker in it somewhere. That was to last the camp three days. Today, when the other carcasses unfroze - all rotten. That means for one good cup of soup we will go hungry for two days.

--- WAR BIOGRAPHIES ---

Spent the morning interviewing the /223/ troops for biographical reports. The work progresses but it gets very boring after a while. Those who really have a story are O.K., but there are some that have to get the old hypo considerably. But I set out to do this job completely & I am not quitting until I have finished it.

Nogi came in today. Sartin had a conference with him. Nogi has been to ODonnell and confirms the fact that Duckworth is still up there and is slated for Japan. Ducky didn't like the Davao idea. They intend keeping the hospital at ODonnell for a while to care for the 1500 sick still there. Nogi mentions that "things wont be so pleasant for the hospital if escapes continue." There was very little more said about it, but Nogi brought up the subject of paying us and remarked that he expected us to be paid very soon. That means only one thing to me. We are about to have a squeeze put on us. It always comes.

--- LOOT ---

Today the Japanese sent in some clothes "to be distributed to the needy etc." It turns out to be odds and ends of loot which the Japs couldnt use and /224/ consists of several cocked hats, dress trou, 39 Sox, several officers overcoats, many dress shirts & "dickies". It is plainly evident they have looted the Army & Navy club and this stuff is now cast off trash. I notice that they sent no underwear, Sox which match, shoes for which we have a crying need. The "Kind hearted" sons-a-bitches. They have lived off loot and theft so dam long they have come to consider it o.k., the normal thing to do. We have learned that they hold out the prize to their soldiers of 8 days of looting after a conquest. No wonder we were so swamped with visitors in our first days as prisoners. Some day, Oh God! Someday! I'll teach some part of that yellow tribe what real studied retribution can amount to. I hope to still have an opportunity of some day stripping the yellow bellied bastards /225/ of their clothes and then turn them loose so that another group can beat em black and blue for being naked.

Another batch of a hundred odd arrived tonight from Cabanatuan, dripping wet and no place to stow them except up in the upper compound on a floor with a half roof over it and this is one hell of a night.

The working party leaves for Davao about 5 a.m. tomorrow. That's a slave trek if there ever was one. This draft just in tonight will probably go to Lipa. They are building an air field up there. Lipa is near Laguna de Baya, but in the higher level and fairly cool. But there is malaria there, too. And malaria still ranks high as a contributor to our death rate.

--- MORALE ---

Morale is bad today. The rumors, and ideas the wishful thinkers have created as a mental refuge have all been washed away as the facts became known today of how little we have accomplished in this war to date and I still say it is wrong to foster such false beliefs. The let down is too great. The facts suddenly dumped upon them, and the weather what it is - well, /226/ you couldn't expect much more than a hellie morale. But sooner or later they must settle down to a resignation to a long long stay, and expect tougher breaks than they have seen to date. All the protests of our State Department as to the treatment of American prisoners will avail nothing but more harsh treatment, and as the present rate & trend continues there won't be enough prisoners left to make any protest about.

Wed. Sept 30/42 -

It still rains heavily but the wind has gone. We can expect several days of this heavy wet overcast stuff, following a typhoon.

The 100 prisoners headed for Davao left in a driving rain for the port area this morning, only to be returned. Ship couldn't sail. That trek could have been prevented. The bastards knew that ship wasn't sailing. There was no need to pull them out in the weather like that. Plain cussedness.

LeComte recognized some of his clothes in this batch of stuff sent in by the Japs. Cockeyed hats, a few overcoats, dress shirts, odd socks. All of it recognizable by name markings. Looks as tho they looted the Sub Div 201 stuff and this is the remnant. Reports are that they have broken open all the officers gear at the A&N club and it is scattered all over hell. Vandalism - barbarity! Christ, what a mob!

Finn, a reserve officer who came /227/ out in the Harrison with me, arrived here from Cabanatuan today and came in to see me. He is looking better than when I last saw him over on "the Rock" just before the fall. Tells me that Cabanatuan isn't any heavenly picnic yet. They have suffered loss of valuable privileges incident to escape attempts. Finn leaves here in the morning, & while he hasn't been told, it is well known that his group is going to Lipa, in the upper levels above Laguna de Baya. An air field under construction going on out there. More labor. More bondage of the white man under the Orient. Yoke. I have more concern for this Lipa crowd than the Davao group. Two medical officers and 30 corpsmen go with them from here.

Usual routine today. The biographies go on anon and each day I work on the Spanish. No class tonight. Wilson is sick again. More sheep carcasses came in today. Five out of 20 were bad but by rearing up the 20 fast like, we are going to have two days of mutton. Certainly is interesting where this mutton might be coming from. We certainly do need it. Our protein has been next to nothing.

Thursday, Oct 1/42:

Still raining and quite cold. General unrest everywhere. Ever since the /228/ escape here recently and the general escapes from Cabanatuan there has been an under current & general uneasiness among the Japs and our routine has been upset somewhat.

Much palaver at the front office. We are now running a "dawn patrol" with the Ward Medical Officers taking a bango at 6: am on their patients. I talked with a warrant runner today just down from Cabanatuan. Bob still needs money and I still unable to get any to him. Bob doing a swell job among the prisoners up there.

--- ESCAPES ---

The details of the recent executions up there are to the effect that two Army Colonels and Gilbert, the Navy supply officer who use to be at Mariveles made an escape attempt, were caught, and shot after several days of torture and beating. Execution was in a prominent place where all might see. The Japs have now established a routine at Cabanatuan by dividing prisoners into groups of 10. If one escapes from that group, the other 9 are executed. Americans are placed as sentinels about the compound and made to act as guards against their own people. In the meanwhile, three Ensigns who recently escaped have turned themselves in. /229/

The outcome of the palaver at the front office today over Bango methods resulted in a hodge podge bawled up compromise. Tomorrow morning, however, the Japs are to make a 6: am bango with all of us confined to our quarters at that time. They are stupid people, individually. As one writer has said, one Jap alone is stupid. Get enough of them together and they get idea. Get enough of them together and they have no good ideas.

--- SQUARE MEAL ---

However - today we certainly ate. We got hold of a piece of tough beef from the outside, and the general ration was liberal with lamb because we have to eat it before it goes too gamey. My God but meat is good. I had my first real good meat meal today since Dec 25/41 when I had ham up in the Jungle bivouac area of Bataan. My teeth and my stomach were both surprised at chewing food. I gorged. Everybody did.

Sartin isn't well. Recurrent diarrhea and belly cramps. In bed off & on all day. Rain! Rain! Rain! Worked all day on my biographies today as usual and have done some Spanish composition. No class again tonight. Wilson still under the weather. Wrote a little on my memoirs. /230/ My morale none too good today. I dreamed last night, all night. I am cold. Dreams were very disturbing. I have remembered them all day. My worst day psychologically since the war.

Friday Sept 2/42: [Sic. Should be October.]

--- BACK HATRED ---

Animals! Animals in a cage! Fed out of a bucket - Rice and garbage - And visiting firemen come in To view us like we are monkeys in a zoo. Gay, at his Lion Farm is more solicitous of his lions' comfort and health than our yellow bretheren offer us. The Coprosperity Sphere is certainly based on sadism, ignorance, stupidity, degeneracy, and the lowest standards of all animal life. Ragged, hungry, dirty and diseased the white man serves the Yellow horde in a bondage & Servitude, the barbarity of which surpasses anything the Moslems, Algerian Pirates, or Desert Arabs of Allah ever dreamed of. Mass murder of the white man is the order of the day. No matter the principles on State Papers as the basis of this war - the real basis is race hatred. An until we can come to hate as well as they, we cannot win. And our own people back home cannot hate that way. They can have no conception of this bestial race. And because they cannot hate, we here, rotting in the prisons pay the penalty.

The rain broke up today. Managed To get out of the cell long enough to toss a little /231/ baseball and work out the Kinks. One gets awfully bored sometimes. None of my projects have interested me today. Have Kept busy all day, but only with effort. Have had no interest in anything.

--- DR. NOGI ---

Sartin continues half sick. Had a talk with Nogi today. Nogi had been down and had lunch with General Miramoto. Nogi isn't the best informed guy on the war. All he knows, apparently, is "what he hears over the radio & reads in the papers". But apparently Miramoto was talking to him today at lunch. Nogi says it is to be a long war! (Mr. Roosevelt said that last December). Nogi doesn't expect to get home before 2 or 3 yrs. (Well, neither do I, so what?) Of course, Nogi's figures are based on Miramoto figuring; it is going to take them that long to lick us. Ultimate victory for Japan is firmly believed by everyone of them. To them it is a foregone conclusion. I do not think it is bluff. I really believe they are convinced of it. There is no reason for them to believe otherwise. They have completely taken all of East Asia and are the masters of the Situation out here in every respect.

Nogi reports Java all peaceful and running well for them. Plenty of good oil there but no ships to bring it out. /232/ Japan is richer in resources now than she has ever been in her entire career. The more one sees of her people however, the more one has to place credence in the statement of the Old Empress of China - that some Chinese boys & maidens journeyed to Honahu and mated with apes - the Japs resulted. It is only 8 oclock but I am going to bed.

Saturday - Sept 3/42: [October]

A draft left for - Palawan? Nobody knows, altho they left at a time when "ship drafts" usually leave. More tumult and list making continues. We now stand bango every morning at 6:am in our quarters and remained "put" until 7. The Japs count us. Lists have been prepared to "separate the well from the sick".

Otherwise life continues the monotonous grind of prison routine. Food bad last several days. The mutton must last us a while apparently - fond memories. I continue to bat out some biography each day - work a little on Spanish. No classes lately. Warren continues "Toxic". Im afraid I work my students too hard. They all wear out or something. When I start them in again I think I'll confine my act to a five day week. Rain, heat, flies, mosquitoes - all same Bilibid.

Sunday Sept 4/42: [October]

Nothing to mark the sabbath from any other day except the meeting under the Mango tree. The usual routine. Some rumor to the effect that the Philippine Constabulary is being reorganized to take over the Island for the Japs. Reputed to have come from the Manila papers. Practically all our word from the outside of late has originated in the Manila papers.

--- SS CONTE VERDE ---

Tonight we heard they were loading the Conte Verde at the dock. That is the ship which was supposed to be an exchange ship and the one American Nationals were supposed to be evacuated in. Apparently not intended on this trip. This is a Japan job this time judging from the cargo going aboard.

Japanese medical force came out yesterday and examined several of the officers from Cebu. Blood smears, stools etc. That always means they are Japan bound. Probably go out in the Conte Verde.

Each day now has its bit of rain & a little sun - "Sol y sombra". /234/

Tonight the sky is heavy with stars. We can still look straight up and have unobstructed vision, thank God. But within a few minutes out of that star flung sky can come torrents of rain. It is like that out here.

--- MEMORIAL SERVICES ---

Much to do about Camp following Nogi's announcement that he and other Jap officials are coming out To attend a ceremonial for our dead. The Japs, with their Ancestor worship have a great reverence for the dead - friend or enemy. As a result, we have gotten together a program involving chaplains etc. and tomorrow we are To file up To our graveyard under the North Wall. As usual, I am a little leery of this. They are bringing 2 wreaths to place on the graves and "refreshments & things" to distribute among the sick. I wonder if they are bringing movies & cameramen? I expect it. And I wonder what atrocities we are to hear of some day soon which offset this demonstration of human kindness. Anyhow, tomorrow is the day set. It will probably rain like hell.
To bed.

Monday Sept 5/42 -

[October]

Raining! Hard. Looks as tho it has been raining most of the night. Out of my sky heavy with stars. However, the Memorial Services will go on. I dressed quite differently this morning. Usually /235/ dressing consists of putting my legs thru a pair of short ragged shorts, stepping on my "go aheads" and there I am. Today, however, into a clean Khaki shirt with full sleeves, reg. Khaki Trou. Jhodpurs, and my cap with the scrambled eggs. Felt awkward as hell. First time I've had pants or shoes on for so long I didn't know whether the strange feeling was comfortable or uncomfortable.

Partin & Jones and the Chiefs of Services all filed up to the front to meet the Jap guests - Nogi & a 2nd Lt. from Miramoto's staff. We proceeded to the Burial plot in the upper compound where all those who were able had been drawn up in columns on the four sides of the plot. Chap. Cummings opened the Service, Chap. Wilcox rendered the prayers for the dead while everyone stood uncovered. It began to rain hard about that time, but slacked off as the Services progressed. Two large floral wreaths had been sent in by the Japanese. One was marked as given by Gen. Miramoto & his staff, the other by the Officers & men of the Prison. Nogi & the 2nd Lieut. each placed a wreath upon a grave. Later in the morning, a bag of candy, cakes & bananas were distributed among the patients. Nogi called it "a festival". The little guy really means well.

Did Spanish all day mostly. Warren came back for class again tonight. Did some biography and thus got thru the day.

Tuesday. Sept 6/42:

[October]

--- MANILA ---

/236/ Felt sluggish & giddy this morning. Couldn't get going. Did nothing all morning except routine rounds. This afternoon Nogi sent for me. After a parley in the front office it was decided that I was to go with him to the Port Area and examine a prisoner whom he hadn't seen but couldn't decide whether he had appendicitis or not. We proceeded by caromata to the port area. As we traveled thru the streets I turned the conversation into channels I knew interested him - Poetry flowers books etc. All the while I was observing the town and it's people. I was given a knowing look and word here & there, but on the whole there is every evidence that the Japs have rapidly indoctrinated the place. The natives are going about their every day life in a very easy manner, they are all well nourished and clean & well dressed. There are the usual recreational & business activities. The Streets have been renamed in Japanese.

Japanese symbols are everywhere. Streetcars are labeled in Japanese, menus and street notices, traffic signs, all are in Japanese. On the green sward outside the walled city I saw several hundred native school boys being drilled in the goose step etc. & they drilled beautifully. They were neatly uniformed in short Khaki, and beautifully graded in size, and they worked with a smooth precision that was beautiful to see. But - they liked it. It is the Youth movement of the Totalitarian nations. They have lost no time and these Islands - Entire East Asia is Japanese no matter how the war goes. They can't lose for winning.

After the Port Area job was over Nogi took me for a walk along the Luneta & the sea. Several ships in the harbor. Also a couple destroyers & a cruiser. Nogi mentioned /237/ the shortage of gasoline in Manila. Pointed out a couple small ships which he called "gasoline ships". They get their gas from Java, but as he mentioned once before, there aren't enough ships to bring it in. There weren't many motor vehicles in evidence. A few Generals' cars, a few trucks, and I saw one bus in action.

The Port Area is completely littered & every inch of space covered with prisoner drafts from Cabanatuan on their way To Japan. A miserable lot. Diarrhea, Dysentery, Malaria, Beri Beri, scurvy, Pellagra. A horrible mess of human wreckage. Several passed messages To me from White at Cabanatuan. He was the only one I hadn't heard of since he went up there. He is making out very well to date.

--- FOOD ---

Nogi took me to dinner at a little place off the Luneta. Soup, bread, hot dog, sauerkraut, roast pork, yams, apple butter. Ice cream. Ice tea. I didn't enjoy it. It stuck in my throat. After the Port Area with its misery & desolate picture of suffering & dereliction, starved denied victims, how in hell could I eat? I was hungry - Yes, I've been really hungry for so long I don't know when I've felt gastronomically happy but the best food in the world wouldn't taste good to me under some circumstances. /238/

It was dark when we came out of the Restaurant and had begun to rain. A Dismal night. Nogi had to hurry back To the pier as "many prisoners had come in". (They were from Mindinao & the South.) He sent me back to Bilibid by Caromata accompanied by a Jap soldier. As we drove thru the night I noted that the Dance halls & night spots still operated to some degree & the movie houses were open but didn't seem to be doing a big business. There were no American pictures advertised that I saw. Big Neon signs were not in use. Arrived here about 8 o'clock.

--- MAIL ---

Some mail by way of Geneva & the International Red Cross arrived today. Ferguson had a letter, dated May 30. From the mail received we gleaned a little thru the Censorship. Apparently things looked much brighter after the last 6 mos. of war in the States. Also, we were apparently reported as "missing in action, probably in the hands of the enemy." We are all hoping that has been clarified since then and we have been definitely reported as captured.

Received a note from Bruce Langdon today by patients arriving from Cabanatuan. He is doing well there. /239/ Reports received from Mardini, Langdon, Herthneck & White have been glowing and commendable. They seem To be doing all the real medical work up there. Even two dental officers are doing more medical work than Army Medicos. They are a hell gang of boys.

A local paper tells of the 1st Grad. Class of "Navy Auxillary" - women officers in the Navy - noncombatant jobs. I remember when we use to joke about that. Spanish class again tonight. And now To bed.

Thursday Nov. 8/42:

[October]

Activity is the word of the day. Draft left today comprised of recently received Mindanao officers & men. To Port Area - To Japan. Another group in Today. A missionary, wife & children, one a small baby among them. They are quartered up in the front building. One ship apparently shoved off today, as we have been working for them and sending food to the dock. We sent no more after today's breakfast. Japan apparently covering her troop movements with American prisoners. 2000 troops went aboard the same ship with the prisoners. Ship was not cartel-led. Camouflaged etc. Open violation of international agreements of course.

--- HARRINGTON ---

Harrington (Wild Bill) arrived from Cebu today. Has been in Jail down there. Harry is a funny guy. Went completely nuts over in Mariveles. Went South in February. Harry is the original Mahor Whoopie - been /240/ everywhere and done everything. All he needs is a couple of hall room boys to make him a living cartoon. Came out on the Harrison with me. Sat at our table. With all of Harry's faults he's got some good attributes. Kindhearted, by nature, fond of children. I remember how he took care of the little Chinese girl on the ship all the way across the Pacific. Harry seemed very affable today. However he could still explode. Gave him my last cigar. Harry always chewed a cigar and he hasn't had any recently. He was duly thankful.

Hopes in camp revive again among the boys. Such rumors as the General calling off all house fixing up and the report by a few Chinese that the Generals are leaving the Islands and leaflets being dropped over Cavite telling them to clear out, all help to boost the boys again. Again they have started upward on a climb for another hellish let down.

New Cases from Cabanatuan, a malignant Knee and a spine-injury at site of an old TB gybus. Another traumatic Knee from Datan. Clinical activity seems to keep up. Operating regularly again as the weather permits. /241/ Spanish class tonight.

Friday Nov. 9:

[October]

The whole dam compound stinks. A few days ago they hauled in about 3 ton of small smoked fish. Extra pots were set up and the whole galley force turned to frying up fish by the hundreds to feed the prisoners passing thru the Port Area on way to Japan. The ground, the entire compound is infiltrated with the fetid odor of too old fish. It aint Attar of Roses. It aint frankincense & myrrh & sweet spice & perfume of the Orient you read about.

Busy with routine practically all the morning. Worked on the Biographies and have done no Spanish whatsoever. Must give it hell tomorrow. Late this evening we were asked for a list of well & recovered patients able to go to Japan. In the meanwhile one of the Jeep Guards was telling the boys tonight in the "L" building that by Christmas every body be in Japan. He may be right. We are not out of the mess yet by a hell of a sight and I wouldn't be surprised to end up in Japan before the year is out. However, there is the possibility that we will be the last to go. Time is an element to be reckoned with. /242/

These ships going up to Japan with prisoners are not cartel-ed. One of them one of these days is going to get a torpedo right thru her midriff. It is rumored that a ship bearing 1800 British Prisoners from Singapore bound for Japan was sunk. Sorry business.

--- NOGI'S HOSPITALITY ---

About 6 pm, Sartin, Joses, Clyde Welch & I were invited up To the Big front Building To have chow with Nogi. The layout wasnt anything To write home about. A piece of dead caribao about the size of a half dollar - a dirty hard camote and some broth and a tea that tasted like medicine. Nogi had brought in some cream puffs and we ate them in our hands - squashed all over - much noise inhaling them. However, the boy was doing his best. We sat around and talked and after while he says "I've ordered another dinner". In comes five steak dinners. The steak may have been thin & hard but it was not rotten and it was meat. The potatoes, tomatoes and spaghetti were good. It was O.K. More talk & then a glass of hot sweet canned milk. We learned later he had sent out a boy with 6 pesos To get the chow. That is a big wallop out of his very limited pay. Hard to make out this guy. He mentioned during the evening he was glad we could sit & talk. He enjoyed it. Well, we talked of dam near everything. /243/ "Do you hunt in Japan?" "Do you grow apples? Corn? Grapes? etc." "Where in Japan is it cold? where hot?" Then we talked of the Jap language & the three sets of characters. There was mention of Tolstoy, Ibsen, Gorki and Carl Marx. He has read them all.

Left about 9:30 and came on back here To the barracks. I dont know whether I like to go up there or not. We are given the use of a big room up there in the big front building for a medical library. Couple of tables in there & some chairs. Good light. Ought to be O.K. For staff officers.

We are sending Belinky & 2 corpsmen to San Fernando tomorrow to bring in some patients. San Fernando is so located that the cases can be coming from anywhere, Bataan, up North Luzon way, or Camp ODonnell or Cabanatuan. They should arrive here tomorrow night. Nogi tells us there are 1000 cases of Pellagra at Cabanatuan now. They are closing Camp #3 and moving everybody to Camp #1. Another move under way is 5 Doctors and 10 Corpsmen To Davao. Nogi /244/ has stated that if ODonnell closes in time he will take the Personnel from there. Otherwise they will go from here. There is an uncertainty in the general set up every where in the Islands at present. Anything may happen. Anyone may go anywhere.

Weird sounds in the big building up front tonight - baby crying - (the missionary and his family still there). A Japanese singing - (there is nothing more eerie & doleful and sadistic. The singer really suffers. So does everybody else. Hence - great artists). Raining again tonight. Looks like this rainy season got started & couldnt stop.

Sunday, October 11/42:

Activity continues. Prisoners moving in from Cabanatuan & the south - Japan bound. Our well patients are also listed for Japan - not Cabanatuan. Life otherwise continues as before here in Bilibid. Language study and my writing for amusement, a little ball tossing for exercise, daily clinical work which has increased lately by cases from the Camps in the Provinces. Amputated a sarcomatous Knee today. Trying to get irradiation /245/ therapy at Phil. Gen.

Still have my occasional fight with the Command here. The usual reason. I just can't adjust to vasillation, indecision and Cater to appearances. I have been winning more lately, however. At least I am running my own department and not having any outside interference.

Have recently declared myself in regard to Corpman examinations. A ridiculous procedure but since they are set on doing it I am insisting on one of the officers who came over here with my outfit, being on the board. There has been too much discriminatory remarks in the personnel officer against our men to insure them fair treatment otherwise. If it is not done they will surely hear from me sure as hell. I have indicated Wade as the officer I want to serve on the Board.

Copies of the Manila Paper in today are filled with intensive pro jab propaganda. If it were all true we might as well fold up. Fortunately I can still see much evidence of the news as a bit stretched. The Interpreter from headquarters in Today and talking about forms for our mailing to the States. Looks as tho we may be able to get out one of these censored card arrangements some time this month. Rain! Rain! Rain! Today I read "The Merchant of Venice." /246/

Wednesday Oct. 12/42:

Columbus Day. I recall this date 1922 - New Orleans - The hall of the "Mariners of 1942", "The Italian Hall" etc. - René Bergeron in his boats as a sheik, Mademoiselle Colbert - the gal who wouldn't eat any animal flesh - the gal who wore a fish net for a costume (hundreds killed in the rush) - a dame who kept drunkenly repeating "As I live & breathe" and I thought it was funny - Marsden, Young, Rod Mallan, the N-P. guy who always smoked a cigar - Hedges was along also, I believe - Sausages & hot cakes at 4: am! And French Coffee! Soiree! Fiesta! Hot Dam! I guess I've had my share of La Vie at that. No se habia negado mucho!

--- FUMBLING FRIENDS ---

Tough day. Rained much of the time. Did get a little work out with the base ball late today. Much underground stuff. Again the place suffers because of sincere & sweet intent of friends on the outside. One old lady who had been successfully getting in food for indigent patients clumsily fumbles the ball when she oversteps her potentialities and cuts our throat by being caught in a lie by the Japanese headquarters. She was attempting to get us in money. Probably ends her good work. If only these people wouldn't try to do a professional job of g-2. I have a professional agent in contact with her whom she could have entrusted this job to. They mean well, but one by one they mess up the detail. "B" completely washed up for the same reason. Not even permitted to talk to Americans. The old old story. So few people are willing to work behind the scenes. Still another crack up in a system which was serving us well. Catholic sisters have been allowed /247/ to send in small boxes of medicine. They were refused today. Couldn't do. In the box today, (which was not even searched by the Japs) they had placed 5000 pesos. Clumsily done. 5th column stuff - counter espionage in their own ranks. I have protested for a long time we should have no connection there. StH reported long ago how closely watched & suspected the runneries are. Contact is practically nil at present. The lines have been tightened to where we are completely isolated - for the present. It has been progressively worse for the last 3 weeks. More incommunicado status today than ever before.

The egress to Japan continues. Prisoners pour in from the North en route and our "well" patients (those able to creep & crawl) are listed for tomorrow's sailing. Speculation still continues as to whether we move that way. The probability is there but I still think we will be the last to go and in the meanwhile time makes tactical changes in the situation & we may miss it. Word filtered in from the front office that those who would leave here would be out by the 28th Nov - as the Japs expected to be able to keep the China Sea area open that long. There may be something to it. Frankly I expect them to have the China Sea route open a hell of a lot longer than that.

--- HOSPITAL CORPS EXAMS ---

Intense fight on my hands today and again I am in the dog house. The discriminatory remarks made by the Personnel Officer against our men from the "fighting corps" who came in with me led me to demand one of our own officers to serve on any promotion board they held. The question of recommending certain Corpamen for right to take exams still rests with the command here and there are several of my group not in personal favor /248/ of the Personnel Officer and if left To him would not be recommended. Today in a heated argument I have served notice that those men who came here with me, and who are eligible in their Bureau requirements are to take that exam or I'll raise hell. They cant get back of the facts that our men have quarterly marks legally given which qualify them. And moreover, except in one instance, every man I have with me has proven himself a fighting man who can "Take it" and they are to have the opportunity of taking the exam or I'll sure as hell Kick up enough stink to make this outfit look like thirty Cents if & when we survive.

I Knew damn well I'd have such crap To handle & contend with when we returned "to the fold". But if that's the way they want to make it, I'll fight it out with them "if it takes all winter". Rainy like hell tonight.

Saturday, Oct 17, 1942:

--- THE FLAG ---

Some five days or thereabouts have passed since last entering a note herein. Paper is scarce and increasingly difficult to get, no departure of note from the routine of prison life, and hence - no notes. Each morning, up before daybreak, and as dawn breaks, the first crimson streaks of light reveal the round red ball in the center of the white field, the flag of Japan, standing out against the eastern sky. I have never noticed flags much before. I have come to learn their importance, and the great value of their symbolism in the life of a people. It is some /249/ thing tangible you can offer the people, the masses, to rever and respect, when they fumble such abstract things as "ideals" and "ways of life" and "national character" & "integrity". We can begin beating our way back to a strong nationalism by emphasizing the Flag.

Practically no contact whatsoever with the outside except the propaganda news papers they send in. Childish in their overplay, but reeking with the achievements of Japan. Maj. Houghton arrived here from Cabanatuan on some temporary mission. Looks pretty good. Rice fat, however, and has his head practically shaved. Quite a change in his undershirt and dirty Khaki pants from the "Out of the bandbox Houghton I first met on Corregidor. The last draft for Japan left several days ago, taking Harrington and the other Naval Officers who came up from down south.

--- PROSPECTS ---

Yesterday I sat recapitulating, and watching the prisoners and camp life pass by. The hard solid facts are these: Had we been obliged to subsist only on what the Japs have given us, there isn't a one of us who would be able to carry on and work today, many of us would already be six feet under, and those still surviving at the moment would have been so irreparably damaged that the expectancy of life or return to health would be very low. And when you consider that out of about 60,000 prisoners 25 - 28,000 have died at O'Donnell, 1500 or more at Cabanatuan, some 1500 more still on the sick list at Cabanatuan, some 70 or 80 having died here, the figures dont give us much chance. The death rate at Cabanatuan is still 10 - 15 daily. New dysentery cases continue. There is inadequate water. And I well remember /250/ the horrible physical state of the draft saw in the port area, and at that time estimated that at least 25% would die before they could ever expect to reach the States. Mass murder

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by starvation and inhuman consideration of prisoners. Wreathes for the dead and ingratiating demonstrations can never cover up nor lessen the horror of the unfortunate experience of being the captive of a degenerate, ignorant, Oriental people.

I still continue with my writing and language work to put in the days & nights that come and go.

--- FIELD DAY ---

Tried to convince Sartin that regular weekly inspections by him would help a lot toward cleaning up this joint. He just couldn't see how he could do it. He talks it over with this one and that one as usual. However, he left it to the Chiefs of Services to hold their weekly inspections. The result is interesting. Thurs. was field day on the Surgical Service and yesterday I went thru on inspection. My God, what an improvement! Not only were the gear, buildings and heads clean, but the patients looked decent & clean, and the Corpsemen neat and respectable looking. And they were as proud of their place as I was. The whole morale was better. This morn'g I hear that the other departments are working into line and "anxious" now, to have field day. The lazy, indolent, passive bastards ought to be. I have invited Sartin to go around with us next Fri. The thing I am working up to is to get sufficient attention to the galley and outside sanitation. Much can be done to lessen our hazardous and uncomfortable conditions. There is still too much left to "what the crew wants to do".

Nogi hasn't been near us for a week. /251/ Nogi was to let us know when we could return our knee sarcon to Manila for irradiation. When I had my argument with Sartin a week ago about immediate operation on that case I foreshadowed such a delay or never hearing. The case will die anyway.

Sunday Oct 18/42:

They sent in a dog carcass for a meat ration. Consequently we ate burnt rice. Someday we will read a lot of imposing figures submitted by the Nipponese to show what a liberal protein allowance we received. When it is known, however that most of it is made up of unedible stinking fish the size of a minnow, caribao you can't get under your nose when you use the paltry pieces to make soup, dead lamb in spar ants, never enough to do more than make some grease in the waterlily soup, and now dog. Long pig comes next I guess.

Incidentally, I passed out my last peso today. I'll gird up the old tron and go back to prison fare only. I have picked up considerably however, and am in fair shape and I can last until something turns up - and something will. Have subsisted mainly on peanuts and bananas the last week any how.

Soft warm night and a bright moon last night. There was a warm heaviness in the air that I have loved and long for in old Tidewater. Here, it is hellish and miserable. The rains slack off. Showers at night or scattered during the day. Otherwise, very hot and no breeze. A miserable dam climate if there ever was one.

--- ARMY MEDICS ---

Nogi reappeared today. A draft of 100's and 15 hospital corpsemen are to go to Davao. Nogi is for keeping this Navy Unit intact and using the Army group who are here but doing absolutely nothing. Breslin, the senior Army Medico here, when asked about going down, pulled out of /252/ it fast. He was quite anxious to make out a list of Army available, and whom he would recommend, but as for himself - he tells Nogi he wants to stay. We have Navy volunteers for the detail but you will never

an Army volunteer out of that gang. Five medics, 15 corpsmen and 2 D.O.'s are to go down there and set up a hospital. This Army crowd ought to be glad for a chance to do something. Duckworth talked himself out of Davao too. He is now in Cabanatuan. I mentioned long ago that he would bear watching. Word comes to me that he still has his eye on this place. I still believe him a menace to our integrity here.

Nogi also reports that I can send my sarcoma case to Phil. Gen. tomorrow for irradiation. Had I waited all this time before amputating I certainly would have felt guilty of malpractice. I will never forget how I had to argue with Sartin over this job. I am still in the doghouse for the way I jumped at him and said my say on that day.

Saturday Oct. 24/42:

--- ARMY MEDICS ---

Nearly a week since I have made an entry, it has been an uneasy week. It all began with the Japanese asking for a medical detail to go to Davao. Sartin & Nogi in conference had decided that this was a splendid opportunity for the Army Medical Officers and corpsmen who are hanging on here doing nothing /253/ since July 2nd, to step out and really do something. As a result, a detail of 4 med officers and 15 corpsmen were designated. Maj. Breslin, the senior Army Medico made the designations but carefully excluded himself. Breslin isn't worth a Goddam & never has been. I've known him from Corregidor & Bataan days & he is a complete loss anyway you look at him. In the meanwhile, the Army grows like hell about going South on such a detail. Navy personnel were volunteering for the job but, as Sartin had pointed out to Nogi, Army & Navy personnel wouldn't mix well on such a detail and as a result the volunteers were refused. The attitude of the Army on such matters as these is hard to understand. As a group they just haven't been officers, gentlemen, soldiers nor doctors. I look back to days before the surrender and recall how every damn one of their medical stations were deserted and our forces remained to the last with our troops. After the surrender, when the Army morale broke, our forces carried on in their hospital in all key positions and /254/ and carried the load. And now, at this late date, with a splendid opportunity to go south to Davao and open up a hospital and really do some good, they wail and consider themselves martyrs and discriminated against. Just a bunch of goddam no-good politicians.

Well, by sundry underground means, several members of the Army got the ear of an ex-Army private, (half Jap) now acting as interpreter at the front office. That night, Yakashisi, the interpreter and the four eyed Sgt up front, sent for Sartin and told him to substitute Navy names for several of the Army names he had marked. Sartin refused on the grounds that Nogi had said that was not to be. In the meanwhile Nogi had gone out of town for several days. The Japs were mad as hell and immediately there were threats afoot for the removal of Sartin and sending him out to some field detail and replacing him by an Army Colonel from our Patient list.

We heard of this and went into / 255/ a huddle. What we really didn't know was whether the front office boys really had enough power to swing such a thing. Moreover, would Nogi back up Sartin or his own crew? And moreover we didn't really know how much last word authority Nogi really had concerning these details. Reprisals for our attitude was plainly to be expected, probably in wholesale breaking up of our fairly tight organization here. It began to look as tho' all the good will we had worked up in the past months had been wrecked in a minute by a lousy no account Jap nestizo, prompted by a ratty Army outfit.

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The following morning, the Japs sent back the list and had substituted two Navy names for two army names and had been backed by headquarters. Old "Four-eyes" had beat it down to headquarters early in the morning. Our G-2 let us hear of this as soon as he arrived there. In the meanwhile, the Japs would have no conversation with us at all. We elected to do nothing but just wait - and hope - that Nogi would show up before the detail was supposed to leave.

The following day Nogi arrived. After going over the details, Nogi backed up Sartin completely and /256/ little by little there has been a gradual lessening of the tension. But in the meanwhile, the food issue has settled down to nothing but dry rice.

There is an old Lady in Manila who should be honored by our Government someday for her unceasing efforts to help our American prisoners. And altho she fumbles the ball considerably at times, her persistent sincere whole hearted efforts are worthy of eternal memory. She has sent in baskets of papaya, clothes, toilet articles, and the past week sent in about 80 lbs of Caribao soup bones. It filled a big need.

The Jap program for intensified isolation of Americans continues. In spite of the isolation campaign we have been able to get a little money smuggled thru to us and it has greatly relieved the situation. I have always before me the evident fact that not one of us could have survived and maintained our present degree of health had we been obliged to subsist on what the Japs have issued us. Our subrosa efforts to exist have alone /257/ allowed us to continue activity.

--- POW MORTALITY ---

In the meanwhile, during the past week, I have managed to acquire data and facts from the outlying provinces which confirm our previous reports. We can conservatively estimate our American prisoner dead since the surrender at about ^{a minimum of} 5000, about 26,000 Philipinos, which means over 50% of prisoners taken by Japanese have died in prison camps. There are still 12-1500 patients at Odonnell, and at Cabanatuan they are still dying at the rate of about 300 a month and new cases of dysentery are continuing to appear. At the present rate, if the prison life continues for another 6 mos, we will be fortunate to have a 25% or $\frac{1}{4}$ survival. Mass murder. These conditions could be remedied.

In the meanwhile, good reports of our Navy M.O.s & dental officers continue to come to me. There is also some rumor to the effect that several of them are to be sent here to us. We have done all we could to get them with us.

The Camp has boosted its /258/ morale considerably in the last week with gobs of rumors that run everywhere from our having taken all the Islands to the south (for the 9th consecutive time) to great sea victories and daily bombing of Japan, and everybody is on the crest of the wave again. O.K. while it lasts. They are about due for another let down however. And so goes the cycle from week to week. Hope springs eternal in the human breast. They are children, not soldiers. Romanticists, not realists. Escape Artists! Mentally.

A new recipe makes its appearance. A new coffee substitute. Made from Banana skins. You bake the skins very dry and then crumble them into the water and boil. It is hot, dark, sweetish, not bad to taste, but not coffee & no kick. Our old standby - mongo beans, now sell in town for P50 per sack. Beyond our power to buy. A few centavos use to buy enough for several meals. Bananas, peanuts and rice are now our staples. The rice they give us. The peanuts and bananas we buy.

--- "NIPPON GO" ---

Copies of the Manila paper come /259/ in to us at times, particularly when their propaganda is going good. Notice a long list of names tried for various offenses such as "Listening to foreign propaganda", "uttering or disseminating foreign propaganda", "failing to salute a sentry" etc. Punishments ran the gamut of beheadings, hangings, shootings, long terms of imprisonment etc. This coprosperity sphere is serious. This "Nippon Go" is in earnest - in their own way.

The Rains continue. Probably another month before it will really dry up. It has been a long drab wet season. Next year - may be different. Maybe. Continue with my spanish each day. And my biographies are now approaching the last few.

Have had several more sessions with Sartin about promotions of hospital Corpsmen. I remain adamant that a medical officer who was with me in the field be on the Board and that every corpsman I recommend be allowed to take the exam. Yesterday the Board was announced. Wade, my nominee was placed on the Board. I understand that all of my Corpsmen I offer as qualified are to be allowed to take it. Now it is entirely up to them. The whole proposition is a farce and illegal and I would prefer that it would not be held. I can understand the argument for it, but it isn't worth a dam. By the same argument two or three /260/ or more officers should be promoted. No one would think of doing that.

Parties have shoved off for Japan, Mindinao, Fort McKinly, Port Area etc. Looks as tho the Japs mean to put Americans in every location that could be a military objective and subject to bombing. Reports from the Port Area tell me of troops and war materials traveling in ships marked as hospital ships. A very neat violation of a treaty meant for a boon to humanity. Soon we will hear Sikiguchi raising hell again about our sinking of hospital ships.

Within a few days if all works out well, we should receive thru our subrosa "hol in the wall" quite a sum of money in pesos. I have been appointed to handle this fun when it arrives and to see that it is applied where most needed. It is a considerable sum and should amount to around P5000.

--- QUININE ---

Pete Kemp, Lt Col (M.A.C.) passed thru here yesterday. He was taken from Corregid long before we were and has been working in the Jap Med. Supply Dept., boxing up the collections etc. He left today theoretically for Cabanatuan. Tells /261/ us the Japs have very little quinine and none is coming in. Quinine is selling in town for 40 centavos a capsule. It just wont do to have Malaria. Not only Quinine, but nothing is being brought in except rice from down south, probably Saigon, French Indo China. Everything else is being taken out.

Latest information is that they are clearing out ODennell completely and farming out the sick to the Provincial Hospitals. The Cabanatuan group is to be reduced to 6000 prisoners. The excess go down south or to Japan. Despite all rumors to the contrary, the Japs still have the China Sea lanes wide open.

Going over the record of one of my men yesterday I questioned him a while and finally asked him his home state. Comes from "Virginia, Norfolk, & Princess Anne County". "Where in Princess Anne", I asked him. "London Bridge", sez he! No more work on that case yesterday. Just sat for an hour living in the past. Sunsets with a long cold one on the porch of the Log House overlooking Lynhaven Bay - cold nights before the blazing logs lit /262/ over sherry or brandy after an oyster or steak dinner - and even the memories of that dam unrepaired trail Dan called a road

were sweet! Even the smells of that rotting cabbage field enroute, was something in my memory and recollections to bring tears to my eyes - another echo from the happiest period of my life.

Nogi came in this afternoon to visit. Sat here in the quarters with us and talked a while. Left us a pack of Camels. Just like dumping a carload of ice cream cones in "Little Henry's" Lap.

Rain! Rain! Rain! Lot of water falling tonight. It's sort of a dreary world all the way around. And I'm hungry. I'll smoke a camel and go to bed. If I had the slightest idea of any possibility of it happening I'd give a hurry up yell for the Yanks and the Tanks. Im afraid it would be just like all our other hurry up yells - hollering down a rain barrel would be more productive. At least it is a pleasant sound./#63/

Oct. 26/42 Monday:

--- WADA ---

Rain as usual. Went up to the front building today where we have fitted up a sort of reading room. The few medical books we have managed to salvage are there, and the Japs have brought in some old magazines and books of various kinds. Naturally a little propoganda is to be found there. For some reason they have sent in a beautiful volume on Japanese art. Bound in a beautifully processed silk and the paper is a hand made process fiber very beautiful indeed. It is a large volume of prints and a vigorous discussion of Japanese Art and its development thru the periods. I read a while. Wada (!), the talkative little Interpreter who speaks English so well came in and was seeking information as to the relative ranks & rates of Army and Navy in relation to the coming "pay". As usual he was all wound up and talking a blue streak, gesticulating and finger talking and grinning. It seems that we will get a small sum as cash in hand, the rest to be deposited with the Paymaster and from which is to be deducted money for our "Food". Pond Lillies and rice are to come high Im thinking. Haas asked what would eventually happen to the rest of the money. Wada says "two or three years from now when you go home you will get it all". Wada tells us how the /264 exchange [works?]

Japs now in Japan report the hard treatment of American prisoners, making them work in the beet sugar fields. Also how personal articles like pens, watches etc. taken from them. Justifying the Jap. acts very hard. Wada tells us American Prisoners fare better in Japan. Japanese very kind. Civilian Americans interned in Japan at opening of war were taken to very best 1st rate hotels. Says he has a brother in law in the Aleutians now. (Yes!) Still expects we will be allowed to send censored mailing card by end of month. The little guy certainly is a propoganda saturated boy. Believes it all, too. Whether we like to admit it or not Shinto-ism is a tough line to buck.

Another uneasy few hours today. All incident to bungling amateurish activities again. Have been sending our patient with sarcoma out to Phil. General for irradiation. Have allowed Ritter to go down with him on the last three occasions. Ed is such a naive guy. I had talked with Sartin after he returned last time and suggested we bring that detail back To our own Command Group & send Cecil. Well, today on their return, they searched the Patient and found two notes containing money /265/ for two Army medics. Ritter had to know about it because on questioning he himself told me an orderly at the hospital had given them to the patient. He could have stopped that. Jap Gestapo and counter espionage notified the office here To intercept them. That it emanated from that end and not from the guard who accompanied them is evidenced in the fact that Nogi was also aware of it and arrived here hardly ten minutes later and

began his investigation of the matter. Our people must learn to do such things thru a properly constituted system. We have tried to deter them from trying individual activities which can only result disastrously for us all. Nogi helped us out in this instance but if we continue to let occurrences like this upset Nogi's confidence in our good intentions to play ball with him we are going to lose our one friend in the enemy camp.

--- CITIZEN ARMY ---

New regime took over today. Jap soldiers relieved as guards and this bunch of young armed Civilian guards that went thru here several months ago have taken over. But I think they have left the Army Sgt. in charge of them. When they went thru here several months ago they were raw high school kids and were issued American Mafield Rifles, /266/ American cartridge belts, American Ammunition etc. They have been under some intensive training at O'Donnell. They arrive back here looking fitter and more like soldiers but plainly not the physically best of Jap troops such as they use in combat units. It is their citizen army but understand that they have no army status whatsoever. I suppose now we will have to go thru a period of getting use to this new gang. It always happens.

Three medical officers are to be sent To Japan next month. Sartin has been instructed to select the proper ones. Have been expecting this all along.

Reports from the Port Area tell me that 4 large ships heavily loaded left for Davao yesterday. Only one ship left in the Area and it is loading with American 75's and ammunition, anti-aircraft stuff - for Davao.

The Japanese now have American prisoners at every probable military objective on Luzon. The Japanese themselves now report that our Americans in Japan are "working in the factories and are well cared for and happy in private homes". A very excellent way of advertising the fact that we will be bombing our own Americans wherever we bomb. Well! Well! /267/

Tuesday, October 27/42:

Navy Day. Supposed to be big doings in the States today. 200 ships to come off the ways today. Lot of flag waving and all that. Must be great stuff. Here in Bilibid life goes on with about the same morbid outlook, the same monotony, and the old red meat ball, the rising sun of Japan, still flies above the gray prison walls.

Last night, three hundred & 50 Officers, many navy and Marine Corps among them, arrived from Cabanatuan for an overnight stay. They are enroute to Davao. About 100 Taiwan (Formosan) soldiers were with them. Very noisy. This Cabanatuan group didn't look as bad as many I have seen but they are far from healthy. We only got four in the hospital out of the group. Operated one for appendicitis, two others admitted for malnutrition. One red headed lad, looking rather good by comparison, just simply laid down and couldn't be aroused from what looked like a deep sleep. With a normal temp., normal urine and blood, neurologically negative etc - he died a few hrs. after admission. Barbiturate poisoning, self administered, is my guess. He decided this was as far as he was going. And it was.

Heard from the boys at Cabanatuan, Herthneck, White, Langdon and Nardini. The Japs have told them they will be "coming this way soon". Understand they are doing better /268/ physically. Also, as might be expected, they have come in for a lot of criticism by the Army for "having done too much". That is readily understandable when coming

from a Medical Corps that would sell medicine to sick American prisoners. Two more Jew boys up there have continued that practice. Nice fellows.

The Group left today for Davao. Another group expected in tomorrow enroute to Japan. And thus it goes.

And right here will note that Im dam homesick, lonely, worried, and fed up with captivity and the realization of the time Im missing from all that means so much to me. To all intents and purposes I died on Dec 8 except my insurance can to nobody any good to date. Life was sure swell once.

Fri. October 31/42:

Yesterday a clear day. Otherwise, same old reign of Jap. Pluv. I. Another month scratched from the calendar. Turkey month in the States. Just November to us. /269/
--- ESCAPEES ---

The use of the old execution chamber which the Japs had us vacate became known yesterday. We had been using the stone building as a ward. They had us vacate it several days ago. Two hundred prisoners from Cabanatuan came in, en route to Japan. With them they brought nine American prisoners, caught escapees, and confined them in the stone cells. We have to supply the guards, the order being that there shall be 5 guards on duty at all times. Any one escaping, the five guards on duty at the time will be shot in place of the prisoners. It is the same system in use up at Cabanatuan.

--- LIEUT. GILBERT ---

Hear from this group that Lt. Gilbert was shot at Cabanatuan in an attempted escape. I remember Gilber from Mariveles days. He was a mining engineer, graduate of Denver school of mines, and was in charge of construction at Mariveles. He was a little lacking in his knowledge of water supplies and we had a difficult time with him in that respect. He had done some mining about Luzon, knew the country and probably figured he had a /270/ place to go once free. He miscalculated. The time to do the running act was earlier. The Japs are too well organized now, the natives not so generally trustworthy and dependable thruout. I guess most of us have had the idea, and have looked into it seriously. I certainly did and had some very good prospects. StM. discouraged me and as I see it now, I was advised well.

The Japs sent us in some Sarums & vaccines and yesterday I took my first shot of a series of 3 of a combined dose against Typhoid, cholera and dysentery. It is made locally. Very little reaction. I wonder if the stuff is alive.

Twenty some prisoner patients came in from Palawan. Report that they have about 300 Americans working there building a huge air port. In Spite of all the rumors, the Jap boys don't seem to be figuring on leaving here very soon. (Neither did the Americans - but). The Japs are building a beach defense at Davao. Pill boxes, barbed wire, anti air etc. a natural development under circumstances of course.

Nogi went to Cabanatuan and volunteered to take a note for me. I wrote a note to Langdon.

--- ARMY MEDICS ---

Bill Donovan & Breslin came in to see me yesterday and endeavored to get me to intercede /271/ with Sartin to give Breslin authority to recommend the Army on our staff for movements as well as the Army unattached. Sartin, Jones & I had decided against that several days ago. I refused to have anything to do with any recommendation To Sartin to that end. They asked me if I hadn't been well treated by the Army on

Corregidor. It was my opportunity to point out what a lousy treatment the Navy did receive on Corregidor. Army officers are already admitting that the Navy got a lousy deal on Corregidor & never expected the situation to reverse & bounce so unfavorably for them - Army - so soon. As a matter of fact the Army has been given a hell of a lot more consideration than ever accorded the Navy on Corregidor. The Army will play politics always. I wouldn't play. The sons-a-bitches can't understand a guy who won't filibuster for personal ends.

I continue to work on my biographies, and my Spanish. Warren and I still have daily class. News of the war in general comes to us in very unsatisfactory snatches and from poor dependable sources. In the past week we have heard of practically complete annihilation of American sea forces down south, of several running sea battles in the vicinity of Santa Cruz, more fighting in the Solomons as the Japs attempt to retake them. We hear that Hong Kong has been bombed by our forces. And time goes the unsatisfactory news of the day for us. However, the recent /272/ arrivals from Palawan tell us that on the same ship coming up, they had aboard 7 dead Japs and many "well smashed up." Guerrilla warfare no doubt.

This last batch of prisoners from Cabanatuan are a sorry looking crowd. Horrible derelicts of humanity. The American people back home can't realize yet what it means to see the white race in servitude and demoralized, reduced to animal existence, with less care and attention than animals in our Zoo.

--- BARNBROOK ---

Barnbrook, the lad who escaped from here, is not among the 9 who were brought in. However, the "front office" has taken pains to insist that he has been caught and is now being put thru his period of beating. It may be true. On the other hand, it would be just like the Japs to face-save by such yarns just now. To prevent us asking the question "Where is Barnbrook".

Monday, November 2, 1942:

--- VIZAYANS ---

Three days ago we were suddenly notified that 2000 Filipinos would arrive here in the morning and would occupy the entire upper compound. That meant we had to find somewhere to accommodate and pile in about 175 patients into our all ready crowded wards, and /273/ still house the draft of 200 who were waiting to go to Japan. These last we have hoped to keep isolated from all others until we can thoroughly delouse them. They aren't in the best shape, physically, by any means. Look more like the group I saw in the port area. Well, we placed patients on the concrete decks between the beds, and under the beds, in the aisles etc. We managed to pack them in. The Filipinos arrived. They are Vizayans from "down south" and are on their way "north", to O'Donnell, we have been told, "to be trained" for constabulary duty etc. Chiefly a matter of indoctrination and propagandizing them. The Vizayans make much better soldiers than the Tag-a-logs. Most of the Scouts are made up on Vizayans. They are good fighters and our experience with them has been all in their favor over the other tribes of the Filipinos. They have a distinct Vizayan language. They are reputed not to be as personally clean as the Tag-a-logs. I have never been able to see any difference. But one outstanding thing which was evident when they came in here was their apparent good discipline, the officer like quality of their officers. They looked sturdy and strong and have apparently been well fed. They themselves did not have any definite information as to where they were going. Out of the group we collected two dysentery cases. I saw five injury cases among them, /274/ subsequent to a truck accident of 5 days ago. One boy had a severe deep gash across his abdomen and the wound had been neglected for some time and was a nasty mess. The Japs allowed me to

admit him to our hospital. The others were able to travel. This morning about 4: AM, the entire unit moved out, enroute north.

--- ESCAPEES ---

The nine solitary confinement prisoners in the "Execution Chamber" continue under heavy incommunicado from the rest of us. We did manage to get a concession to allow a doctor to visit them once a day and we are trying to get permission to delouse them. All of them are eaten up with body lice. Their general condition is fair but they are allowed nothing to eat except dry rice and it will be only a matter of a very short time before Beri Beri, pellagra, scurvy will become the executioner.

An Emergency appendix last night. Saw several other cases offering difficulties of diagnosis. Abdominal pain in the prisoners, practically all of whom have malaria, or dysentery, or intestinal parasites, or scurvy or Pellagra, Beri Beri etc., who are eating like pigs every day, is a very difficult symptom to deal with.

--- SURGICAL SERVICE ---

Sartin made inspection with me last Fri. when I went over the Surgical Service. He had to admit it was an improved situation incident to our inspection policy. Yesterday I handed in my report of the /275/ Service for the month of October. Twenty seven operations during the month, satisfactory results, all cases on service doing well, materiel upkeep improved, morale of personnel good. Of course we continue grossly inadequate in proper supplies and food, the care we are able to give is by no means all that could be done, but everything possible, with what they give us, is being used in their behalf. Mrs. Norton continues to send in food stuffs and every bit of it is fed to the sick. The staff takes none of it. Quite a contrast to the Army system.

Had word during the past week that several attempted escapes had taken place at Cabanatuan and they were from the building where Bob is quartered, and as a result, Bob was confined to the quarters along with the rest and only issued rice rations permitted them. However, Nogi returned today from Cabanatuan, and brought me notes from Langdon and Nardini and reported Bob O.K. & weighing nearly 200. That means he is rice fat or else edematous from beri beri which I know he has had. However, Langdon & Nardini are some distance from Bob, and from their notes I can tell they have not communicated with him in the past few days. Langdon and Nardini both seem to be doing very well and are plainly kept busy.

More difficulties lately with clumsy communication with the outside. Just now, with "incommunicado" as the Key note and predominating policy of the Japs toward us, this indiscriminate clumsy stuff must stop. If a note is thrown over the wall, anybody is a damn fool to run and pick it up. The "Command" here won't handle /276/ the cases severely enough. As a result, somebody is sooner or later going to get the hell beat out of them or shot and probably both. And the rest of us will be so damn deep in the dog house, none of us will be able to carry on contact which is beneficial to the whole.

The end of October came, but no pay and no mail as promised. They now set the middle of Nov. as the date. They will pay us according to their way of figuring sooner or later but we can't win for losing.

My sarcoma case missed out on one treatment because they had no fuel to run the ambulance. However, he went back To Phil. Gen. today and Cecil went with him. About four more treatments is all they expect to give him. It is inadequate, of course, and their refusal to irradiate bone areas as well as glands is ridiculous. It is evident that they are conserving on their machine as well as on films. They have enough film to last until December and no prospects after that.

--- RUMORS ---

Cecil had no news to bring in. The natives seem to feel it is only a short while now and all will be O.K., seem very sure of everything going swell, but would say no more. I am afraid I will have to have something more definite than that before I start packing up to leave here. We have been hearing such salubrious illogical reports of late that I note them here purely for their ridiculousness -- "We have everything south of Mindinao -- except Java and Sumatra." "Biggest Naval Battle of all times around Santa Cruz." "Big Naval battle /277/ in the Sulu Sea." "Many landings on Mindinao today (Nov 1/42) "Out of Prison by Christmas." "Hell gone to Russia." Everybody decided from the last one that Germany was making Peace offerings To Russia. It doesn't seem to occur that maybe it is a case of us offering Russia more to continue than Germany is offering Russia to quit. This Russia is a bad number. Remember the last war. After all, much of Russia is also Oriental.

Saturday Nov. 7, 1942

Saturday afternoon of Nov. 7, 1942, the old Prison of Bilibid, and after a few days of hot scorching sun from a blazing sky, again we are rainbound by a steady downpour that has been falling since late last night.

--- TRANSIENT PRISONERS ---

Since my last entry there has been a general movement of prisoners from Cabanatuan to Japan via our "Accommodating place". Groups arrive at all hours, leave at all hours, and from them all we annex patients. From them all we collect dysenteries, malaras, beri beri, scurvy, pellagra, inanition etc. A few days ago a group of Filipinos arrived under a heavy Jap guard, the Japs even carrying hand grenades in their belts. The prisoners were either guerillas recently taken or else they had been brought thru a heavily infested guerilla country. I am inclined to believe the latter, because during the few days they were here they gave every evidence of long time Jap indoctrination and their discipline was rigorous and decorous and un- /278/ unmistakably Orientaly drilled and trained even to face slapping and all these usual amenities. They left as surreptitiously as they arrived. Think they may have been the graduating class from the indoctrination and propaganda school for Philipinos at O'Donnell.

Great numbers out of Cabanatuan have passed thru. Conditions there are no better. The latest dope now is that the Japs intend taking all that camp to Japan except the hospital patients, leaving the younger officers and older enlisted men there to carry on. It will be a chance for the many, which the many dont have now. At the present rate all will succumb sooner or later. In the meanwhile the Army Medicos from here did not go to Japan. Army Medicos from Cabanatuan accompanied their own draft. Word has now reached us that all Army here with us in Bilibid will go to Cabanatuan and our Navy and personel will come here. This from the Japs themselves. The Jap medico from Cabanatuan admits he hates to lose our Navy personel as they are his very best men.

--- SQUEEZE ---

In the meanwhile the squeeze tightens on us here. We have been able to gradually improve the condition of our inmates and ourselves by getting extra pittances of food /279/ from the outside and the men have been able to cook a few mongo beans in a tin can over a little fire, hobo style, and make out O.K. They have not forbidden us to allow any individual cooking like that anywhere in the compound. We have tried to show them that it is such measures which have kept this place better off than other camps. This didn't seem to help much nor did they seem to give a dam. They said "Have to cook for all etc." It was explained that the miserable galley provided, with two iron kettles couldnt possibly do it. They asked for us to draw plans for galley. When they were told that a cooking estab- for this growing camp couldnt be supplied for less

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than \$ 1000, the Jap Interpreter from Cabanatuan reminded us we were forgetting that we were prisoners of war, that the war wasn't over yet, and the argument got us nowhere. The order was out "no cooking fires except the general mess fires.

Some thought the scarcity of fire wood was the reason back of it. It couldn't be because we showed them the wood economy in the "small fire" method of sustenance. The Polly Anna wishful thinkers immediately decided that the squeeze was due to unfavorable pressure /280/ on them by our forces. I have heard the same group argue that the Jap demonstrations of leniency were indications of the same thing. As a matter of fact it was neither. The whole dam thing resulted from a goddam Jap corporal seeing a man make a cooking arrangement out of a 5 gal. gasoline tin and 5 gal. gasoline tins are as sacred to these bastards as they are to a West Indian Negro who would pawn his soul for one.

--- SHORT RATIONS ---

Out of the argument did come one thing which none of us can deny and all must face. The Jap interpreter remarked that food cant and wont be improved because there just isnt any food in the Philippine Islands. Well, that certainly isnt hard to understand. There never has been a lot locally and everything has been imported thru all the years. Even rice. There has never been a long supply of food here at any one time. As the captured stores have been exhausted, the rations have been cut lower and lower.

Sartin explained to Nogi a few days ago about the solitary confinement prisoners brought in some time ago, and cited how they were being fed only rice and that they would develop deficiency diseases soon. Today Sartin asked Nogi about it again. Nogi states that he had left orders to feed them a full ration. The four eyed Jap Sgt at the /281/ front office had failed to do anything about it. He is a mean son of a bitch and no fooling. They took the prisoners to the Gestapo headquarters today. For what, we do not know. They were all attempted escapees. Nogi also reports that the Jap authorities have Barnbrook (the escapee from here) confined in Fort Santiago. He does not know what they intend to do with him. Santiago has an unsavory reputation with all prisoners of the Islands. Everyone doing time there has either been beaten or shot or suffered considerably in some way.

Word from Young, Swartaki and Lawler in the past week. Doing alright. Lawler sent me a much needed cake of soap, a toothbrush, and 6 cigars. Toothpaste is out of the question. Only a plutocrat could afford it even when it could be located.

--- GESTAPO ---

Disturbing news reaches me that that Goddam louse Marie A. is seen in and about the Philippine General Hospital. Just why that bitch has been allowed to survive I can only explain by a general demnation of our midget brained Command & G-2. /282/ She is at the General for no good. Gestapo wiping up another contact place - her presence explains recent break ups in the line - StM. is either active or else must counter -. Can't tell yet which is "chased" & "chaser" but I'm sure they're crossed. San Tomas must be lousy with gestapo. We are a couple of yrs. late putting the business load of a .45 where it would do the most good into Marie. Not an opinion. A fact.

Manager to get a paper To Young & Lawler. Expect more of them later.

Bit of rumor of late - Hongkong supposed to have been evacuated by Japs. Supposedly read in a Jap newspaper. Saw talk of a fleet tangling out around Yap. According to Japs we have taken a hell of a licking. In a sea battle down South we have supposedly been annihilated. Japs claiming we don't need chips but Admirals.

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--- SURGERY ---

Have had a run of emergency cases recently. Cases sent in to us by Japs and our own med. off. in other encampments. I welcome this because it identifies this place more as a hospital and less as a prison and it does make a hell of a lot of difference. The cases have all been duly operated and doing well. We have also been notified of some 100 cases of corneal ulcer which will be sent to us. Also forty deficiency disease cases for /283/ special study, care and report upon them. These Jap medical officers, most of them were neophytes, and more like our 2nd & 3rd yr. med. students in attitude and ability, all are getting a medical education. They are gathering statistics and reports from us for writing papers & reporting. However, they do nothing themselves, not even observe. As an example of their better quality doctor, the Manila papers headlined a great, rare and unusual operation having been performed by a Jap Surgeon. On reading farther it turns out he did a Caesarean Section. This is an excellent example of the backward, vulgar, child like mentality behind the "Ripon Go" - Co-prosperity sphere of East Asia.

In the past week a Jap pharmacist brought in 1000 cc of a Sugar Solution which he insisted we give to some of our patients intravenously. It was plainly a guinea pig job. He had converted cane sugar & fruit sugar into glucose and what he wanted to know was whether it would work o.k. clinically. Naturally we weren't very anxious to do any guinea pig job. It was a 30% solution. Awkward dam percent also. We diluted it to a 5% and gave 50 cc to two men. No ill effects but we are still not anxious to avail ourselves of the offer to get plenty of it. It can be /284/ perfectly O.K. and if so, we need it but the idea of checking it on our people under pressure isn't good cricket. At least we should be permitted to know more about it first.

Managed to get my sarcoma case back to Phil. General for further Rx. However, I'm afraid that is still a useless effort.

Mr. Crews is now compiling some figures for me in reference to our casualties and diseases among our troops during the campaign as compared to other troops. The figures are very comforting and of which we may well be proud.

Still doing Spanish regularly. Warren and I are now reading Spanish classical literature, Spanish Art and Letters. Soon we will begin a review of Cortina.

Took my second shot of anti typhoid - dysentery - cholera during the past week. Laid around one day feeling loggy but otherwise O.K. Have one more to take and dam glad to get it.

Friday Nov 13/42:

Long time no write here. Paper is scarce and after all, the routine of prison life is not so very conducive to /285/ daily recapitulation. One lives it and that seems adequate. To re-live it by writing it again and again doesn't bring any thrill. The rains continue. The last two days and nights have been wet and very cold. Rain in the tropics can be miserable. In the meanwhile, drafts have come and gone thru here and we know little of where they went or why.

Have heard again from Herthneck. He is alright. The Japs still say our Navy group is to come here and the Army Files to go up to Cabanatuan. Oriental sluggish tide of events still makes it indefinite as to when in the far distant future the move can be expected.

The American prisoners removed from here last week have never been heard of since. They removed them early one morning. Called later and raised hell because one of them had dysentery, then - blank.

Had my 3rd shot of cholera, dysentery and Typhoid. No acute reaction but my arm still a little sore and I still feel a little feverish.

--- SQUEEZE ---

The squeeze is still on. After taking away all facilities for extra cooking, we managed to get back a certain number of fire spaces. However, today, the little Jap "hospital soldier" who is always prowling around learned of the hot plates we have managed to devise. Ripped out a bunch by the roots in several buildings. Is not ordering all hot plates turned in. /286/ That is just another way of throwing us back on the regular show - and it isn't sustaining. It will be necessary to work out something else - and fast. Sort of expected something like that today because just yesterday the Japs talked of increasing our food allowance "for the working people". Whenever any concession like that is suggested, any manifestation of giving us something, you can always rest assured you are about to lose something. Until they pay us, it isn't going to make a hell of a lot of difference to me anyhow. I am stone broke, out of cigarettes, but still have some scrap smoking tobacco for my pipe. I have recently seen some pay receipts they are making out and it is evident they have intentions. The receipts I saw were for three months back pay, also. 50 centavos to be deducted to pay for a stamp with your name on it in Japanese. One has to sign the payroll. The last dope is that every body gets 25 pesos (bayonet money) each. From the rest of your pay based on rank, is deducted your ration cost and what ever is left is kept for you and "you get several years from now when you go home". They better hurry up or I'll be making two belts out of one.

--- "MALARIA COMMISSION" ---

Four or four /sic/ Army Medicos arrived here during the past week from Cabanatuan as a so-called "Malaria Commission". It is plainly a racket, none of them knowing anything about the local Malaria situation. A few days later, they and Sartin were taken to the Manila Hotel for "a malaria conference". It turns out that a "Japanese Professor" was there, one who lectures /287/ in Tokyo was there. He was after information, and in giving it. This is the usual thing. Their medical knowledge and attitude is about that of our 3rd year medical student. And they know absolutely nothing of so many things. Malaria is not a strong point and Dengue they never heard of it. According to reports the conference amounted to nothing and only the rudimentary and usually known facts of malaria were mentioned.

Yesterday, "a professor", and another Jap medical officer came thru on an "inspection", which turned out as usual to amount to nothing. From the very beginning of our association with the Jap Med. Forces, it has seemed to me that we have been contributing to their medical education. Most 3rd year medical students could answer all their questions and anything of common advanced knowledge they greet with awe and astonishment as though it were something brand new. I have mentioned their great publicity given to a Jap Surgeon who did a Caesarean Section. Something wonderful.

Have had a contact with Sr. El idioma Español es muy util ahora. Las noticias es un buen gozamiento.

Had a session at the front office this morning with brace makers. They can make some much needed appliances for us (spines etc) provided we can persuade the Japs to let us have some metal. Outside, any piece of metal of any description is considered as gold. The Japanese have cornered practically all metal in the Islands. I am hoping Nogi will help us out on this score.

Recent news from reliable sources has been more encouraging of late. The European situation has certainly improved with the African Campaign getting under control and the local enemy press has admitted gravity in the situation. There are reports of the better informed Japanese being less sure of their ultimate future and there is now reason to believe that the Allied war machine has begun to move.

--- CAMP SHOW ---

Last night despite the downpour, the prisoners put on a show in the "L" building. We have managed to get in some musical instruments and a canvas of the population has revealed the usual talent to be found among the /288/ average service personnel. Musicians, magic artists, songsters etc. It was entertaining for the crowd and the prevalence of it occupied the interest and minds of many and it's moral factor is good. I hope it will be repeated.

One of the 20 of our Malaria cases which the Japanese took to their own hospital "for study & care" died. Sartin was asked to come see him when he was already moribund. However, his death was due to a diarrhea which he had had here before he left. Sartin was inclined to think they were giving them good care. That is comforting, at least.

The mailing project which seemed to have possibilities a month or so ago seems to have petered out. The Orient moves slowly. Yesterday Nogi reports that Emetin was not available. Sartin reminded him that if Nogi would let him contact America thru Geneva or the Red Cross, we could get plenty. Nogi parried with the statement that the Jap army didn't have any - meaning, what the Jap Army didn't have, we couldn't have. Sartin reminded him that we were concerned only with the treating of the sick and if the Jap soldier had dysentery we would treat him, too, or even give him half of what emetin we got. It won't materialize. You can depend on that.

My Spanish continues apace. Warren & I still continue to have our nightly sessions and are doing O.K. with advanced classical reading. A new class which I meant to begin with 2 has grown to 6. The only trouble is the shortage of books. We need /289/ more books, and Spanish being a taboo language with our jailors we don't get much sympathy.

--- SIKIGUCHI AGAIN ---

We have been notified of an inspection on the 18th by the Senior Med. Officer in the Philippines, and with him comes our old friend Sikagutchi. That will be a splendid opportunity for "Major Wickedness" to hold forth as usual.

More cases are being referred to us from other camps. We are still "the hospital" it would seem. And yet our food continues the worst in any concentrated area. A few days ago, our protein was sent in in the form of fish - all rotten. So rotten the eyes were gone. No replacement of any kind forthcoming. We just ate rice.

The end of Book II of the Bilibid Notebook.